

REMINISCENCES

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REMINISCENCES
OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS
OF MY LIFE

By SIR JOSEPH CROWE

K.C.M.G., C.B.

WITH PLANS

SECOND EDITION

LONDON

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TO
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN
THIS VOLUME IS
DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE VOLUME to which these lines are a preface contains an account of my life from its beginning to the time when I entered the public service. It tells how I became a journalist, a teacher of design, and a politician. It relates the circumstances under which I wrote, with my friend Cavalcaselle in collaboration, the history of the early Flemish painters. It will be a real pleasure to me to narrate at a future time how I produced the history of Italian painting and the lives of Titian and Raphael; how I became a consul at Leipzig and Düsseldorf; and how, as commercial attaché for Europe at Berlin and subsequently at Paris, it has been my fortune to help to negotiate treaties, and assist in defending the commercial interests of the British nation.

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REMINISCENCES



CHAPTER I.

Parents—Childhood—Revolution of 1830—Paris—Educational—At Home or on Travel—My Father a Correspondent—People we knew and met : Darley, Brine, Thackeray—Country Houses : Fontenay and St. Germain—Paul Delaroche and his School—Hubert and Coignet and their Schools—St. Cloud till 1842.

THE narrative which I have embodied in the following pages was originally begun at the request of my wife and children, and was intended to contain a short chronological account of events interesting to my family. But since it was commenced, I have gradually expanded it into an account of historical events with which I have been connected. I must, therefore, crave indulgence for those parts of my reminiscences which may appear to have more interest for friends than for the general reader.

I was born in London, within the sound of Bow bells. My father was English, my mother Irish. But the parent stock was Welsh, and I trace the cradle of my family to Laugharne in Carmarthenshire, where, in a venerable church, a casual visitor may still notice the numerous epitaphs of the baronets of the Crowe family. My father, Eyre Evans Crowe, came into the world at Redbridge, Hants, in the year 1799. He was sent at an early age to a school at Carlow in Ireland.

Before the age of ten he was an orphan in charge of two maiden aunts in Dublin. At sixteen he left Trinity College for London, where he spent some years as a contributor of prose and verse to numerous periodicals. A portrait of him by Daniel Maclise, now at the Kensington Museum, gives a good idea of his appearance at this time, and Samuel Carter Hall tells us of a supper which my father gave him in 1822 at 16 Southampton Street, Strand, where he met John Banim, and Pigot, then a student in the Temple, afterwards chief Baron of Ireland.

On the 23rd of October, 1823, my father married Margaret, the only daughter of Joseph Archer and Hester Bury, of Newtown Mount Kennedy in the county of Wicklow, and shortly afterwards he took a house in Sloane Street, where my mother was delivered, in 1824,¹ of my brother Eyre. I was born on the 20th of October, 1825, and christened at St. Luke's, Little Chelsea, under the names of Joseph Archer, which my grandfather had borne before me.

The life of a rising man of letters was, it seems, not less precarious in the opening years of the century than it is now at the century's close. My father found the struggle for existence in London more severe than he could have anticipated. He left London, and took lodgings in a farmhouse at La Capelle, about three miles from Boulogne-sur-Mer. My grandmother came over from Ireland temporarily to attend her daughter, and help in taking care of the children, and we grew apace in the pure air of the seaside.

It is not very clear to me how long I remained at Boulogne, but I have distinct reminiscences of our stay in the suburbs of Paris, before the outbreak of the revolution of 1830.

¹ The house, No. 141 Sloane Street, was about five doors from Sloane Square. It was pulled down and rebuilt several years ago.

When my father, moved from Boulogne to the capital, he took a house in the Batignolles, in the Rue des Carrières, a street leading at right angles from the Grandê Rue to a country hillside. In this house we lived till about the middle of 1829. But all that I recollect of our stay there is relative to the occasional visits of some very old friends of my father, such as Mr. and Mrs. Desclozeaux—she the kindest of women, he a distinguished lawyer who rose to be Minister of Justice ; Rosseuw St. Hilaire, who was soon to be professor of history at the Sorbonne, and had stood godfather to my sister Eugenie ; Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Rosseuw's cousin ; Charles Merruau, and Thiers. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Desclozeaux, and Thiers were active agents in the revolution which was about to drive Charles X. from the throne. They were all writers on the 'Globe,' and, all but Desclozeaux, were pledged, by their signatures, to the press declaration of 1830. Merruau also became an active politician in the Paris press and rose to place at a subsequent time. I, meanwhile, read my books and learnt the rudiments of the Latin grammar, which I in part mastered at five years of age.

Experience having taught my father that his lodging in the Rue des Carrières was unfavourable to the health of all of us, he selected a new one at no great distance, in a corner house of the Rue des Dames and the Grande Rue of Batignolles, of which we occupied the first and upper floors. Here the first great event which disturbed our peace of mind was the outbreak of the revolution on July 27, 1830, at the very first symptom of which my father caused the shutters of our rooms to be closed, and despatched his wife and children for safety to our old dwelling in the Rue des Carrières. From the terrace of this house we could look over a great part of Paris, and there we were joined by Mr. Pennell and his wife, intimate friends of

my mother, who stood trembling for their lives as the noise of musketry and guns was heard beneath us. Mrs. Pennell, anxious for the safety of her plate, had hung a silver teapot, ewers, spoons and forks, in a mass under her petticoats, and at every step she emitted sounds like those of a musical triangle. My father, who wished to see more of the action than could be observed in the suburbs, reached the heart of the city in time to witness the storm of the Tuileries.

When we got down in the evening from our coign of vantage, we found the bottom of the street and the Grande Rue blocked with trunks of trees, which had been felled by insurgents for the purpose of arresting the progress of troops or impeding the march of reinforcements.

On the second day after the outbreak, we felt so secure that we remained at home, and from our windows in the Rue des Dames observed the triumphant mob forming a procession of ill-dressed and ragged men marching down the street armed with scythes and flails, some singing, most shouting—and all more or less elated with wine. It was, I can remember, a hot and dusty day, but I do not think I realised that these gangs of working people were part of the mob which had expelled Charles X. and acclaimed Louis Philippe.

It is not quite clear to me whether, as early as this, my father entered upon his duties as a contributor to the daily London Press. But it was about this time that he succeeded Dr. Quinn as Paris correspondent of the 'Morning Chronicle,' and it was then that his duties took him during the whole afternoon into the centre of Paris, where he had an office on the Place de la Bourse. In morning hours he spent his time partly in study, partly watching my brother and myself, who were put to the same desk to construe Latin and Greek. It was one of my father's notions that French

schools were not desirable institutions to patronise. He never explained to us the reasons of his dislike, but we never were at school in consequence. Still, he felt after a time that it was desirable to give us occupation during his absence, and he sent us to the house of Mr. Brasseur, a painter, who lived near the Barrière Rochechouart, where my brother Eyre and I both learnt the rudiments of drawing. Foundations were thus laid for the acquisition of an art which served me in good stead in after life, and, in my brother's case, led to an honourable success in a difficult profession.

A vivid recollection of my mother's appearance in those days has remained to me. She was tall, fair, and blue-eyed, with a slightly aquiline nose. She loved us all dearly, nursed us when we were ill of our childish ailments, and I cannot forget how, at all times of the day or night, when I was crippled with rheumatism, or otherwise laid up, she kept watch over me at every turn, and even when I was mischievous, preserved an angelic temper which never degenerated into unreasonable indulgence. Though economically inclined, she was always ready for any sacrifice, would take us to the country or the seaside if she thought our health required it, and in this she was duly supported by my father, who had very strong notions that a town residence was only bearable in winter, and that summer pleasures should be taken in the country. Under those conditions it was that, soon after we had settled in the Rue des Dames, we migrated for the hot months to Fontenay aux Roses, where we spent the most delightful holidays. It was in a cottage at Fontenay that my mother received the news of her father's death, and I first knew my grandmother, who had come to stay with us. We all received 'Gran' with delight. She was so venerable and so good, and took to us children with such great affection.

that we adored her, partly, perhaps, because she spoiled us. We admired, above all, her beautiful complexion and silver hair, and I recollect with some shame that I requited her fondness for me by tricks and practical jokes. It was soon agreed that she was to help me at my English lessons, and that I should read French to her. But her tongue was rebellious to French pronunciation, and she did no honour to my teaching. In spite of this, her inclination for me by no means diminished. When I quarrelled with my playmates, or got the worst of a street encounter, which unhappily sometimes occurred, it was 'Gran' who applied salves and mended my torn clothes. Her sight was dim unless she wore spectacles, but even with those, as she complained, she sometimes could see but dimly, which was natural enough, since I had stuck wafers on the glasses. She would confidentially tell me that premature age was undermining her faculties, as she heard unaccountable buzzings that must be premonitory symptoms of a great ailment, the cause being that I had put cockchafers into a piece of foolscap and placed them on her work-table, and the scratching of their claws on the paper sounded like buzzing. For many years dear Gran, never resenting these or similar freaks, lived in my father's house and accompanied us to our summer haunts. She never learnt the French language, never overcame a dislike for French men and things which she had formed in Ireland during the reign of the dreaded and dreadful Napoleon 'Bonypart.'

An important change in our circumstances was caused about 1834-5 by my father's determination to fix his winter residence in the heart of Paris. We bade good-bye to the Batignolles and entered into larger and more comfortable lodgings at number 5 in the Rue du 29 Juillet. On the fifth floor (above the

mezzanine)—practically, on the sixth floor—was our new apartment. Hard work to get there and keep up provision at that height of water, fuel, wine. The water, furnished by a carrier from the public fountain, was stored in square stone receptacles, of which there were two on each storey of the house, with filtering apparatus attached. Fuel and wine were kept in the cellars, and the logs carried up daily by the house porter. It was one of the pleasures of us boys to go down and split the wood into convenient sizes. I was very early entrusted with the charge of the wine cellar, watched the cooper bottling, and daily fetched what was required for dinner. I generally arranged matters so that about half an hour before our daily meal I took the house-porter with me to the cellar, and whilst he staggered under his load of wood I carried my quantum of bottles. I was pretty wide awake, and soon discovered that the porter, taking advantage of the darkness of the cellarage, stole an occasional flask, which he lodged in a convenient hole on the way up the cellar steps. Following him, I would seize the stolen bottle and take it with me, often wondering what sort of face the thief made when he found his stolen goods were gone.

My father had not, when he moved, given up his office in the Place de la Bourse, but he only spent the later hours of post time there, and usually wrote the bulk of his correspondence in his study. Our lessons were given in the drawing-room, where my mother only came somewhat late. The floors being all of polished oak, we did not employ a man to keep them bright, but plied the wax stick and rubbing-brush ourselves. It was, in fact, generally understood that little boys were brought up to make themselves useful. Breakfast here was tea and dry bread; a cut from the loaf was considered sufficient for lunch. We sat down to

lessons at eight in the morning, and were generally released from Latin, Greek, and English and French exercises by one o'clock. When my father went out we sallied forth into the Tuileries gardens, where, if it were fine and the weather allowed, my mother also took a seat and attended to her needlework. Our play was marbles, top, and bars, varied in winter with snow-balling, sliding, and skating. On the terrace of our house we had a hutch for carrier pigeons, and I have often taken part in the despatch of one of these birds, to whose tail feathers a flimsy with important news would be attached before he was thrown into the air. It was amusing to watch the gyrations of the bird, who rose, screw-like, till he had got a direction, into which he darted with the speed of lightning. These pigeons took news to Boulogne. They were sometimes supplemented by couriers, of whom we had several, all famous for their staying powers, one, named 'Sans-pouces,' having been known in those years to ride from Marseilles to Paris without stopping, and sometimes from Paris on to Boulogne, after a few hours' rest. At Boulogne the despatches would be taken by a swift open sailing boat and landed, in a comparatively short time, at Dover. How different all this from the present practice of correspondents, who sit in their study near a wire, of which the other end is in the newspaper office, and either communicate through instruments the text of a despatch, or telephone it to the clerk, who copies it.

In spare hours now, not only drawing but music was taught us; the first under the care of William Darley, an artist, who was not only our teacher but a friend of the family. Labadens, one of the first violins of the opera, taught me to play the fiddle, whilst Mlle. Pélagie Hubert gave lessons on the piano to my sisters.

Our dinners were, as ever, frugal, my father, at best, being regaled with a tit-bit, whilst we were treated rather monotonously, I thought, to boiled beef, cold boiled beef, or ditto *en salade*, varied with roast mutton, cold roast ditto, and hash. Sometimes the soup would find no admirers, yet it was the rule that what was put before us must be eaten. I was sometimes, I grieve to say, very obdurate on this point; would refuse to try a liquid that smelt, and must needs taste, of leek, and sit grimly silent and hungry till the end of dinner, when I would slink away to the bread basket, and get a meal surreptitiously that way. When we were better and more obedient than usual, indulgence would be shown, and a share of some delicacy would be given to us. But if we asked we seldom got the coveted morsel. Once, and only once, I had what I wanted by a stroke of wit. I asked for a bit of a partridge. 'Partridge!' says my father—'much too good for you.' Upon which, in mock heroic, I rose in my chair and said, 'Sachez qu'il n'y a rien de trop bon pour le Seigneur Gil Blas de Santillane.' I cannot, in fact, conceal that I was fond of tit-bits and good things; did, I fear, some pilfering in that way in my time, and was even fond of getting into the kitchen with the servants. Some of them did not object, as in one case I wrote the cook's accounts, because she could not herself write, and in others made myself useful. But one old cook I recollect turned very rusty, and not only resented my presence in the kitchen, but carried her resentment into the dining-room, where she invariably arranged matters so that I should be served last. This gave rise to a lamentable display of malice on my part, which I cannot help confessing. I bought a pennyworth of gunpowder at a squib-shop and wrapped it up in brown paper, which I compressed into a very small space with many turns of whipcord. I

came into the kitchen just as old cook was browning a sauce, and popped my murderous pellet into the live coals. I then hastened round to the passage window where I could see the kitchen and watch the effect of my explosive. Presently I heard a big report, saw the saucepan fly up to the ceiling and the cook fall back on the kitchen floor. I rushed off to examine the extent of the damage, and found the cook had risen to her feet and picked up her saucepan. She was unhurt, but she suspected me. I laughed at her, and she served me first at dinner so long after that as she remained with us. Her philosophy found vent in the following sentence: 'Les rouges. C'est tout bon ou tout mauvais; et toi, t'es des mauvais.' I am afraid she was right, and I hope I have not continued in these evil ways. I confess, too, I was seriously alarmed by what I had done, and inwardly vowed reform; and I think I played no more practical jokes of the same kind.

After dinner, and when all went well, in the winter days the whole family circle withdrew into the drawing-room. My father and mother each in an arm chair, my grandmother on a sofa, we children nestled round the parents, enjoying the bright wood fire and listening to the conversation of our elders in perfect stillness.

Once a week, on Saturdays, my mother received guests in the evening, and I remember a host of friends in addition to those whom I have already named. There were Darley and John Brine, both painters; occasionally Tommy Moore, Colley Grattan, Captain Hankey and wife; Frenchmen also too numerous to mention, and Germans: Dingelstedt, Benl  w, Gutzkow, and Jakob Venedey; Shehan, a young Irishman, and last, not least, William Makepeace Thackeray. Heine, who lived in Paris in these years, was not of my father's set, but

was well known to Jakob Venedey, to whom I owe the first rudiments of my knowledge of the German language. But Heine did not conceal his disdain for Venedey's gifts, which were most in the form of those straightforward, liberal opinions, which had led him into mischief in his own country and caused him to live in exile in France. A friend, visiting Heine after Venedey had been with him, found the poet very melancholy, attributing his moodiness to the fact that he and Venedey 'had exchanged ideas.' My mother at her evenings made everyone bright by playing Irish jigs or Scotch reels, or accompanying on the piano Methfessel's student songs and choruses, in which I for one took part with an incipient baritone. She was likewise able to give the true note of Moore's melodies, or such songs as Molly Bawn, which Shehân sang to our peals of laughter; the supreme enjoyment being a song from Thackeray.

In and about the Tuileries, which at this time was the habitual residence of Louis Philippe, we had frequent opportunities of seeing the old monarch, whose face became familiar to us, not only as he drove with his Queen daily down the Rue de Rivoli, but in consequence of the frequency with which caricatures of him were visible on house walls or in comic prints. His face, in the shape of a pear, was on every available spot that could be reached with a piece of coal. That he was accounted miserly was illustrated in a page of the 'Charivari,' on which he was represented looking up at the Vendôme column and wondering 'combien il y aurait de pièces de six liards là-dedans' (how many three-farthing pieces there might be in it). I recollect seeing him drive towards the Boulevards in July 1835, about the time when he was fired at by Fieschi's internal machine. I went to the funeral of the victims of that curious conspirator, one of whom was Mortier,

Marshal of France, and months after that I crossed the Place St. Jacques, where the puddle still remained which showed where, a few hours before, Fieschi and his accomplices, Moret and Pépin, were decapitated, and a street singer bawled out :

Et quand Pépin perdit le chef
Il devint Pépin le bref.

There was a direct contrast between the popularity of the king's son, Duke of Orleans, and the unpopularity of the king himself. It was not long before we witnessed, in the Tuileries gardens, the coming of the Duchess of Mecklenburg, who was to be the Duke's wife, and was met by an enormous, though far from enthusiastic, crowd.

Meantime our education made this progress, that we read and construed more and with greater ease than before. We had, in the earliest days, painfully spelt out Virgil's Eclogues, and a few sentences of Herodotus. We gradually came to read more fluently, in Latin, the *Æneid*, Sallust and Livy, and even the *Epistolæ* of Cicero, and in Greek, Herodotus, Homer, and Thucydides. We duly pored over the first books of Euclid, and tried the simpler rules of arithmetic. In order to improve our Greek, the services of Professor Benlów were called in—a pompous teacher with a very German-French accent, who constantly repeated the sentence, '*Bensez avant de barler.*' I fear we generally spoke before we thought. The chief person, of course, to whom we looked for direction and correction was still my father. He was severe ; but the alternations of kindness and affection with this severity endeared him greatly to us. He was still very like a portrait which Forster of Dublin had once painted, and no grey streak was to be seen in the bushy black hair and whiskers which enframed his vast forehead and

well-shaped jaw. His eye, under a large brow shaded by long black lashes issuing from very broad lids, was full of fire. His lips were rosy, his nose of pleasant line, neither aquiline nor straight. He had at all times an air of command, yet I could observe that in company of his friends he was restrained by occasional shyness, which only gave way when a theme was broached upon which he had decided opinions. Then his power of generalising came out strongly. With the force of a sledge-hammer he would strike out the principles underlying all the great political questions of the day; and it is to hearing him eloquently urging points of important nature and breadth of scope with an uncommon knowledge of the public and secret history of his time, that I acquired that liking for foreign politics which I have kept up to my latest hour. Of course his chief time was given up in these days to his correspondence; but his ambition, and the object of his constant study now and for years to come, was to write a history of Germany—a task of such complexity and weight that age and sickness at last closed upon him before he could bring even the elements of it together.

It was the more impossible for my father to settle down to a great historical work because Sir John Easthope, the proprietor, Black, the manager, and Andrew Doyle, the editor, of the 'Morning Chronicle,' had all become convinced that in foreign politics no man was better able to write leaders than my father was, and his first efforts in that line had met with approval in high quarters, and so the political relations of the Paris correspondent became more valuable as such men as Thiers, Guizot, and their contemporaries, made him the confidant of their wishes and inclinations, at the same time that there came to be constant intercourse with Lord Granville, and, later on, with Henry

Bulwer, who succeeded each other as ambassadors in Paris.

When my father's position became thus firmly established we got to know personally the Eastopes, father, son, and daughters, and Doyle, who, after the death of Black, came to take full charge of the political direction of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

Our winters were pretty constantly spent in Paris. In summer my father indulged in country travel, and so it was that, in 1838, at the end of spring, we all left Fontenay aux Roses—my mother, brother Eyre and self crammed together in the *rotonde* of the diligence of the Messageries three days and four nights, until we reached the lovely banks of the Lemman Lake. Though I had some remembrance of the sands of a sea-shore since my stay at Boulogne, the sight of a vast expanse of water such as opened upon me from the heights of the Vosges above Geneva was magical. Nor was I less impressed later on with the splendour of the Alpine chain, of which Mont Blanc was the highest summit that now met our view. Though but twelve years old I was already quick with my pencil, and as I write I have before me the album in which there are outlines of Rousseau's island at Geneva, views of Sallenches, the inn at Chamounix, the Brevent, and the Pic de Dru. Further on are castles of Sion and Martigny, Thun and Interlaken, the torrents of the Loutschine, the Jungfrau, and last, not least, a figure of a piper from a fountain in a square at Berne. All these sketches are dated in June and July 1838, and accompanied by a letterpress which shows that my drawing was better than my calligraphy. But, as to writing, my father's own hand, which had originally been clear and fair, had become so crabbed and illegible from haste and the necessity for speed that I might be excused, since he had taught me, for imitating it in some particulars.

It is, at all events, no insult to his memory to say that, when he left the 'Morning Chronicle' to join the 'Daily News' in 1845, the compositors of the former journal celebrated his departure with a supper and a ringing cheer, whilst those of the 'Daily News' fell into a corresponding state of despondency. On a momentous occasion my father had described in a leader the sudden decision of a minister who, on hearing of certain events, had 'taken up his hat and walked to the House of Commons.' Judge of every one's surprise when it appeared in print that the minister had 'taken up his hat and walked to the Antipodes'!

I flatter myself that the crabbed hand of my youth has improved, and that I write plainly enough when I like, even in my advanced years, but some of those who are dear to me still affirm that I am no better than my progenitor. He at least taught me, if not a fair hand, something of the art of using the pen. He gave me the rudiments of a literary style, exercising me at first by translating paragraphs from French and German newspapers, which I sometimes was gratified to find in print, and, quite suddenly on this Alpine tour, by requiring of my brother and of me a description of an accident which befell us during the ascent of the Montanvert. I do not think the result of this effort has been preserved, but the accident was so startling and awful that I can describe it now, as if it had but just occurred.

We had hired a guide, the well-known Michel Paccard, at Chamounix. He furnished a mule, on which my mother rode, and my father, brother, and I followed on foot. My first start was to swing myself with an alpenstock into, instead of across, the first millrace that we came to. I was wet to the hip all the way up the first ascents. But we toiled manfully on till we reached a bare incline of rock and stones, extending from the

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bottom of the valley to a point high up the mountain, the sides of the slope being fringed with pines at both edges and cut in zigzag by a bridle path, which led to the summit. We had crossed the incline three times, and were about to do so again. The scenery was wild and imposing, the slope contrasting in its bare ruggedness with the pines framing its sides. Suddenly, and as we were about to leave the shadow of the trees, my mother's mule drooped its ears, and stood stock still on the path. No persuasion availed. She refused to move. The guide, looking up, knowing the sagacity of the brute, saw a cloud of dust in the air above him. Forthwith he tore my mother from the saddle, directed her and us backwards through the wood away as hard as we could run from the bare slope, and we, with speed indescribable, ran for our lives. But not fast enough to avoid the catastrophe, though providentially we were spared. Out of the cloud of dust there came to us a roar as of thunder. We heard the thud of masses of rock, and we felt the earth shake under us as these masses came nearer and nearer, thundering down the mountain side and destroying everything on the way. Behind me, as I turned to look, there came crashing down a rock like a house in size. In front, and but a few yards off, a second of equally vast dimensions felled a pine of ninety feet in height, and reduced it to splinters. Other smaller projectiles came tumbling down, all describing arcs as they rebounded and disappeared, and presently all was still again. We ventured, after a while, back to the spot where we had left the mule. The clever animal had not stirred, and, like ourselves, was unhurt. We continued the ascent, overcame many difficulties where the zigzag path had become obliterated, and reached, exhausted, at last, the chalet at the top of Montanvert. A dozen of tourists who had preceded us laughed at our relation of the

perils we described. My father's account of what had befallen us was read with incredulity by the people around him after he had consigned it to the pages of the traveller's book. But when, later on, we came across some of these incredulous people, as we did at Thun, they were profuse in their apologies and excuses.

Youth soon gets over the depression of an accident like ours, especially in the buoyant air of the Alps. We went on to the Mer de Glace after a grateful refection, jumped crevasses with youthful unconcern, and found our way home again as if nothing had happened.

William Darley, an Irishman of whom I have spoken, was—with William Thackeray and John Brine—an intimate frequenter of our house. He painted a portrait of my mother, which, to my mind, has less charm and nature than one executed in later days by my brother Eyre. It is conspicuous for a delicate fineness of line, and, but for a sickly pallor in the flesh, and some want of grace in pose and accidents of dress, would be accounted good. But I am surprised that it is not better and more coloured, for Darley, though always smooth and careful, tried almost invariably to realise the glow as well as the finish of the Florentines of the age of Lionardo. His drawings in chalk or silver point on tinted paper were highly finished, with searching detail and hair-fine line, and there was nothing wanting to them but some small share of the science of touch which was the attribute of the Venetians. He knew Vasari's 'Lives of Italian Artists' by heart; had been long at Rome, and was indefatigably industrious, yet somehow he failed to create anything that has been thought masterly. He was not the less an excellent teacher, and, after our Swiss trip, my

brother Eyre and I went as often as we could to his painting-room, where he made us copy plaster casts, and impressed us with the necessity for accuracy of observation and of rendering.

Brine, a Scotchman, was Darley's friend. He had the advantage of being dependent on his art for bread, which Darley was not. But he, too, had curious deficiencies. His outline sketches and water colours were clever, though not without mannerism. Landscape and architecture of tone and texture were his favourite objects of study, but in large canvases he imitated the wide expanses, the rocky grounds, and the brigand subjects of Salvator Rosa. Unfortunately he laboured so long at one piece and changed his mind so frequently that he never really brought any important work to perfection. He, too, was full of good advice to us boys in our artistic longings and labours. He had a very complete set of painter's properties, in the shape of costumes, armour, carved chests, plate, and glassware—all his knick-knacks crowded into insufficient space unfortunately—so that it was difficult to enjoy them. I recollect being in his rooms at a party on a winter's evening. He was doing the honours to several ladies grouped round a spider table at which my mother dispensed tea and confectionery. Over the table hung a Venetian glass lamp. At one side of the chimney-piece close by, a tray displayed some rare crystal ware; in a corner stood a piece of costly armour. The fire burnt low in the grate, and the servant was called to replenish it. Some one observed that she put a piece of carved oak into the grate, and Brine rose, cup in hand, to the rescue. But his shoulder unawares struck the hanging lamp, which canted, pouring a streak of oil into a lady's dress. She in her fright rose and dropped the contents of her teacup into the coat skirts of a gentleman near her. He in his flurry knocked down

the armour. The panoply fell with a crash on the crystal tray. There was a pretty general average of breakage and loss. But it was wonderful with what equanimity Brine bore the disaster and consoled his friends for their alarm. Shortly after these events Brine shut up his painting-room and went to Madrid, where I believe he succeeded in painting a few portraits without achieving more than 'a success of esteem.'

Thackeray, who was his friend, was unmercifully humorous and funny on the subject of his alleged adventures in the Spanish capital. He gave him the nickname of 'The Count' and made a legend out of his travels which he was brought, in the most amusing way, to illustrate in our house. Being a constant visitor of ours he had a seat always ready for him on Saturdays at our table, would come into the drawing-room about an hour before dinner, and hardly have time to sit down when we children surrounded him and begged for a drawing. For my sisters he drew a coalheaver running open-mouthed after a little girl; for us all he did something, and then he bethought him of the adventures of Brine. The Count on a pallet bed dreams of the Queen. Faithful to the rendezvous, he only meets the fat housemaid. He gets involved in a Spanish conspiracy, harbours a usurper, and is found in possession of a suspicious umbrella. The contents of the 'Riffard Royal' give such overwhelming proofs of his guilt that he is sentenced to death. He is bound to a post with logs piled around him, a priest and an executioner in attendance. 'The infamous ecclesiastic asks him will he have a chop or a stake, meaning, thereby, will he be burnt or decapitated.' The Count refuses to answer the question, but cuts off the heads of his opponents. He then escapes to the Syrian provinces, where he witnesses another disturbance. 'The mountain rises,' and the curtain falls. We followed

the deft fingers of Thackeray as he produced all these things with that marvellous power which he had of making the tragic humorous. On other days he chose new subjects, illustrative of Byron, let me say, a Jew 'old clo' man, a boy playing the Jew's harp, a woman selling oranges called 'Hebrew Melodies'; a boy galloping for life on a pony, the 'last canter' of Childe Harold; a man up to his neck in ice, the prisoner of Chillon; a boy with a bandaged face near a child reading,

Little Tom Snooks is fond of his books,
And loved by his usher and master;
But naughty Jack Spry has got a black eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster;

a little girl making a wry face, an empty pickle bottle before her,

Little Miss Perkins she loved pickled gherkins;
She went to the cupboard and stole some;
But she found her mistake when her stomach did ache,
They were so shocking unwholesome.

This was the time when Thackeray produced his inimitable series of the 'Loves of Zephyr and Flora,' which so few people seem now to know anything of. He was in those years a frequenter of the gallery of the Louvre, and I shall not easily forget his telling us how he had been stopped by one of the keepers because he was making a sketch without a student's card. Inimitable was his account of the English French with which he persuaded the keeper that he was ignorant of the French language.

When Brine returned to us and saw the legend of the Count in sketch and text, he was delighted with it, acknowledged Thackeray's skill in reproducing his face and figure in such varied attitudes and positions, and—to show that he also could seize a likeness—drew a full length of Thackeray, with his flattened nose and a square glass in his eye, looking out upon

the world with the humorous twinkle which brightened his features when he meant some friendly mischief. Soon after that Brine went to London, and, leaving pictorial art, gave himself up wholly to illustration, getting an engagement on the 'Illustrated News,' which proved sufficient to keep him alive till, at last, poor fellow, he fell into a decline and died of consumption. I recollect going to see him in his last days and watching him as he gradually sank, the mere shadow of his former self.

It was natural that the close relations which bound Thackeray's house to ours should extend to his family. His grandmother, Mrs. Butler, his mother, wife in second marriage to General Carmichael Smith, his wife, were of our circle, and often, in this and later times, have I enjoyed their true kindness and hospitality.

The summer of 1838 was the last which we spent in Fontenay aux Roses. Our lodging there had originally been in the centre of the village. Subsequently we occupied a cottage in the midst of a garden between Fontenay and Sceaux. Whilst my father, whose duties required his presence in Paris daily, took the coach, which rolled its passengers to the city every hour, we children played in the garden, or roamed through the neighbouring lanes, the park of Sceaux, and the woods of Aunay.

In 1838, subsequent to our Chamounix tour, we ceased to have our summer retreat at Fontenay, and chose the opposite side of Paris for our *villeggiatura*. My father took a lease of an apartment at St. Germain, in a quadrangle called the Surintendance, looking out upon the green sward of the terrace and grounds abutting on the old palace then used as a military prison. The rooms were large and agreeably situated, the front windows facing the green sward and park where the annual fair was held. In one wing on the second floor

Major Smith resided, a collector of pictures, which were distributed in showrooms or kept in a store, where they underwent various forms of restoration. The third floor was ours, and as we passed Major Smith's gallery we were sometimes startled by a new picture on the landing—a Saint, by Ribera, tearing his breast open with both hands, or rolling up his bowels on a windlass, subjects that frightened our servants, who were afraid to pass them.

In course of years the Surintendance has, I find, been demolished, and its site is now occupied in part by the railway station, which, in my young days, was below the hill and on the right bank of the river. It was no small trouble and fatigue to us to walk up and down the road from and to Le Pecq : more still when, for motives of economy, we were bid to take tickets only from Chatou to Paris and back, the rest of the way being done by a walk through the Vesinet wood. Yet I have a grateful remembrance of St. Germain. In the forest we gathered blackberries, and I once found a basket of plate concealed in a bush. Down by the river side I angled patiently and frequently with success. In the Seine itself we bathed, and I learned to swim, even saved the life of a drowning youth there. My teacher in angling was Mr. Perry, who afterwards took the name of Popkin, a young fellow whose sister was wife to our friend Captain Hankey, also resident in summer at St. Germain. It was Perry who helped me to put together materials for fly-making, and showed me how to use the flies I made. He was also of good help in a sketching tour, being himself a skilled water-colour painter. For swimming I had lessons from Mr. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, already then professor at the Collège de France, and about (1839) to be elected to the Academy. He lived at Le Pecq, and often took us out boating. Of

playmates I only recollect two, Jocelyn and Henry Jervis, who lived with their mother, Lady Jervis, and her two daughters, near us. I shall have to speak later of this charming family, to which I became attached in an extraordinary degree.

And now there came to be a separation between my brother Eyre and me. No more reading together of Ciceronian letters or Homeric lines. No more Euclid or rule of three. It was settled that Eyre was to be a painter. He had made his choice, and was duly enrolled (1839) amongst the students of Mr. Paul Delaroche, at that time a colleague of Cogniet, Schnetz, and Ingres, and one of a bright Pleiad of masters shining in Paris. The accounts which my brother brought home with him of the gay and frolicsome life he led with the students reacted upon me, depressed as I was by the loss of my desk companion, and led me to ask my father to allow me also to taste these new experiences. With some reluctance my father consented, and early in 1840 I joined my brother in the *atelier* of Paul Delaroche.

The painting school of this celebrated master was in the Institut de France, on the ground floor of the buildings abutting on the Rue Mazarine. A low door in that street gave access to two vast halls—I might say barns—one to the left, with a raised dais and an amphitheatre of seats for the male model and the men to whom the model sat; and, rearward, an arrangement for drawing from statues and plaster casts; another to the right, where in one part there stood a female model, in a corner a model 'of expression.' I found my brother established in the left-hand room, and in the model class. I was admitted to draw from the round. On the day of my admission an Englishman named Cattermole also entered. He was of full

age, whilst I was but a boy. It is to this, and probably also to the fact that my brother was already an old hand, that I got off much of the rough handling usually inflicted on new men. I was partially stripped and rubbed about with Prussian blue, which I found it difficult to get rid of, especially where the colour had gone on to my scalp. Cattermole was threatened with rougher treatment. Not only was he told that he must pay his footing in the shape of rum punch, but he must undergo some sort of torture, the ordinary form of torment being that of trussing. Cattermole, however, being a powerful man of twenty-five, declared that, as for the punch, they might reckon upon it, if they did not otherwise molest him, but as for trussing he was not going to allow it; and he bared a brawny pair of arms and challenged the whole school to come on. There was a prospect of bloodshed, against which the oldsters set their face, and Cattermole was allowed to paint unmolested. On a later occasion I saw an unfortunate man trussed. He was fifty years of age, and had for a long time been earning a precarious livelihood as a travelling portrait painter, paying his hosts for board and lodging with a likeness, and receiving a small balance in coin to enable him to pay for clothing, paints, and locomotion. How the poor man had ever been able to find customers was to us a mystery. His art was infantine, and it was to try and improve it that he came to school. But he had a hard time of it. He was seized and bound by force, his wrists were tied with cords, his knees thrust through his bound arms, and between knee and arm he was spitted with a broom handle. In this state he lay quite passive, as the men about him spun him round and played with him, the last trial of his nerve being made by rushing at his face with a poker admirably coloured to appear red hot.

Amongst the men of my year I recollect several who became famous, and many who gave promise of renown and failed. Amongst the latter I have since met Picou, Romain, and Dubien; amongst the former I still meet Gérôme, Jalabert, having parted with Yvon, Risler, Le Henaff, and Boulanger, all of whom have died.* Mr. Delaroche, who went round the classes twice a week, was a man of stern deportment, unsparing in reproof and very sparing of approval. He seldom gave more than a minute to any one, having more than 120 men to correct; but such was his authority, so sharp his observation, and so pregnant his remarks, that his verdict was accepted without a murmur and he was looked up to by us all as a god. Men who seemed to respect nothing else trembled at his approach, after working double tides for a word of praise.* He never was very hard upon me, but he never found anything I did very good; and yet it was so rare to get a good word that the lack of it in my case did not much affect me.

As the model was relieved every hour, at which time the class rose for fifteen minutes' rest, the students usually streamed out of the rooms into the Rue Mazarine, where they frequently played the most extraordinary pranks. Organ-grinders and other itinerant players watched the exit and saluted it with the clangour of their instruments, and we listened to the music and then made collections by stretching in line across the street, blocking the passage against all comers, and claiming a halfpenny for the organ-grinder from every passer-by. No policeman, so far as I remember, ever interfered in these amusements. What exuberance of spirit may have remained to me after these school hours I got rid of later in the day in several ways. A favourite pastime was to visit old haunts in the Tuileries and play camp bars. A more

profitable occupation was visiting the Louvre galleries, where I had permission to make copies. I do not know whether any of these copies, of which I made many, have been preserved. I recollect preferring the Dutch collection, and bringing home a close imitation of a Berghem. But in course of time I came to know all the pictures of every school in the Louvre collection, and from the beginning it was my ambition to distinguish one painter from another by studying his peculiarities of drawing, touch, finish, and general execution. Unfortunately, in those days critical discrimination of styles was not accurately poised, and pictures were too frequently attributed to masters, to whom pieces were assigned without evidence of their originality. When, in my later career as an historian of art, I visited the churches and collections of England and the Continent, I found that I had much to unlearn. I had to get rid of much that till then I had thought to be a perfectly well-garnered store of knowledge; and I have come to the conclusion that it is far better to catalogue old pictures of uncertain origin as unknown than impose them on the public without due warrant as the work of men of great name.

Whilst these were the occupations of our working days, we had relaxation and gained fresh elements of health in trips to the seaside, of which two have remained in my memory. The earliest was that which took us to the Norman coast at Lion-sur-Mer, where the whole family, except my father, assembled, and we were accompanied by Mr. Wright, an old missionary friend, at this time chaplain at Caen and about to be chaplain at St. Germain.

The latest was to Granville, where we had a lodging on the upper cliff, from which we descended, on one side to the port, much frequented by timber ships and Norwegian rats, on the other to the bathing

establishment, which, commanded a narrow strip of beach in the midst of a wide area of rock. In the port we could see the seine cast for mullet, and come home laden with fish. On the rocks the fisheries, a concatenation of walls, built arrowwise towards the sea, with an opening at the apex where sprats and sardines were caught in a net as the tide receded.

As usual we children were for making ourselves, here as elsewhere practically useful. I went out with a fisherman to the Chausey Islands, and brought home a load of delicious shrimps. A less fortunate operation was that of cutting a loin of mutton into chops for our cook. I missed a stroke and nearly chopped off the end of one of my fingers. My grandmother set the pieces together, and the finger healed after a time, but the setting was not accurate, and when I got home and took up my violin the pressure of the mutilated finger on the string was unbearable, and I was obliged to give up the instrument and learn the piano, on which, unhappily, I made too little progress to acquire mastery before the days when other occupations rendered music impossible. •

In May 1841, my father left my mother and sisters to their own summer trip, and took three of us boys for a months' mountaineering. We left the diligence at Nancy, or Lunéville, went thence to St. Dié, and alternately walked and drove to Colmar and Freiburg in Breisgau. We were all furnished with knapsacks, my father carrying the heaviest. The beauty of the landscape in the passes of the Vosges proved as attractive to us as it was unattractive to the driver of our coach, who never stopped dinning into my ears : '*Mauvais pays. Toujours monter et descendre.*' I was greatly impressed, nay frightened, by the passage of the Rhine in a skiff at Neu Breisach. The vessel seemed so small and frail, the current so strong and

lumpy that I thought we must perish. But we shot up on the shore at the other side without mishap, and I was able next day to make a finished sketch of Freiburg Cathedral, and the lace openings of its spires, from the hill above the town. By some mischance we failed to get through the Höllenthal pass; but I have drawings which show our route through Steig to Schaffhausen, and at Schaffhausen I drew the fortified hill, and tried to draw the fall, which was then much more picturesque than it is now, being divided in the centre by two powerful peaked rocks, which have since been almost entirely worn away, and backed by a landscape which had not been disfigured by the present bridges. Underneath the fall on the left bank we all crept, led by my father and a guard; and I do not forget the roar of the solid sheet of water, of which we saw the back green as emeralds and pure as crystal, before it tumbled into the seething cauldron below.

From Schaffhausen to Stein, thence to St. Gallen, across the Rhone again to Feldkirch and Bludenz then over the Vorarlberg to Innsbruck, we walked sturdily and well, taking but an occasional lift, and finding the pass very narrow, with snow eight feet high at the road sides. Three or four days at Innsbruck, in the middle of May, I well remember. I have a vivid recollection of a Pusterthal farmer, at dinner, who disposed of a pound of boiled beef in three mouthfuls, and finished by licking the spoon with which he helped himself to scraped radish before handing it to his neighbour. Ambras, with its tallest of steeples, later on Zell and Gerlos. On the way to the latter, on a Friday, we got nothing to eat at the inn but pancakes, and upon this meagre fare we started on foot up the hills, following a fine, stalwart Tyrolese bearer, who took all our knapsacks on his *craxen*, and

walked off as if they were feathers. But the road, originally given at three hours, was still three hours long as the evening came on; and a solitary hut, which our guide called the first habitation in Gerlos, proved to be three miles off that place. On the 23rd of May my father left me and my brother Edward at Lend, whilst he paid a visit with Eyre to some friends at Gastein. At Gölling, where I stopped for a drawing, and at Hallein, where we visited the saltworks, we merely passed. Then we turned off to Berchtesgaden, to finish at Salzburg. Nothing so lovely as the Königsee, by Berchtesgaden, has ever met my eye. There is a fearful transparent depth in the water, which seems too pure to float a vessel, yet does float it. The background of peaks and hills is very grand. Salzburg and its wilderness of domes, backed by the citadel on the hill behind, is a treat to sketchers. From thence we went rapidly, chiefly driving, through Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, and Tübingen to Baden-Baden and Strasburg. Wherever I went I saw the galleries. At Strasburg I got the spire of the cathedral into my album, and comparing the drawing of it, which was done on June 10, with that of Freiburg, finished on May 10, I observe a great progress; and I cannot but think that it was the diligence and care with which I had plied my pencil upon this trip that induced my father, when we got home, to give a new direction to my artistic efforts, and caused him, after we had returned to Paris in October, to take me from the *atelier* of Mr. Paul Delaroche, and place me in that of Mr. Hubert, the landscape water-colour painter. Hubert, at that time, lived in the Rue Taranne—now merged into the Boulevard St. Germain. He was popular as a lithographic landscape draughtsman, in the style which was carried to its utmost finish in England by Harding. Like Harding, too, he painted very bright-

coloured landscapes, which were supposed to acquire a special freshness from the process used in producing them. It was not on paper pasted down to a board that Hubert worked. His sheet was stretched over a frame, and wetted at the back with a sponge, so that the working side always had a certain moistness. By keeping the surface damp in this way certain facilities of execution were attained, and hard edges could, if necessary, be entirely avoided. I learnt a good deal with Mr. Hubert, being the contemporary in his school-room of Mr. Clerget. I made pencil drawings and water-colour copies in great numbers, and went with pleasure to the lessons, which were given for two hours at a time on alternate days in the week. But my father did not leave me any longer with Hubert than he had left me with Delaroche. My sister Eugénie, who had been painting under Mr. Watelet's care, having been transferred to the *atelier* of Mr. Coigniet, a cattle and landscape painter, gave such pleasant accounts of that master that I was also sent to his painting-room on the Place de la Bourse, and there spent my spare time, not in water colours, but in landscape-sketching in oils; and thus, working alternate days with my sister, I completed a pretty fair round of artistic sketches.

The rest of my time was, meanwhile, more intensely than before given up to mathematics, under the care of a master named Chailly. Hitherto I had found no pleasure in problems set forth in the dry method of Euclid. Chailly put Euclid aside, took up Legendre, and, with a blackboard to demonstrate upon, made things surprisingly clear to me. He insisted on a written description of each problem and its proof with figures, and he worked in the same way in arithmetic; and this, besides teaching me mathematics, greatly helped to perfect my French. My success in all this,

and Chailly's evident pleasure in having an eager pupil, made our relations very pleasant ones ; and this was the more agreeable because, so far as the man was concerned, he was neither fair to look upon nor attractive in other ways. His dress was shabby, his beard almost always of several days' growth, his hair unkempt, and his nails bitten down to the quick. But he was full of humour, and, at the same time, a perfect master of his subject ; and so long as he had me and my brother Edward as pupils he kept his head above water. But I shall have further occasion to mention him when, in later years, my father employed him as teacher to my youngest brother, George.

During the summer of 1841 our tenancy at St. Germain expired. In 1842 my father hired an apartment at No. 11 Rue d'Orléans in St. Cloud, and this became our residence for the whole remaining period of our stay in France. One advantage we had here which had failed elsewhere : a large garden stretched far up the slope of the hill of St. Cloud in the direction of the old station of Montretout, and there we were free to exercise our skill as gardeners and otherwise enjoy rural felicities. Down the steps to the riverside I could run for a bathe or out fishing, and many a chub has been caught by me in the eddies of the old bridge arches. Up the rise and past the barracks was the castle where the royal family resided, and, beyond the reserved park, the woods that stretch to Sèvres and Ville d'Avray. In the barracks I learnt the art of fencing, from a sergeant of cuirassiers. On the terrace, overlooked by the 'lantern of Diogenes,' Mr. Chailly exercised us in surveying. We manufactured a theodolite, measured a base, took angles, and ascertained, if not very accurately, the distance from St. Cloud of most of the prominent spots in Paris. Frequently I walked into the city, through Boulogne and

Passy—a long tramp, after which a rest in the painting room of Mr. Coigniet was a treat.

Early in July, 1842, my father made up a touring party, intending to visit the most noteworthy places in the valleys of the Seine and Eure. At Poissy we lounged round the old church, and looked at the outside of the convent of nuns. Everywhere traces of the Norman time in architecture and ornament, yet no town had been less Norman than this in the days of the Conquest. The people, on the contrary, dreaded the inroads of the countrymen of William the Conqueror, and the nuns, amongst others, gave sound to the general apprehension on that score by praying at matins to be protected from their attacks. I was not very mindful of these things on the occasion of which I am now speaking, but some years since, Professor Geffroy, being ordered to Sweden on a mission to copy the correspondence of Gustavus Adolphus, left his wife for six months in charge of the nuns of Poissy, and her surprise was great to hear them every morning praying in Latin to be relieved from the fury of the Normans. It may be doubted whether a second example exists of a prayer of this kind being preserved for so many centuries.

From Poissy to Meulan, thence to Mantes, Vernon, and les Andelys, turning off at Pont de l'Arche westward to Louviers and Evrèux, we passed from one lovely bit of scenery to another, and I still possess the drawings which I then made of the churches of Mantes and the beautiful cathedral porch at Louviers.

Almost at a minute's notice my father was called off to Paris by the news of the sudden death of the Duke of Orleans, killed by a fall from his carriage on July 13. At Louviers, in his absence, I delighted our party by telling them at dinner that I could not eat any of the dishes, since I had seen them cooked. I described

how the cook had transported his furnaces, into the courtyard of our inn, and tasted from seventeen sauce-pans by putting his finger alternately in his mouth and in each of the pots. I observed, not without a chuckle, that all the party were as much disgusted as myself.

At Evreux Mr. Blount (now Sir Edward) was good enough to give me a pass to fish in the waters of which he had the lease, and I thus had the chance of catching my very first trout.

In this and the following winter I manifested a great inclination for playgoing, and my father, under conditions, allowed my brother Eyre and myself to indulge it. We were confined to two or three theatres—the Français, and French and Italian opera—and were to have seats in the pit only. For this it was necessary to tail off for about four hours before the opening of the doors. Nowise discouraged, Eyre and I went time after time to the play, and saw with immense pleasure Rachel in all her best parts—Andromaque, Phèdre, Tartuffe—and Adrienne Lecouvreur; Mlle. Mars in her prime; likewise Grisi, Albertazzi, Persiani, Mario, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini. The greatest of all treats was ‘Don Juan’ with all these artists taking part. The *queue* in those days was an institution, as it is now. Crowds gathered together to form it under the peristyle of the Français, and I recollect well seeing one represented in a caricature of the Charivari, and as a counterpart an empty peristyle, with Victor Hugo looking up at a comet in the sky, with the legend: •

Hugo lorgnant les voûtes bleues,
Demande à Dieu tout bas,
Pourquoi les astres ont des queues
Quand les Burgraves n'en ont pas.

Hugo's ‘Burgraves’ was one of the plays which people read, but would not go to see.

CHAPTER II

1844 and 1845 in London—Reporting at Bow Street and in the Central Criminal Court—The Reachs and James Hannay—David Cox and Evans of Bristol.

IN 1843 my father's plan for exchanging his office as correspondent in Paris for the duties of a leader-writer on the 'Morning Chronicle' in London was matured. We spent the summer as usual at St. Cloud, and as autumn came on packing began.

Then one day, early, my grandmother, my brother Edward, and myself started in the diligence to Boulogne, and after seven hours' passage at night in a small steamer, in a heavy sea way, we all landed at Folkestone, and were carried by train to London Bridge. My grandmother went on to Ireland, my brother and I were put into lodgings in Francis Street, Russell Square, and our new life began, far away from the rest of the family, which had migrated for the winter to Italy.

It was of no small profit to my brother, who had made steady progress as an artist, to visit Rome, where his old master Delaroche was living, though not as President of the French School of Art. My mother's health was improved by the air of the South, and my youngest brother, nicknamed little Toto, had a fine new playground to enjoy on the Monte Pincio.

In London my father had quickly entered on his new duties, writing leaders under the inspiration of the Whig chiefs, and especially of Lord Palmerston, who, since the Egyptian quarrel of 1840, had reigned almost

supreme in the direction of foreign affairs. My father's writing was indeed often attributed to Lord Palmerston himself, as I have inferred from reading the 'Greville Memoirs.' Lord Lansdowne remained his patron at the same time, and his position was, so far, decidedly an enviable one. •

For us boys the first few months of the London stay in lodgings was less agreeable. Meals consumed in eating-houses were anything but cheering, and evenings hung heavily on hand. Yet by degrees I got into harness in various ways. At the National Gallery I had a permission to copy. At a house which my father hired and began furnishing at 5, Devonshire Place, in Hampstead, I indulged my taste as a gardener, carpenter, and painter ; and whilst at one hour I might be seen planing and sawing for the sashes of a new greenhouse, at another I would be found sketching in the lanes, or amongst the furzes of Hampstead Heath. The question what to do to prepare my brother Edward and me for our future careers was necessarily a matter of interest. But for the present all that could be done was to send Edward to King's College to study engineering, and hold me to daily duties in learning shorthand. Andrew Doyle, editor of the 'Chronicle,' whom we had all known in Paris, encouraged me to take up Taylor's Stenography. He introduced me to some of his best men—Angus Reach, Michael Ronayne, and Alexander Mackay, and with their practical assistance, and diligent taking of turns at meetings or in church on Sundays, I made fair progress in writing, though but slow progress in reading my own hieroglyphics.

In due course my mother and brothers and sisters came home from Italy, and the year 1844 saw us all assembled at Hampstead, where we were to spend six or seven years of our lives.

Of friends we had many. W. Thackeray had given up rooms in Great Coram Street. Doyle, who had married the youngest daughter of Sir John Easthope, had, so far as I remember, only temporary lodgings in London. John Forster, then editor of the 'Examiner,' had chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We had good neighbours in Davenport Hill, then recorder of Birmingham, one of the best after-dinner speakers that I have ever met, and Foster, member for Berwick. In Sloane Street, at No. 76, a few doors from the house in which I was born, lived the Dilkes—old Mr. Wentworth and his wife, his son Wentworth and his wife, her mother, and the children, of whom Charles, the eldest, I have often had on my knees. About midsummer next following (1844) I obtained an appointment as reporter of police cases for the 'Morning Chronicle' at the salary of two guineas a week, attended the Bow Street Police Court daily, and by this frequentation soon became acquainted with much of the seamy side of London life. Bow Street, at this time, was surrounded by a thickly populated district, in which crime was common. It was as dangerous to frequent Seven Dials at night as it now is to visit certain back streets of Whitechapel. From Drury Lane in the east to Soho Square in the west, from Broad Street in the north to Covent Garden in the south, the lanes were narrow and intricate, and the dwellings sordid in a degree unknown at the present time. I soon learned to report the cases which were furnished by these districts daily. I became familiar with the ways of street arabs, and their dealings with the hated police. Sir Robert Peel had realised at that time an extensive change in the dress and functions of the police. Their familiar names of 'peelers' and 'bobbies' were derived from him. Their chimney-pot hats, with iron crowns, their waterproof capes and

truncheons hanging inside their wide topcoats—all these things made them very conspicuous. They were hated with a hatred which has not its like, perhaps, anywhere, except in Paris, where the Parisian of the poorer class thinks the *sergot* a devil incarnate. Some persons pretended—I believe the same class of persons pretends at the present day—that no policeman was ever to be found when he was wanted. In pantomimes he was always represented as neglecting his beat to dally inside areas with the maidservants. Many even affirmed that ‘Bobby’ was always in the kitchen eating the master’s supper. I learnt at Bow Street to form another estimate of him. His uniform was so marked that he could be noticed and signalled from great distances. But he was an active and able-bodied official, civil to every inquirer, and oftener unfair from want of knowledge than from any fixed predisposition to molest people he thought disorderly.

My stenography improved at the work I was then doing ; my knowledge of English idioms became enlarged ; and Andrew Doyle thought he might venture to give me higher work than that of Bow Street reporting. It was a trying moment for me when, at the height of the Corn Law League agitation,—in Covent Garden Theatre—having heard Cobden, Bright, and Charles Villiers speak, I came in for a speech made by Mr. Fox. I listened with such attention to what he said that I think I recollect the words even now. ‘They talk,’ he said, ‘of our dependence on the foreigner. But are we not always dependent on foreigners? A French valet dresses us for dinner, a French cook dresses our dinner for us, and, when we rise to dignities in the State, the ermine that covers our shoulders never before adorned the back of a British donkey.’ My turn was shortened by the kind intervention of the comrade who relieved

me, and saw the distress caused by Fox's rapid delivery.

- It was clear that I was not yet sufficiently master of shorthand to take an hour in the gallery of the House of Commons. A vacancy was made for me at the Central Criminal Court, and I was installed with all solemnity in the reporters' box at Newgate, where all the criminals of the London districts were tried. The court was not a large one. It was opened every month by the Recorder, who sat under a raised dais on a throne, at each side of which there were seats for the mayor, his officials, or other important persons. Beneath the throne on the floor of the hall were the clerks. At a large square table counsel sat. At right angles to the raised throne was the jury box; facing the throne, the dock with the traditional rue on its ledge; in the angle between that and the jury, the witness-box; Mr. Harker, the sonorous crier, in attendance; opposite the jury-box, and also at right angles to the throne, the reporters; behind and above the dock, a gallery for spectators, mostly occupied by prisoners' friends. After the Recorder had charged the grand jury and they retired to their room, the business of the assize began—the Recorder in one court, the Common Serjeant in the other. On the second day of the sittings a judge or two judges appeared to take the serious cases. I was a diligent reporter of all but the lightest ones, yet not so busy at all times but that I could indulge in my fancy for sketching. I brought home in course of time correct likenesses of all the judges, and I still recollect those which I drew of Aldermen Kelly and Gibbs, of Tyndall, Maule, Alderson, Park, and Denman on the bench, and Clarkson, Hudleston, Ballantyne, and others, as counsel at the bar. The most painful duty I ever performed was that of reporting my first case of murder, that of a man named

Goode, who had taken the life of his sweetheart, a very dissolute young woman, in a house in Endell Street. There was practically no defence, and when the judge pulled out the black cap which he had in his belt, put it on his head, and began to pass sentence of death, I paid my tribute to human weakness and disappeared under my desk in a very faint state. The prisoner, I was afterwards told, was less affected than I had been. Some sessions after this I reported the trial of a man named Hocker for murder. He also was found guilty and executed. But there were points in connection with the case which made it especially interesting to me. The body of Hocker's victim was found at the corner of a field abutting on Belsize Park, the property of Mr. Foster, member for Berwick. From the Swiss Cottage in St. John's Wood to this corner a pathway led over stiles to the Hampstead Road about 500 yards from my father's house ; and on the day of the murder, perhaps two hours before it occurred, I walked along that lane and jumped over the stile where the body of the murdered man was afterwards found. Fancy the angle of a hay-field bounded on one side by a brick wall, on the other by a hedge and a stile, shadowed by oak-trees ; close to the path a pond, about twenty feet square. The spot became interesting to numbers of idlers during the period of the inquest and trial ; so interesting, indeed, that the wall of Belsize Park was thrown down and carried away to the extent of eight feet, and the water in the pond was completely drained into vials by those who wished to preserve a memento of the crime. Another incident connected with my duty in the court returns to my memory. A trifling case had been tried. It was too uninteresting for a report, but the evidence affected the character of a person of some station. He took the opportunity of my being alone in the reporter's box to beg that I would not

mention the trial, and as he was turning away he left a sovereign on the writing-desk. I beckoned to him to come back, told him to take up his money, and published the trial at full length in the next morning's paper.

In the intervals of the assizes I was employed in irregular reporting, and sometimes in theatrical criticisms. Angus Reach was my particular mentor in all these days. He lived with his father, mother, brother, and sister in a lodging in Arundel Street, Strand, and I was a constant visitor there at all times of the day. Never was such hospitable and kindly treatment as I got there. Old Mr. Roderick Reach was correspondent in London of the 'Inverness Courier.' But he only did part of the work, which was frequently supplemented by Angus and his brother Jack. Angus was a reporter in the House of Commons, and sat up so late that he usually received me at his bed side, whither his mother would bring him his tea and toasted haddock at eleven in the morning. It was Angus who took me first to the Adelphi, where I went into extasies at the comicalities of Wright and Paul Bedford; the Lyceum, where I revelled in the fun of the Keeleys; and the Haymarket, where we saw Webster, C. Mathews, Buckstone, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nesbitt, and other excellent actors and actresses. I envied Reach's facility of pen when, having followed him after the performance to the 'Chronicle' office, I saw him sit down to write a notice of the piece, and do the work with a liveliness and vigour quite surprising. Jack Reach, who had no regular appointment, sometimes joined in the production of the 'Courier' letter, or wrote slight papers on humorous subjects, some of which appeared in 'Punch.' For a time we were companions, till one day, having borrowed my watch, of which I was very proud, he told me that he had

not only pawned it, but that, having spent the eight shillings which he had got from the broker, he had sold the ticket in a public-house for half a crown. Fortunately, he recollected the pawnbroker's address, and, getting a warrant from Bow Street, I redeemed the pledge, my knowledge of the police court having given me some insight into this sort of affairs. My friendship for Jack Reach was finally interrupted by his departure from England. Twice within three months his father paid his passage to Australia. A few weeks after his first departure he turned up again in London, having gone ashore when the vessel touched at Plymouth. Eventually Jack was landed in Australia, but made no stay there, working his passage home, and then enlisting in the Bombay artillery. A friend of his, on hearing of the enlistment, expressed his satisfaction that he had chosen the foot and not the horse artillery, for, he said, Jack would inevitably have pawned the horse. The last time I heard of him he had headed a mutiny of the Indian artillery near Calcutta, on the occasion of the transfer of Hindostan from the Company to Her Majesty in 1859.

Angus Reach was, with but one exception, the best descriptive reporter on the London press. His only rival was William Russell. His account of the journey which the Queen made into Germany in the summer of 1845 is remarkable for a description of a battue at Rheinhardtsbrunn, respecting which Sir Theodore Martin has left on record that Her Majesty was struck by the mediæval strangeness of the scene, but observed that, as for the sport itself, none of the gentlemen liked the butchery. It was this butchery that roused the feelings of Angus Reach. To see fifty-four head of game, thirty-one of them stags, killed to the music of a band in an inclosure was not sport to an Inverness-shire man, and Angus was eloquent in condemnation.

I have since heard Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg say that the disapproval of the English press on this occasion led him to the complete suppression of this form of driving. Another grand event which gave Reach occasion to display his powers as a writer was the double visit of the Queen to the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe and the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye. The courtesy of the Duke at Stowe was shown in a magnificent reception, which heavily burdened the exchequer of that nobleman. A few years after, he was besieged in his own place by a posse of bailiffs, and forced at last to sell his property for the benefit of his creditors.

Angus Reach ultimately gave up reporting, and became theatrical critic to the 'Morning Chronicle.' He married after losing all his London relations, but died early, leaving a widow in straitened circumstances. Some of his papers in magazines gave promise of a brilliant literary career. But he had not the stamina for a long struggle, and went off suddenly into the by-ways, as so many men do in that fearful vortex which we call London.

It was in Angus's room that I first met a man who afterwards made a name for himself in literature—James Hannay, who appeared there one morning fresh from Malta, where he had resigned H. M.'s service after a court-martial which had sentenced him to dismissal. He was a Scotchman from Kirkcudbrightshire, and had been put very early into the navy. He had served exclusively in the Mediterranean, where he indulged two passions to the full—fondness for poetry and fondness for grog. A good officer and a smart midshipman with plenty of knowledge, he had not a little contempt for what he called pigtail and stupid formalisms, and I can easily understand that his superiors sneered at his longings for what he also called

lotus-eating, lounging in shady places, when there was a chance of reading Horace, instead of studying the articles of war. But he was a dangerous young fellow to attack. His tongue was sharp, his satire polished. One day his tongue took liberties which were resented, and he was put under arrest preparatory to being tried by court-martial. As a preliminary he resigned, and declared his determination to leave the service. But he was tried and sentenced in spite of all protests, and it was for the purpose of getting this sentence reversed that he came to London. The proceedings of the court-martial were annulled, and Hannay joined the army of needy young fellows with great literary powers and small pecuniary means who swarmed about London in these years. A daily resort of James Hannay, John Reach, myself, and others was a barber's shop in Surrey Street, kept by Morley, a Welshman.

It was in this club, in which marvellous witticisms were perpetrated, that Hannay wrote :

The pressgang crew to the club are gone,
In Morley's shop you'll find 'em ;
Their raprascals they have hurried on,
Their notebooks left behind 'em.

It was in Morley's shop, too, and alternately in a neighbouring coffee-house, where he had a sleeping-room, fronting the church of St. Clement's, that Hannay wrote ' Singleton Fontenoy ' and other novels which gave him repute ; for it was the peculiarity of his habits that no amount of dissipation prevented him from work. Never was so assiduous a visitor to the ' Muz,' as he called the British Museum. But in the evening he would sally forth with as many congenial spirits as he could muster, drink drinks at the bars of public-houses, make speeches at debating clubs, and end at midnight by knocking at the doors of a railway station and ordering a special train to take him to

Dover ; or he would get his friends together and tail on at the pit entrance of Drury Lane, and pelt the foremost rows of people from behind with oranges ; then, after witnessing half the performance, rise in the pit and describe the piece as rubbish, and get turned out by a friendly policeman. I regret to say that I was sometimes a partner in these enormities, but was thought rather a milksop by my companions, because my repartee was not as quick as theirs, and my stomach less able to bear the stress of liquor. But I avoided, at all events, the fate of Jack Reach, who, venturing to castigate a lifeguardsman at the bar of the York and Albany by telling him that it was well for him that flogging had been reduced to twenty lashes, was taken up by this stalwart giant and flung bodily into the street. How it was that these young fellows managed to get together the means for their mild orgies appears to me still a mystery. They had a way of writing little notes to friends, which were taken round by Barber Morley ; a loan of a sovereign for an emergency would be asked for, and it is wonderful how often the impudent request was successful. But Hannay, for his part, earned a pretty fair honorarium for his literary labours. His copy was everywhere in demand, though at first it fetched but little ; and I have the certain conviction that it was well he did not earn more, since he could not keep what he earned for more than a day or two. It is anticipating upon the future, but I may as well do so here, to describe how one day, having got a name by his novel of ' Singleton Fontenoy,' and written a new book which he sold to a bookseller for 60*l.*, he spent the night in a cab, and at three o'clock next afternoon came to my chambers asking for a loan, as he had been asleep and had lost every farthing of the price of his novel. I am bound to say that the purses of one or more of us were always

open for the relief of the others if in distress ; and though some were more frequently in distress than others, the spring was never closed on that account. James Hannay got out of this slough in time. He founded a little comic paper, to which we all contributed, called 'Pasquin,' having got Mr. Francis, a venturesome printer, to take the responsibilities. He gloated over the first numbers as they appeared, and I have hardly yet forgotten some of the rhymes which Hannay wrote ; amongst others these on the stoppage of the 'Sun' newspaper, of which Mr. Murdo was the proprietor :

Slow sinks, as, 'ere its race hath run,
Down the decline of fate, the Evening Sun.
Not as of old e'en dimly bright,
But dull as ditchwater and dark as night.
Was it to reach this piteous goal at last,
Misguided Murdo, that your life you passed ?
Fox in your cunning, yet mouse in might,
A goose in greed, a viper in spite ;
Labouring as moles do, sleek and blind,
To leave at last a little hill behind.

One day, as we were taking the copy up to our printer's setting room, what was our dismay to find the hand press descending the house steps in the grasp of a bailiff and so an ending made to our pleasant venture of 'Pasquin !'

But it is time to resume the narrative I have interrupted in order to give a more complete picture of my life at this period.

My friend Perry, whose lessons in angling I had enjoyed in St. Germain, had returned to England, after inheriting a small competence, together with the name of Popkin. He had settled in the vale of Llanrwst and lived at the Waterloo Inn, at that time situated on the right bank of the Conway and within a few yards of the iron bridge which there carries Telford's great metalled road. Here Popkin followed

the two rather discordant pursuits of fishing and sketching, and certainly there was not at that time a nook in Wales better suited for his purposes. From the door of the inn he could walk up the Conway to Tinnecae pool and the falls, or down to Llanrwst and try for a salmon. He might go up the vale of the Lledder to Dolwyddelan, or the vale of the Llugwy to Ogwen, and fish for trout, or he might drop the rod and flies and, taking his paint-box and sketch-book, bury himself in the rock-holes of For-snodin or wander over the hills to Elsie lake and the foot of Mount Siabod. The place was a very paradise for artists, and more lovely then than it is now, because the mail on Telford's road did not bring such numbers of travellers as do now the excursion trains of the North-Western Railway. Popkin sent me glowing accounts of Bettws-y-coed, the village to which the Waterloo Inn belongs, and, taking advantage of the holiday which Mr. Doyle would not refuse to me, I started for North Wales on a fine morning in July, 1844. At Birmingham I found a coach which took me without stoppage to Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury I caught the mail, which travelled through the night to Llangollen, and thence along Dee Side to Cernioge and Bettws. I was landed at the Waterloo Inn door by the mail coach, and found Popkin expecting me. A small room, board and lodging for twelve shillings a week; delightful companions—Kendall, a water-colour painter, Evans of Bristol, ditto, and at the neighbouring inn, called the 'Oak,' David Cox. I had not been twenty-four hours in the valley before I had made the acquaintance of them all, and recovered from the fatigues of my coaching. It is to be remembered that hitherto, in my annual trips, I had driven in *diligences*, *chairs-à-bancs*, or coaches of some kind or other, and always under shelter from rain or protected from cold.

The experience of a coach was quite new. It was pleasant to sit on the box by day, as I did when, rattling out of Birmingham, I found myself in the black country of Bilston and Wolverhampton, of which Charles Dickens has given such marvellous pictures. It was pleasanter still as we issued from the murky atmosphere of collieries and ironworks and exchanged the Warwickshire slopes and their forsaken colliery sheds and broken-down buildings for the fair broad hills of Shropshire. But then when night came, and I had to hold on upon the top seat of the coach stage after stage, through the darkness, I thought I should drop on the road for sleepiness or lose the use of my limbs from sheer cold. I roused myself again as we galloped up the valley of the Dee, and the lovely landscape which opened out as we drove down the vale of the Conway from Cernioge to Bettws almost made me forget my complaints and ailments.

Popkin was a good water-colour painter, and afterwards became a thorough artist in that line. He had a rival in old Mr. Kendall, who made up for late teaching and want of real pictorial insight by immense industry and indefatigable application. Evans, who inhabited a little cottage near Tinnecae pool, was a true born genius of the brush and pencil: not a touch of his that did not tell, not an effect but he could seize and make his own, with a knowledge of the materials at his hand and of the tricks of the brush unsurpassed. He was perfectly able to produce, after days of toil, what his friends were all willing to accept and praise as a complete picture. But nothing would satisfy him; he never would forego the pleasure of making changes. His finished work would be swept away ruthlessly by the sponge, and then he would show his friends how lovely the surfaces had got to be and what a capital state the sheet was in for an improved creation. The

consequence invariably was that the sponge removed the facing of his paper, and left him but the alternative of patching or cutting down his work. I believe it is his diploma picture at one of the water-colour societies which I saw him labouring at that most reveals his idiosyncrasy. It is a view of Harlech Castle, with a foreground which, in my presence, he repainted three times in a different way, removing each time some of his surfaces, and obliged at last to line and enlarge his paper, the effect meanwhile being much injured and spoiled. Equally an artist and a musician, Evans charmed us by his playing of the guitar, in which he was thoroughly a master.

David Cox was already an old man when I met him at Bettws. We were usually out sketching together in a drove—Popkin, Kendall, Evans, and Cox—working away, say at Forsnodin, all day long. That beautiful nook of Conway scenery, which is now called Fairy Glen, to which one has access on payment of a shilling, was then in its natural state. Cox would sit on the rocks and paint there, with wonderful skill and rapidity, using large brushes on large sheets of paper, drawing in with charcoal, dashing colour on with copious splash, using clear or body colour without stint, and coming away at last with something rough and ready, which he would take home to the 'Oak' and finish, if necessary, by lamp-light. He was a scene-painter in miniature, with such an eye for effects as no one of his time had; altogether regardless of proportion, because it suited his purpose, making his trees gigantic, his roadside dockweeds the same, yet giving, withal, a look of the place which was unmistakable. It was, in another form, the gift which Turner possessed, only that Cox never exceeded the bounds for the sake of atmospheric effects, as Turner did.

When the days were more favourable for fishing

than sketching, Popkin and I would take our rods and go up the Lledder, the Llugwy, or the Machno, or take a boat on Ogwen, and we generally brought home fish, which is more than anyone can say who angles there now. Once I went up the Llugwy by myself, and got to the top of the Swallow fall, where I began throwing. The day was not favourable, but I persevered. I got to the verge of the fall, on to a mossy rock. My foot slipped and down I went, rod in hand, into the kettle below, and thence, treading the water, down a second rapid, to alight at last on a grassy bank ensconced amongst trees, where I stripped, dried my clothes in the sun, and found my way home again unhurt. My watch stopped and could never be got to go again after that. But this was my only mishap, and I was preserved by a kind Providence from the effects of my own imprudence or want of skill. I have been through the Conway rock holes all the way to the Machno, and higher, too, in the Wynn & Finch part of the river, and caught big trout there. One can't fish in these pools at all now, or, if one does, nothing can be caught. Civilisation and railways kill sport. But painters may still enjoy the scenery, unless it be spoiled by gigantic advertisements, and they can afford to ignore 'Pears' Soap' as smudged on to a hill side, as they may 'Beecham's Pills,' which adorn the sails of the smacks that one sees running out of Blackpool.

Before I left Bettws to resume my reporting at the Central Criminal Court, in the beginning of August, a freshet had brought down the waters of the Conway and its tributaries. I went up the Lledder to Dolwyddelan, and between the village and the junction of the stream with the Conway caught two salmon peel, each of three-and-a-half pounds weight—my first. Oh, what a joy!

But I also took home a harvest of sketches from

Dolgelly, Portmadoc, Harlech, and Festiniog, and I have still some of the drawings which I made on this occasion. An escape from the assault of a Welsh bull may be taken here as a pendant to that which I had from my ducking in the Llugwy.

I had been fishing in the river near Dolgelly, and was returning home towards sundown ; looking across the valley at the meadows which skirted the hills, I saw in a bare fallow beyond the river a herd headed by a bull. In a neighbouring field a luxurious crop of clover. The bull looked over a five-barred gate which separated him from the clover. An idea struck him. He put his nose under the lowest bar, raised the whole gate, tossed it over his back, and, lowing to his herd, entered the abundant pasture. Not without immediate protest, a gang of men with pitchforks instantly attacked him. He turned tail and, lashed into fury, forded the stream, tore up through the meadows that edged my side of it into the road, and made for me at full speed. I held my ground till I observed that he had really singled me out with a hostile intention. Then I turned. A match began between him and me, and I ran till I came to a wood and clambered up a solitary pine just in time to escape the horns of the infuriated animal, who roared, lathered himself with foam, but eventually turned away and left me. I got down from the tree with more difficulty than I got up it, and to this day am unaware how I could have climbed so high and kept my rod unbroken. The injury which the bull immediately afterwards did to shops in Dolgelly was fully described to me as I joined my party at the inn, and I have a wholesome dread of bulls ever since that adventure. During a recent visit I recognised the spot where all this occurred. But I looked in vain for the site of a celebrated dwelling which I had sketched, and which was known as Owen

Glendower's Parliament House. I recollected sitting before it admiring the tiled roof of one part, the thick black slate of another, the ragged clothes that masked the upper windows, the torn brushwood below, and the stone steps and landing that led to the upper storey, projecting, as in all very old houses, over the street. I remembered the aged crone who chased the hen that had laid an egg in her bed whilst Evans was inside sketching her cowering under the old chimney-piece at the ingle fire. All this came to my mind as I looked at a big modern building of undoubted comfort, which had taken the place of the older edifice, and looked, oh, so regular and hideous. There is hardly a town in England or in France where similar disappointments may not be met with. Improvement and sanitation, what barbarisms are practised in your name!

The winter which followed this Welsh trip is not very clear to my memory. I have a vague recollection of pleasant relations with the family of John Lalor, our neighbour at Hampstead, who was, with my father, a leader-writer on the 'Morning Chronicle.' There were pleasant parties, too, at Rowland Hill's cottage near the Hampstead Green. I cultivated the acquaintance of Harrison, the water-colour painter, who lived in Foley Place, and gave me many a hint for subsequent use. I also copied a celebrated Cuyp in the National Gallery.

My father sometimes gave dinners, of which important people in politics occasionally partook. But I was sufficiently careless of party warfare in those days, and only recollect that I professed to be a liberal because the house and surroundings were liberal. Thackeray frequently came to visit us—old Paris friendship not forgotten. I fancy the winter left marks of its inclemency upon many of us. I have a vague reminiscence of whooping-cough, which took us all in

spring to Tunbridge Wells. I have drawings of grand grit rocks and oak wood scenery which I made about those parts, as also of wide expanses not far from Abergavenny Castle. But my chief resort during special holidays was Cumberland and Westmoreland, which I visited in July and August (1845). The itinerary was from London to Lancaster by rail, by coach over Ulverstone sands to the head of Windermere. I lingered long at Ambleside, and painted a sketch in oils of Wordsworth's house at Grasmere, which became the subject of a picture next year. Grasmere Lake, the mountain paths that lead up from thence to Helvellyn Tarn, a day's fishing down the brook flowing out of the tarn to Ulleswater, a wild and dangerous walk from Ulleswater over the hills to Keswick, a stay on the banks of Derwentwater with visits to the neighbouring tarns at the foot of Scaw Fell, are all noted either in sketches or letters. It was on the hills between Ulleswater and Keswick that I and a companion fisherman were caught in a fog towards sunset, and lost our way. The only prospect before us, except grey mist, was that of a night on the moor, unpleasant to think of. Presently there loomed in front of us a cloud figure of a man full twenty feet high, whose marvellous dimensions gradually shrank into littleness as we approached. The shepherd, for such the giant's calling appeared to be, led us into the path out of which we had strayed, and by ten o'clock at night we tramped into Keswick, where we stayed over a week.

- During the whole of that time I fished and sketched, and once I saw the top of Scaw Fell from the edge of a tarn. But the summits of Skiddaw and Saddleback remained invisible and wrapped in rolls of clouds, which clung to the sides of the hills without ever a change or a rent in them. One of my letters of the 1st of August, 1845, dated from Moore's lodgings in Kes-

wick, describes my distress at having spent three days during which rain never ceased for a single moment. I have not been in Keswick since but it rained, and I believe the district is as wet, from year's end to year's end, as Liverpool.

CHAPTER III

Foundation of the 'Daily News'—I am sent to Paris—Return to London as assistant sub-editor—Trip to the Rhine—Visits to Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and North Italy—Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Flemish art—The 'Daily News' office and staff—Dickens, Jerrold, Thackeray—I succeed Dr. Lardner as Paris correspondent of the 'Daily News'—Mrs. Grote—Léon Faucher—Second meeting with Cavalcaselle—His tribulations.

FOR the first few months after I returned from my visit to Cumberland I regularly attended the sittings of the Central Criminal Court. As autumn waned I heard of impending changes, not only affecting my father, but of influence on my own future situation.

Charles Dickens, supported by wealthy capitalists, had determined to start a daily newspaper, and had made most brilliant proposals to writers and editors of repute. The intention was to found a liberal organ in sympathy with free trade and its leaders, Cobden and Bright, opposed to the conservatism of Sir Robert Peel, and independent of Lord Aberdeen in foreign politics.

The number of men engaged in various departments was large. John Forster and my father were asked to write leaders, the first on home, the second on foreign affairs. The editorial department was to be in the hands of Mr. Powell, under whom Henry Wills and Frederick Hunt were to serve; Dudley Costello was to be foreign sub-editor, Scott Russell railway sub-editor, with William Weir as an assistant. A large staff of reporters was engaged, under the supervision

of Charles Dickens's father. Blanchard Jerrold and Laman Blanchard, young fellows of my age, were to report and write theatrical criticisms. Music was to be dealt with by Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law. My father broke off his connection with the 'Morning Chronicle,' where my stay as a reporter became untenable. On the 1st of January, 1846, the first number of the 'Daily News' appeared. I was transferred to the staff of the new journal and sent as an assistant to the Paris correspondent—a Frenchman, whose name now escapes me. Nothing, unfortunately, could reconcile me to this change. I was hospitably treated by Fraser, of the 'Morning Chronicle,' by Corkoran, of the 'Herald,' and all my father's old friends in Paris. But from the beginning I had little sympathy with my chief, whose ideas were those of a French pressman, and whose English was as French as his ideas.

I had not been three months away when I felt that the situation was too irksome to be borne. I asked my father to order my recall, and in spring (1846) I found myself in London again, engaged on the 'Daily News' as a reporter for all work at three guineas a week.

The 'Daily News,' in the meanwhile, had settled down into a new condition. Charles Dickens had not been more than a month at the head of the newspaper when he discovered that his genius did not fit him for the performance of the duty of editor of a great political journal. After his resignation the editorial staff came into the hands of John Forster; Scott Russell, then Powell disappeared, and the sub-editorships fell to Wills, Hunt, Weir, and Costello. In the intervals of duty, or when railway committees or meetings gave me less than usual occupation, I used my spare time at Hampstead in painting or in literary work. A large picture in oils of Wordsworth's house at Grasmere,

viewed from the terrace garden behind it, with the lake and fells of Windermere in the distance, was finished and sent in for exhibition. It hangs in my drawing-room now, and has been considered a creditable performance for a young fellow of twenty ; but my father, who had no wish that I should be tempted to return to the study of art, insisted on my undertaking something serious in literature, and suggested that I should write the life of Van Dyke, whose career in England had been partly illustrated by the work of Mr. Carpenter. I, for my part, had looked with admiration at the works of John Van Eyck, and thought I discovered in them a subject of study which had not hitherto been occupied. I bought the 'Flemish Painters,' by Alfred Michiels, which had just appeared, looked up the authorities at the British Museum, and soon came to the conclusion that a biography of John Van Eyck would be possible if I could make a minute examination of pictures in Belgium and Germany. I also observed that it was not so much a biography that was wanted as a history of early Flemish painting, which might be compassed by taking together Van Eyck, his precursors, contemporaries, and followers. Little did I then know what a wide field of inquiry I had opened for myself. I found that I could read the literature of the time, so far as it was French or Latin, and much of the evidence in the history of Flemish painting was in those languages. But when I went deeper into the matter and found Van Mander and Houbraken as old authorities, and Waagen and others as modern historical critics, on my desk, I discovered that French and Latin must be supplemented by Italian, Flemish, and German. My knowledge of the latter language was limited, but I soon came to know it. Vasari was not easy, and Van Mander was very difficult ; but I worked hard at the rugged texts, and mastered

them also. And all this was partly done when, about the middle of July 1846, my mother and part of the family having gone for sea air to Boulogne, I took my usual holiday, and, crossing over to Ostend, began a regular pilgrimage through the towns which had been the centres of early Flemish art. At Bruges I got my first idea of Memling and Van der Weyden; of Gerard David, who was then nameless, but whose works were not as yet distinguished from those of Memling. At Ghent I became acquainted with parts of John Van Eyck's great altarpiece of St. Bavon, and Louvain and Cologne furnished materials for prolonged and varied study. But I only had a cursory view of all these things on this journey. Belgium and the Rhine were very interesting to the student of art; but I was thinking also of recreation, and was full of the idea of sketching and fishing, if anything in that way could be compassed. My first place of halt after leaving Liège was Bonn, where within forty-eight hours I had pleasant and instructive adventures. My first day's experience was of fishing. I was told I might succeed if I tried the Sieg, a tributary of the Rhine, which loses its name about a mile or two below Bonn. I got ferried across the Rhine, walked down the bank till I found the mouth of the Sieg, and filled my pockets in the course of the day with coarse fish. I was about to start homeward, wet from rain and wading, when a boat full of students sailed into the mouth of the stream. Fifty yards off it took the ground, and the crew called for help. With my assistance they got clear, landed, and took ashore a basket-load of bread, cheese, and rum punch. When they discovered that I had caught some fish, they proposed that I should allow them to partake of it. A gridiron was improvised, a fire was lighted. The bread and cheese and broiled fish were washed down with rum punch, and, as the sun was

setting, we broke up and embarked. Half of my friends being drunk, they rowed wildly off, and had a narrow escape of capsizing. Three students fell into the water, but the bath seemed to sober them. They swam like corks, and in a comparatively short time they were dragged into the boat. We then reached the left bank of the Rhine in safety, and were towed up to Bonn by men who were waiting for us for that purpose. At their club in the town my new acquaintances hospitably entertained me. They were all members of the corps of Westphalians, famous at that time, and, I believe, famous since, for carousal and duelling. They made me an honorary member of their club or *Kneipe*, and treated 'Mister,' as they called me, with extraordinary kindness. I went with them to various places of resort, and during the next few days became acquainted with the beautiful landscapes of Godesberg and the Siebengebirge. But on the second evening after our meeting I had to undergo a sort of initiation. The Westphalians met in the *Kneipe*, and each of them drank to me in a full glass or quart of beer, and I was obliged to follow suit, the purpose, if not the end, of the banquet being to put me under the table. But I was made of sterner stuff than they anticipated. After quaffing seventeen of their big measures of liquid I felt extremely uncomfortable, but not overcome, whereas two or three of my friends fell off into noisy slumbers, and were taken home to bed by their comrades. Next morning whilst at breakfast in the *Kneipe* I observed one of my friends, just returned from a duel, disfigured by a slash across his lips, which were kept together by two skewers. He was trying to thrust pieces of hard-boiled egg into his jaws with an awl.

Towards evening I again visited the *Kneipe*, and, finding my wounded friend there, was imprudent

enough to inveigh against the barbarous habit of slicing people's faces upon futile pretexts, adding that in England if a man was assaulted he had an immediate remedy at his command, and need not bottle up his spirit till he could challenge his adversary. I added that in England we had long since given up duelling in every shape, though I was ready to admit that I could imagine offences in which no course seemed to be open except fighting. As, however, the student's duel was not a fight for life and death, I could not see any sense in it at all. Upon this I was asked to explain what I would do if I should be run at by an individual in the street, and I replied that I should have no hesitation in knocking such a person down. 'You mean boxing,' said one. I said, 'Yes, boxing, or any other mode.' Nothing would serve my Westphalians now but to challenge me at once to a boxing match. One Studiosus Schmidt declared that boxing was not skilled fighting, stripped too, and I had to do the same; but I warned my friends that as we had no gloves the encounter might be bloody, though on my part it would be good-humoured. We had one round. My antagonist got a black eye and a battered nose. But he bore his wounds with considerable equanimity, and we parted friends. The same evening several members of the club, escorting three comrades of the University of Heidelberg, came into collision with the police, and were lodged in the main guard. Within an hour the corps met, stormed the guard and tried a rescue. Next morning when I entered the club coffee-room and asked whether there were any plans for the day, I was told by each of my Westphalians in turn that they were bound for the same place, namely, the University *carcer*, where they were to pay for their last night's frolic by solitary confinement. I parted with my

students with reluctance. They wanted me to be their guest for another month; but I refused, bought a knapsack and a pair of boots, sent my heavy portmanteau to an inn at Königswinter, and started for that place on foot. At this beautiful threshold of the Seven Hills I stopped to visit the 'Drachenfels, got into the good graces of a very pretty landlord's daughter, whose father proposed at once that I should marry her, sat for a day or two making a sketch in oils of the ruins on the top of the hill, and some water-colour sketches of the Rhine valley by Remagen, and then started afresh. From Remagen up the valley of the Ahr to Ahrweiler and Altenahr I made a knapsack journey, fishing unsuccessfully, and debarred by moist weather from sketching. On the way thence to Andernach I walked with a student, who vowed eternal friendship to me after he found out that I was acquainted with Charles Dickens. One should think that of all the novels of our immortal Boz 'Pickwick' would least bear translation, but that is precisely the book which my friend knew and admired most, though he had only read it in German. He never stopped talking of it till we entered Coblenz, where we put up at the Rheinberg Hotel. From this centre I visited Stolzenfels and climbed to Ehrenbreitstein, but nothing occurred worth recording, except a challenge to fish off the quay facing the hotel and hook a fish in the Rhine. My student friend had been turning the leaves of my fly-book, and sent it round to be looked at by the people at the *table d'hôte*. The majority opined that nothing could be caught with that bait in the Rhine, but I wagered my skill against them for six bottles of champagne, and betted that immediately after dinner we should go down to the river side and I would catch a fish. The wager was taken and we adjourned to the quay, which at this particular time was high and dry

above the bed of the river, leaving a strip of shingle at its base, from which to angle comfortably. My friends stood on the quay, I busy below putting my tackle together. At the first cast I caught—a respectable citizen of Coblenz by the nostril! He laid hold of the line, at which he kept tugging till it broke, cursing the while at every ‘beggarly *Engländer*’ that he could give a name to. I naturally ascended to the quay, cut the hook out of the irate man’s nose and begged his pardon. Then resuming my labours, and carefully avoiding the nostrils of the spectators, I played my fly along the ripples and rose and caught chub and dace for more than ten minutes. Within that hour the parties to the wager were sitting in the hotel parlour, and I was drinking at their expense a very pleasant glass of champagne.

Up the Rhine to Mainz, down again to Bonn, where I bade good-bye to my Westphalians, whom I have never since laid eyes on, and back to Belgium was my next proceeding. At Liège I stopped. My father had promised to send me some money to Brussels, but my purse was nearly empty. Having spent the night at Liège, I left my luggage at the inn, entered the train, which carried me to Brussels, and forthwith proceeded to the post-office, where, to my great disgust, no letter had arrived. I had a fishing-rod and nothing else with me. Still, on my looks alone I got a bedroom, food, and a night’s lodging. The date of this event was the 13th of August, 1846. About noon of the following day the owner of the hotel asked me to be good enough to pay my reckoning. I told him I expected a remittance, but he was obdurate; he only allowed me to go to a neighbouring *mont de piété*, where I pledged my watch and chain. With the proceeds I paid the bill, and found myself, with my fishing-rod and a hungry stomach, in the streets.

Brussels is a beautiful city, its palaces and churches and town-hall are lovely ; but I now loathed the place. Wandering aimlessly and without sustenance, I was overtaken by darkness, and then determined to try whether I could not get some rest in the fields beyond the suburbs. Between nine and ten at night I lay down under the lee of a hedge, and elected to spend the night there. The stars were bright, the air balmy ; but I had not thought of the mosquitos, which immediately became aggressive. I therefore rose and shook myself, and strode back again into the road towards the city. As I passed down a narrow lane, I saw a lamp over the door of an inn. On it was written, 'Ici on loge à la nuit.' I knocked, was admitted, and, surrendering my passport, got into a comfortable bed and slept. Next morning my landlord came into the room and made an inventory by the eye of my wardrobe, and then told me, sententiously, that he was informed that I had been turned out of my lodgings the day before. I admitted that it was so, but said I would surely pay him for his night's lodging, as I expected letters every hour. I then went down into a small coffee-room, where I encountered my landlord's wife. That respectable woman began by saying that if I thought I was going to have any breakfast I was mistaken. Her husband, however, being more humane, and probably thinking better of me than his spouse, ordered her to bring me some coffee and rolls, and then said, in a straightforward way, that I was a stranger without luggage, but he did not dislike my appearance, and he would board and lodge me for three days from that time, and if I could not then pay him he would turn me out. I wish I could recollect the name of this highly benevolent Boniface. His hostelry was called the 'Hôtel du Lion Belge.' He kept his word ; I had bed and board and lodging.

but during those three days I spent really a desolate time. Trying to drown my cares by sight-seeing, I visited every church in Brussels, knew by heart every picture of Gaspar de Crayer, studied every corner of the city, saw everything that could be seen without paying, and hoped against hope that my father had not forgotten me. On the afternoon of the third day I found my remittance, paid my kind landlord, grinned at the landlady, and returned to Liège to fetch my portmanteau. In gratitude for his benevolence, I gave my Brussels Boniface my pet fishing-rod, and I promised to visit him the next time I came his way.

My tribulations did not quite end here. The money my father had sent me did not suffice to take me further on the road to Boulogne than Amiens; but there I told the clerks of Laffitte & Caillard that I would pay the fare on arrival, and I well recollect bribing the *conducteur* to let me sleep in the *coupé* by singing for him of the *impériale* the song of Grétry :

Le grand Sultan Saladin
Se promène dans son jardin
Tout entouré de jouvencelles,
Toutes jeunes, toutes belles,
En s'amusant le matin.

When I got into harness again in London, I found we had a new and very stern authority over us in the shape of my old friend 'Mr. Dilke, who had been appointed manager of the 'Daily News.' The efforts of Mr. Dilke to bring order into chaos on the 'Daily News' were great and meritorious, but irksome to the young fellows, Jerrold, Blanchard, and myself, who, confident all of having interest in high places, were rather more inclined to have our head than conform to minute regulations. After one stirring interview, however, in which the manager was good enough to say I was the most independent young beggar he had ever

laid eyes upon, the complaint he had thought to make of me proving unfounded, he received me into his good graces, and I, feeling what stern stuff Mr. Dilke was made of, took care to give him as little cause for reproof as possible.

Something more important, however, had occurred than the appointment of Mr. Dilke. This was the accession of Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office, on the 6th of July, 1846. That event gave my father, as a political friend of his lordship and as practical director of the foreign policy of the paper, a very important position.

My situation meanwhile remained unchanged. In the intervals of duty I worked at home, either at my pictures or at my history of Flemish painting, or I gave myself up to the pleasures of gardening and carpentry.

At the time of our usual holidays in 1847, my father determined to combine his annual trip with mine, and we started together on the way to Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and Italy. We stopped at Bruges, Ghent, Brussels. The visit which I duly paid to my old host of the Lion Belge only gave me the assurance that he was dead. I found his wife in mourning, and she said simply, '*Il est mort.*' My studies of Flemish art became more earnest and useful as I proceeded. I gathered materials and saw pictures with great perseverance, and then started onward, *via* Cologne, to Berlin. At Hamm, in Westphalia, railway locomotion came to an end. My father and I had to take post, and as there were about seventy passengers all bound for the Prussian capital, the number of coaches which changed horses or the number of people who changed coaches was considerable. The worst of things was that at every relay where carriages were left by a

party, the chances were that the same people could not get together again, and there was a perpetual welter of strangers at every step. At one of the relays, between Hamm and Minden, a young man who joined the post-carriage to which my father and I were distributed entered very quickly into conversation with us. He was about seven years my elder, with black hair and beard, a coloured complexion, Italian, an artist. He was, as we immediately found, going round the world, though not as a globe-trotter. He was a painter who had given up painting, as he told us in picturesque but broken French, who had determined to look at those pictures of his countrymen which had found their way out of Italy, and to compare the lost treasures of his country with those which still remained at home. His means allowed him to travel, and so here was a sensible young fellow journeying with a purpose, and earnest about it. We parted and met again several times on the journey, as we went up through Minden to Brunswick, Hanover and Magdeburg to Berlin. At the latter place we separated and bade each other good-bye. Next morning I was out betimes, and, having narrowly escaped arrest for smoking a cigar under the Linden, found myself a few minutes before ten o'clock in front of the Museum, waiting for the opening of the doors. Who should appear, with a note-book in his hand, but my Italian fellow-traveller! He confided to me that he had come to Berlin to study the Italian masters in the Museum; I confided to him that I was going to do the same thing for the Flemings. We entered. He turned to the left in the gallery, I to the right. Presently I saw him running in my way. Breathlessly he called on me to follow him, give up my stupid quest of the Flemings, and come and look at a wonderful masterpiece on the other side. But I had

already found the panels of Van Eyck's 'Agnus Dei,' and was lost in admiration of them—so much so that I stopped my friend and tried to persuade him that he was prejudiced; and, to my surprise and great pleasure, I gradually saw a smile of enjoyment playing about his features. He looked at the pilgrims and hermits riding and marching to the adoration, and he burst out at last with the confession that he had never seen the like by a Flemish master. We spent the day together, made closer acquaintance, communicated to each other name, profession, address, and next day Giovanni Battista Cavalcaselle, for so he was called, dined with my father at the Hôtel du Nord, and we all went to hear the 'Freischütz' together at the opera. Once again we met, and then shook hands—I bound with my father to Vienna, he proposing to take some other route.

At Vienna my attention was concentrated on the Belvedere collection, and when I had done taking scratch sketches of the pictures of interest to me, we left for Trieste, where we took a steamer to Venice. Here I remember a great disappointment to which my father was subjected. He was on deck as the sun rose in sight of the lagoons and came down to the cabin to inform me of our approach to the harbour entrance. The first blush of morning was on the cupolas and campaniles of the palaces and churches of Venice. But, instead of falling into extasies, as my father expected, I grieve to say I yawned; and I have since concluded that sleeplessness kills all sense of the sublime and beautiful. At Venice, Vicenza, Padua, Milan, and Florence we enjoyed the sun, the light, the landscape, and the pictures. We saw the cathedral of Milan in a blaze of illumination in honour of a new archbishop. I came home from Italy with the impression that it was as happy and quiet as any country could be under

the sway of the Austrians: not a sign, just then, of that remarkable upheaval which within a year was to drive Count Radetzky out of Lombardy.

During autumn and winter my notes on Flemish painters gradually assumed a better shape and proportion than they had hitherto attained. The British Museum yielded its treasures to me, as it does to all those who diligently search its shelves, and to my great pleasure and improvement there came out Sir Charles Eastlake's 'Materials for a History of Painting,' in which an entire chapter was devoted to the question 'of the invention of oil painting by Van Eyck,' and incidentally some difficult points were raised as to the lives of the Van Eycks, Antonello of Messina, and Belgian masters following in their wake. But as I went deeper into this difficult subject I became convinced that a more extended search should be made for examples of Flemish art than I had yet been able to attempt. Search, I was bound to confess to myself, was all the more difficult as it involved long travelling and much expenditure of time, and these were the very things most difficult to compass in the case of one bound by his duties, as I was, to one spot.

In the midst of these deliberations, and while casting about for a way to conciliate the necessities of my ambition as an art writer with those of my press duties, there occurred that strange revolution in February 1848, which overturned the dynasty of the Orleans Princes in France, extended in a short time to Italy, Germany, and Austria, and disturbed the Continent so thoroughly that travelling there became quite undesirable. It was, I think, on this account that, instead of crossing the Channel, I kept within the silver streak, and, taking an early holiday (May-June), found myself enjoying the old haunts at Bettws, and varying my leisure with fishing or sketching, in

company of my old friends, Popkin, Evans, Kendall, and Cox.

The autumn and winter of 1848, uneventful to me, were full of surprises for countless peoples abroad. The very nations which had come to look upon England with such dislike that they meditated a coalition against us¹—France, Austria, and Prussia—were seized with internal convulsions which for years compelled them to look exclusively after their own immediate and internal concerns. The variety and multiplicity of the events which heralded or accompanied these throes gave thrilling interest to English journalism; and my father and myself, being journalists specially addicted to the study of foreign politics, felt more than any others how absorbing and full of interest they were: he, of course, with great responsibilities as a writer of liberal tendencies, favourable to the struggles of liberalism abroad; I with a generous and youthful ardour in the same cause. My labours were very soon directed into this new channel. From casual reporting I turned more and more to the sifting and arranging of news from foreign parts, and my old experience of my father's early occupations, as well as my knowledge of languages, served me in good stead at the office of the 'Daily News.'

It was a curious place in which all this activity was developed. The office of the 'Daily News' was in a block of buildings of which the principal part belonged to Bradbury & Evans, the well-known printers of Whitefriars. The approaches to these buildings were from Fleet Street, through an archway which led into a back lane parallel to Bouverie Street. In the lane was the publishing office, through which there was access to a staircase leading up to two storeys of rooms. On the

¹ Compare D'Haussonville, *Histoire de la Politique*, II., p. 381, in

Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* II., p. 3, note.

first floor the editor's sanctum, now frequented by John Forster, and a smaller place for a leader-writer, where my father dwelt. On the second floor, the sub-editors' room and a spare room; next door, the printing-house, with the engines and presses in the basement; above these the reporters' room, where old Mr. John Dickens presided, and the gallery men and Parliamentary shorthand writers went in and out and copied their reports. Higher up, a flight of wooden stairs leading to the compositors' quarters. The buildings were of all ages, some of them of very tumble-down aspect. They remind me even now of those which Charles Dickens loved to describe when he wrote of the fog pervading the lanes, penetrating the doorways, creeping up the staircases, and lodging in the pipes of the inmates. Add to this the worn steps, the soiled cocoa-matting, the walls that seemed ever to require painting and polishing, the windows grimed with smoke, the gas, the glare, and the smell of oil and paper. The ceaseless noise of presses, moved by hand or by steam, produced a busy hum, whilst in the foggy atmosphere one could see flitting, like ghosts, the forms of men in paper caps and dirty shirt-sleeves, wetting paper, padding frames, presiding at the delivery or withdrawal of sheets that slid in and out of monstrous machines in all kinds of movement, back and forward—sliding, revolving, and jumping.

John Dickens was quite a feature in this pandemonium. He was short, portly, obese, fond of a glass of grog, full of fun, never given to much locomotion, but sitting as chairman, and looking carefully to the regular marking and orderly despatch to the printers of the numerous manuscripts thrown off at lightning speed by the men from the gallery. It was his habit to come down to the office about eight at night, and he invariably in all weathers walked down Fleet Street

and turned into the passage leading into Whitefriars. Every night as regularly as clockwork he was relieved of his silk pocket-handkerchief by the thieves of the great neighbouring thoroughfare, and he would deplore the loss in feeling terms when he tried to wipe the perspiration from his brow ; for it was a peculiarity of his nature that he was always hot, whatever the weather might be. He maintained that he knew when his pocket was picked, but that he could not help himself, because the thief was too nimble and he too stout. But once he saw the approach of the pickpocket in the reflection of a glass window and just had time to put his hand into his coat-tail and catch the thief by the wrist ; and ‘ Now, my young friend,’ he said, ‘ I have caught you, and you shall pay for your audacity ; so take that, and that ! ’ as with the umbrella in his hand he tried to belabour the lad—for he was quite young, and each blow was met with a ‘ Don’t, I won’t do it again.’ But the repentance was short. Mr. Dickens let go of the lad, who took a sight of him with both hands, and next night robbed him as before, but without his knowing it.

In the sanctum of the editor I rarely, if ever, ventured. It is surprising what a number of eminent people, besides the succession of eminent men who acted as political directors of the ‘ Daily News,’ made their appearance there at late hours of the night, in the panoply of evening dress, or fresh from the benches of St. Stephen’s. Old Mr. Weir generally kept to his own little den, next door to the sub-editors’ room. He was portentously deaf, and was in the habit of stopping his friends on the staircase and saying, ‘ Hark ; let me whisper something in your ear,’ and then pouring out his secret in such stentorian tones that the whole house resounded with the words. Like Mr. John Dickens, he, too, was always hot ; but the heat was mostly confined

to his nose, which looked fiery, oily and red. He was the kindest-hearted man I ever met: would take any-one's work off his hands and finish it well and quickly, without fail or mistake. On the upper floor, the sub-editors' room contained three tables, with inkstands, pens and paper. Along the wall opposite the windows was a desk extending to the whole length of the room and lighted with gas-lamps. A visitor entering would first see Henry Wills at the table to the right of the fireplace, a small thin man with nimble but slender hands, small but very quick eyes, and a blotched complexion indicating a defective digestion. He was always correcting manuscript and liked nothing so much as correction. He was well read in Shakespeare and the poets of the last two centuries; but his style as a writer was niggling and precise, and his love of detail, which he liked to clothe in picturesque shape, made him, in later years, an admirable writer as well as editor of papers, in Dickens's weeklies, 'Household Words' and 'All the Year Round.' It was of him that Douglas Jerrold affirmed that he had all his life been in training to go up a gas-pipe, and that his wife, who loved Scotch ditties, would sing, with a sly glance at his small stature, 'Better be mairried to somethin' than no to be mairried awa!'

At another table, further away from the fireplace than that occupied by Wills, sat Frederick Hunt, who, before he had taken to press work, had had practice as a country surgeon. He, too, was a small man; but he had a handsome head and good eye, and was gifted with a marvellous quickness in cutting out and abstracting any number of provincial papers. Whenever there was a lack of copy he could produce any quantity at a moment's notice, making up readable trifles out of unwieldy columns, and, as it were, putting life into inert matter. He had been a student at Bartholomew's

Hospital and knew London in all its nooks and recesses. He would often leave his table to come and work at the long desk where I either stood or lored it on a high stool. We helped each other when we could. In a corner sat, at different times, two men of very different stamp, yet who both did the work of translators. Walker, who looked like the sour Puritans whom Clarendon has described at the siege of Shrewsbury, and Gostick, who was as rubicund as his colleague was fallow. Walker's translations were rendered into English in a handwriting which was always my despair. Gostick, fresh-coloured, round-headed, curly-pated, thinking less of hard work than of pike-fishing, reminded me, by his slowness and stolidity, of one of those rivers in the fens which he loved to frequent, and which, like him, seemed to have depth, but no current and no go in them.

I, at my desk, read the correspondence from abroad and marked the papers in different languages which littered the place. The German bits were translated by Walker or Gostick, the French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese I translated myself, and sometimes I had hard work to render, I hope into readable English, the profound lucubrations of Léon Faucher, who, writing from Paris, conveyed a column of matter in a page of notepaper, which required for reading the use of a magnifying glass.

Sometimes our sanctuary was invaded by Forster or by my father, making inquiries, or by Weir, Dr. Taylor, or Torrens McCullagh, who, fresh from the House of Commons, would bring in the latest events of the evening. Sometimes a startling piece of news would reach us at ten at night, and then I would slip round to my room and don my evening dress and make my appearance at some embassy where I knew that I should be welcome. It was on one of these occasions,

but later in my press career, that I went to Carlton Terrace and informed the Chevalier Bunsen of the fall of the Manteuffel ministry at Berlin, for which intelligence he was extraordinarily grateful. Other interruptions were those created by the visits of contributors. Some of these were most unwelcome, amongst others that of an indefatigable Ionian who constantly wrote letters on the abuses of our rule at Corfu, or that of a Maltese who wanted Malta to be restored to the knights of the old orders. Father Prout would often come in to while away half an hour. He was our correspondent at Rome, yet, quaintly enough, almost always wrote his Roman letter in Whitefriars. He was the most delightful unbeliever that I ever met. What he wrote was always short and pithy, full of subtle witticisms, not 'rari nantes in gurgite vasto,' but abundant, like plums in a pudding. His neglect of the graces of the toilet made him difficult of approach ; but he had a big voice, and he kept his hearers in fits of laughter by an inexhaustible series of anecdotes and epigrams.

When my father, after becoming editor, was forced, as we shall see, to leave the 'Daily News,' he was succeeded by Weir. On Weir's death the vacant place was given to Hunt, and when Hunt also prematurely paid his tribute and sank under his work, it was Walker who followed him. Wonderful transformations these ! Yet natural under the circumstances. Great talents will invariably command the highest place in newspaper life. But if these, for varying causes, are not to be had, training is the next best thing to take the place of higher qualities.

Hunt and Wills were the two men of our newspaper set with whom I most consorted. To Wills I went with pleasure, because I particularly enjoyed the society of his wife, one of the most charming and excellent women whom I ever met, who never failed to keep

her friends attached to her, so full was she of kindness, archness, and humour, made especially winning by a Scotch dryness, accompanied by a delightful Scotch accent. At her house parties and balls were often given, where all the literary celebrities of the day, except, perhaps, Thackeray, were to be met. Here were to be seen the Rowland Hills; Mrs. Crowe, my namesake, authoress of the 'Night Side of Nature,' a book of which Douglas Jerrold paraphrased the title in a way I cannot repeat; Kenny Meadows, the illustrator of books; the genial and delightful John Leech of 'Punch,' and a whole bevy of ladies of the Chambers family, one of whom became Mrs. Lehmann, another the grand and handsome wife of Dr. Priestley. Horace Mayhew also enlivened these evenings with his jokes, which he sowed broadcast, preparatory to selecting the best for 'Punch'; then came Mark Lemon with his portly figure, Shirley Brooks, Albert Smith, and Douglas Jerrold with his wife and sons, companions of Laman Blanchard and myself, and last, not least, Charles Dickens with his wife and her sister, Miss Hogarth.

In these days, and as I remember him, Dickens was full of fun and enjoyed company vastly. His abundant hair of sable hue enframed a grand face, somewhat drawn and thrown into capricious ridges. His dress was florid: a satin cravat of the deepest blue, relieved by embroideries, a green waistcoat with gold flowers, a dress coat with a velvet collar and satin facings, opulence of white cuff, rings in excess, made up rather a striking whole, and gave in the main a false impression of one whose power of analysis, whose memory of scenes he had witnessed and quaintnesses he had observed, were so great, and whose capacity for assimilation was so prodigious that he was able to

create without effort, out of all these elements, the grand originals which fill his novels.

When, on Saturdays, which are the holidays of English press-writers, I was free of all duty, I either went home to my family at Hampstead, or went out with Hunt, Blanchard, or Jerrold. Sometimes a country trip was made. But when Hunt was my companion we combined knowledge and pleasure, and I recollect in a succession of these days visiting with him the marvellous collections of the College of Surgeons, and the whole of the private and public lunatic asylums of London and Middlesex. I shall never forget the first of these establishments to which I was introduced, and especially that part of it occupied by the helplessly insane, a place with peculiar accommodation, the bedsteads so arranged as to be cleansed every morning, padded walls, and special furniture. In a second I met some quiet people, and played bagatelle with a respectable gentleman of middle age, who told me that he was usually sane, but given to fits of despondency, during which he had to be treated as a 'suicidal.' He had been more than four times confined and dismissed as cured. But somehow or other he always came back again. At Hanley I had a long conversation with a man who had painted the whole of his cell inside and out with coloured designs. He told me that he liked the sort of life he led. He had always fancied the quiet of it, and had gone expressly into the church of Little Chelsea to commit 'incongruities,' which made his confinement in a lunatic asylum imperative. But, 'Lord bless you,' he concluded, 'I am as sane as you are.' In the courtyard I watched a man revolving slowly round an iron pillar, to which he clung with one arm. Hunt pointed out to me that one side of the man's head was larger than the other, and that he turned in the direction of the smaller

side to relieve the pressure on his brain. In a wash-house on the female side I saw an old woman superintending the laundry. She was a mass of wrinkles and was described to me as being over 104 years old, and she was still active. But the most painful of my experiences was in the female wing, where, as I was lagging behind my party, I was pounced upon by a mad woman, who insisted on dragging me into her cell. She would listen to no expostulation, used the vilest possible language, and was, fortunately, so loud that a female warder was instantly attracted to the spot. But the struggle between the two women, one old and insane, and the other young and in possession of all her faculties, would have ended in the victory of the first but that the younger one whistled for help, and with the assistance of two others carried the mad woman into a padded cell, where she was left to her own imaginings.

Once, and I think once only, I found Father Prout at home at his lodging. The room contained a bed, a washhandstand, and a table and chairs. But all these articles of furniture were littered with books and papers, which, likewise, encumbered the floor, and there lay upon everything the dust of ages. I never was more completely reminded of anything by this sanctuary of letters than of the den in which Gustave Planche, a Parisian critic of art, usually lived. This den was only known to one or two people, who entered it in the absence of the occupant. It was as disorderly as Father Prout's, and Planche knew this so well that he never gave his address to anyone, but had his letters invariably directed to a place of call. Nor was Planche a whit more clean than his Irish prototype, and yet no one affected to shun dirt more than he did, and it was delightful to some ladies of his acquaintance to see him carefully dust the chair he was about to sit upon,

and elicit the remark from his hostess that it were better he performed this act after, rather than before, he sat down.

Mark Lemon, Dickens, and Douglas Jerrold I had the pleasure of seeing more than once, acting in company with John Forster in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour.' Each one of the performers was perfect, and I have no intention of criticising them. But I am reminded of one of Douglas Jerrold's amenities, which I witnessed at one of the rehearsals. Clarkson Stanfield, who was as great in art as Douglas in letters, had charge of the scenery of Jonson's play. He left on a chair a scene-painter's pencil—a thick wooden thing, worn down by repeated cutting. Douglas Jerrold took it up, and looking at it in his arch way exclaimed, 'Hallo, here is the exact counterpart of John Forster, short, thick, and full of lead.' Forster became crimson with rage, and jerked out at Douglas, 'Mr. Jerrold, sir, a joke is a joke, but this is going really too far.' That he was short and portly there was no doubt; that he had mettle—excuse the pun—was equally true; but we thought him pompous and patronising, and he was not much loved by the younger generation on that account. To me he was often kind, and I recollect writing for the 'Examiner,' of which he was the sub-editor, several critiques of the Royal Academy exhibitions.

Albert Smith, who was also of our literary circle, was more of a wag than a wit. But he could at times be excessively funny. Little Kenny, of the 'Times,' whom one met late at night at the Café de l'Europe, in the Haymarket, where Buckstone the actor, the Mayhews, and other late birds congregated, would say of Smith that he had the supreme art of shutting up other people and then retailing their jokes. But there was genuine fun in him, too. He was the nephew of

a house-painter and plumber, which gave rise to one of Prout's most stinging epigrams, and he had been apprenticed to a dentist. He used to say that he never went to the Derby without his case of instruments, because he had once, on a racecourse, earned ten shillings by the exercise of his skill in tooth-drawing. But his true occupation was writing funny papers for magazines, and giving funny lectures on serious subjects, and anyone who still remembers the Crimean War will recollect how he then lectured on the ascent of Mont Blanc, accompanying the lecture with painted scenery and enlivening it with extraneous anecdotes, such as that of Joseph Crowe when his tent went up into the air at Inkermann through the bursting of a shell, and 'pop went his easel.' The most comical of his sallies was that which nearly destroyed the equanimity of Mr. Langford, a member of our literary club, who was attached to a publishing house in Paternoster Row. Langford was in the habit of walking from the suburbs into the City through the Strand and Fleet Street to Cheapside, and spending his evenings at the club. One hot day in July he determined to relieve himself from some of the superabundant hair which for years had been a characteristic feature of his ordinary appearance. The barber, who had been told to shorten the hair, cut it down to the skull, and to Langford's dismay left him with almost a bare poll. In this state he was met going up the club stairs, and the first man that came across him exclaimed, 'Good heavens, Langford, who cut your hair?' This exclamation being repeated in the course of the evening furnished a theme for Albert Smith, who egged his friends on to the repetition of the question, and finally drove poor Langford out of the house. A deep-laid plot was then formed against the poor publisher's comfort. As he was walking down the Strand next

morning he was met by a row of sandwichmen carrying posters on which was printed in flaming letters, 'Who cut Langford's hair?' A similar procession was met parading Cheapside. These men perambulated the streets of the City all day, and Langford, who met them again as he left his business, was beside himself with displeasure. He entered the club in a fume and encountered Albert Smith, who condoled with him, but could give him no information as to the perpetrator of the joke. Another day passed and Langford's hair was the event of the time. Everyone he knew stopped Langford in the street. In despair he spoke again to Albert Smith at the club, who advised him to put an end to the joke by taking a trip to the Continent—asked him would he not like to visit Chamounix, and on his approving of that proposition said he would give him a parcel to take, and letters of introduction to the best guides and hotel-keepers. Poor Langford started in due course, and on his arrival delivered the parcel and letters. Next day he went up the Montanvert, and the first thing he saw on the face of a high rock was a gigantic poster with 'Who cut Langford's hair?' and when in a pet he got back to Chamounix the poster was posted all over the place. Nor were his troubles at an end, for when he came home he found a sonnet had been written in which his case was described with all the fun and malice that could well be put together by the ablest of satirical scribblers.

There were other houses in London where I met literary men besides that of Wills. Mr. and Mrs. Keymer, who lived over the water and were the guardians of the Blanchard family, were very fond of company and gave pleasant homely suppers to their intimates. Here Blanchard Jerrold courted Miss Blanchard, and it soon became known that they were to be married. This brought old Douglas Jerrold and

his wife more frequently to Keymer's than would otherwise have happened; and there I became acquainted with that side of Douglas's character which was not usually presented to his friends. He would listen with intense pleasure to the songs which his future daughter-in-law was expert in singing, and sung not only with a cultivated voice but with surprising feeling, and once or twice when the last chord of

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side,

vibrated in our ears, I observed the big tears gathering in old Jerrold's eyes and falling down his hollow cheeks. It was this power of stirring the inner fibres of one's being that I recognised in a supreme degree in my dearly loved friend Boleyn Reeves, who played the harp so divinely that he made one's heart leap into one's mouth.

At Douglas Jerrold's own villa in Putney we youngsters had a constant welcome, and there the patriarch, though witty as usual, was seldom so biting as when we met him elsewhere. At the Museum Club, where he used to dine frequently, he never failed to bait Frank Stone the painter, and playfully declare he was the only stone that never sharpened anything.

I should have mentioned amongst the contributors to 'Punch' Tom Taylor, who was also one of the leader-writers of the 'Daily News' in my father's time. It was Taylor who introduced me to the Dodeka, a literary club, the members of which met once a month at the rooms of each of their number in rotation. It was the duty of the host at each meeting to read an original paper, which was made the subject of discussion during the evening. At the Dodeka I first made the acquaintance of Wingrove Cooke and Chisholm Anstey. Amongst my father's friends I may

notice further the Brookfields, who were intimate with Thackeray, but were most frequently to be met with in company of Alfred Tennyson. Tennyson I saw on some rare occasions at my father's house and table. My recollection of him is distant, but I remember being greatly surprised when, after dinner, he pulled out of his tailcoat pocket a very brown and oily specimen of a pipe, which he smoked with evident relish. Of Thackeray I saw most at our family place in Hampstead, whither he would direct the paces of a stout cob, which he rode with such grace as his long legs would allow. Once in our drawing-room he was apt to forget the hours ; would stop to partake of an early dinner, though bound to join a later festivity of the same kind elsewhere ; and I recollect him now, as if it were yesterday, wiping his brow after trying vainly to help the leg of a tough fowl, and saying he was 'heaving a thigh.'

Two or three more friends I bear in mind with affection. These were the two French painters Eugène Lami and Alfred de Dreux. Both these artists were attached to the fortunes of the Orleans family. They lived in London in exile, and in London they painted some very good pictures. Their company was delightful ; and many a time have I sat watching them at their work, and so taken a stolen but excellent lesson.

Shortly after my transfer from Paris to London in the service of the 'Daily News' in 1846, the correspondent's office had been entrusted to Dr. Lardner, who held it till the beginning of 1849. I cannot recollect why the proprietors of the paper then thought fit to dispense with the Doctor's services, but he received due notice of the termination of his engagement, and I was suddenly sent with instructions to supersede him. Reaching Paris on the 27th of April, I entered upon my new functions with all the more gusto because the

conjuncture was interesting. Louis Napoleon had for some months occupied the high office of President of the Republic. He was gradually substituting friends of his own for the republican holders of office. Mr. Drouyn de l'Huys had succeeded Mr. Bastide as Minister for Foreign Affairs (December 19, 1848). Léon Faucher, my father's old and intimate friend, had been made Minister of the Interior (December 30, 1848). The current of revolution had been met all over the Continent by reaction. Naples and Sicily were about to fall back into the hands of the Bourbons. Charles Albert of Piedmont had been beaten at Novara, and the Austrians were advancing victoriously into the centre of Italy. The Frankfort Parliament, which had vainly offered the Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia, was on the eve of dissolution, and the rump of revolutionists was preparing for its last fights in Baden and Saxony. France, unwilling to surrender her position as protector of the Papacy, had landed a force at Civita Vecchia, preparatory to the siege of Rome. She had just lost a thousand men at the gates of the city, and was proceeding to an investment under the command of General Oudinot. When I reached Paris, Mazzini and Garibaldi were in Rome itself, bent on a desperate defence of the Italian unity, which had already perished in the north and south of the Peninsula. In Hungary, Görgey had been chosen to head the army of his country against Austria and Russia combined. He was on the eve of relieving Comorn and taking the fortress of Ofen by storm. From every quarter of the Continent news was coming daily which required to be sifted, reported, and sent home. The duty of doing all this was not light, the responsibility not unimportant. Happily circumstances were favourable. Fraser, on hearing of my arrival, and of certain difficulties which were placed in my way by Dr. Lardner, very

kindly offered to keep me informed of important events so long as these early tribulations continued. Corkran and Bower, correspondents of the 'Morning Herald' and 'Morning Post,' were equally friendly. Merruau my father's old friend, once editor of the 'Constitutionnel,' but now Secretary of the Préfecture, gave me all the information which he received through various channels, and chiefly from Mr. Thiers. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire and John Lemoine, of the 'Débats,' both showed sympathy for my efforts, and gave what help they could. But the most authoritative sources which I was enabled to consult were those afforded by my old friend Léon Faucher, who received me well, not only for old acquaintance sake, but because I was additionally recommended to him by Mrs. Grote.

In one of the first letters which I wrote to my father after leaving London (April 27, 1849) I described my meeting with this lady. We arrived at Folkestone together, and I watched her playing billiards with the landlord of the Pavilion Hotel: a tall woman, with marked features and almost a masculine gait, who strode round the table with long and eager steps, and played a winning game with great gusto. At Boulogne, next night, we met at the railway station. I had taken a corner seat in a first-class carriage. She walked up and down, unable to find a similar one, and at last addressed me, asking whether I would not give up my corner to her and take another place. I yielded to her request, and, after the train had started, we got into conversation and glided into a political discussion. In the course of our conversation I touched upon most of the topics of the day, and chiefly on foreign affairs. She seemed surprised at the extent of my knowledge; more surprised still when I informed her of a very recent occurrence, viz. the appointment of a new manager to the 'Times' newspaper in the person of

Mr. Mowbray Morris. She asked me was I a diplomat : I replied I was a journalist, whereat she said I was very well informed. Did I know her?—her name was Grote. Of course I knew as much of her as a pressman should in those days, which were remarkable for the worship of that pearl of singers, Jenny Lind, whom Mrs. Grote especially protected. I also knew that she was the wife of the historian of Greece. We then compared notes as to Paris celebrities, and it came out that we were both equally well acquainted with Léon Faucher, whereupon she asked me to visit her on my arrival. At Amiens she alighted, whilst I went on. Not many days later I saw her at her lodgings in Paris, and frequently after that in society, and chiefly at Léon Faucher's, where I also found Mr. Nassau Senior and others. The number of acquaintances and friends which gradually formed my circle was large. I met casually Prince Jerome, Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington, and Mr. Thiers. A close alliance was formed between me and Albert de Circourt, who, with Mr. Sala, was leader-writer in the Legitimist paper, the 'Opinion Publique,' and a devoted friend of the Hungarian cause. Through Circourt I became intimate with Count Teleki, Mr. Szarvady, and other Hungarian patriots ; but the man I was most thrown into contact with was Ellyot Bower, correspondent of the 'Morning Post,' who went twice every day to the same office in the Havas agency as myself.

Meanwhile, important changes had been made in the staff of the 'Daily News.' John Forster had retired from the editorship, and been succeeded by my father. Wentworth Dilke had taken his son as partner in the management. William Weir and William Clark (at that time Secretary to the Great Eastern Railway), Mr. (now Canon) Venables, Tom Taylor and Torrens McCullagh wrote leaders, the general sub-editing

remaining in the hands of Henry Wills, assisted by Hunt.

I worked hard to fill my new post to the satisfaction of my father and of the Dilkes, who were, I well knew, the moving spirits in all the business arrangements of the 'Daily News.' By the advice of my French friends Bellet and Lachevardière I became a temporary member of the club called the 'Cercle des Arts,' and after a certain probation was made a permanent member of that association.

Some idea of the state of French politics at the time may be formed when I relate what took place at the ballot which preceded my election. I had been duly proposed and seconded, and was waiting at a neighbouring *café* to learn the result of the voting, when a friend came in haste to say I was being black-balled heavily in the belief that I was a red republican. I bade him return, to explain that I was not a republican at all, which effectually secured my election. But I heard that the radicalism of my politics had been erroneously inferred from a casual remark made by a friend of mine. This gentleman, being asked who Mr. Crowe was, replied: 'C'est ce grand rouge qui fréquente le cercle depuis quelque temps.' This was quite enough to damn me in the eyes of the majority. The colour of my hair being mistaken for that of my politics, I was very nearly excluded from a club of which most members held opinions similar to my own. The notable advantage I gained by joining the Cercle des Arts was that I acquired a pleasant home, which is always a good thing for a single man. Lachevardière, Eugène Lami, Mérimée, and many others of less note, were of my acquaintance. I dined and spent my evenings there when I was not otherwise engaged.

Meanwhile reaction was manifesting itself in France.

The old Constituante disappeared. In its stead a legislative assembly was elected, which gave a steady support to the conservative policy and acts of the President. It was unfortunate for my friend Faucher that he too openly agitated against the advanced radicals in the Constituent Assembly by distributing circulars in the provinces. He was forced to resign ; but though he lost his place, he kept a considerable influence notwithstanding. Paris, as usual, showed its radicalism by choosing an infantry sergeant to represent one of its electoral districts. At the theatre an actor, in my hearing, sang with applause :

Oui ! nous aimons beaucoup les sergents,
Mais les sergents de ville.

I shall not attempt to follow the current of events which occurred during this time. I need only recall one or two interesting incidents. Early on the 13th of June I saw, from my windows on the Boulevard des Capucines, a mob surging up from the direction of the Bastille and advancing towards the Madeleine. Almost simultaneously large bodies of infantry and cavalry were advancing from the Madeleine in the opposite direction. I got out into the streets and found some difficulty in moving : guards stopped me at every corner, and I could only proceed by pretending that I had business in a neighbouring house or street. In this manner I worked my way to within sight of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, where the last remnants of the party of the ' Montagne ' had gathered together under the lead of Ledru Rollin. But before I could reach the building, and without a shot being fired, the insurgents had been dispersed, and I saw some of the ringleaders removed singly in cabs, and each between two gendarmes. When I got home again the troops had formed *bivouacs* on the Boulevards, where they remained till nightfall.

About the middle of July, returning from my office in the Rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau, and crossing the Place Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, I was accosted by a man in very tattered dress, who asked whether I did not recognise him. Looking into his face I discerned, under unkempt locks and a bristly beard, the features of my friend Cavalcaselle, from whom I had parted under such pleasant circumstances at Berlin in the summer of 1847. I was greatly distressed at finding him in such a plight, but proportionally interested when I ascertained the cause of his misfortunes. It appeared that early in 1848 he had taken an active part in the preparations which were made at Venice, under the lead of Mr. Manin, to organise a movement for the liberation of Italy. At an appointed time he left Venice, with Manin's instructions, and proceeded to Vicenza, Padua, Verona, and Mantua, and thence to the more southerly parts of Lombardy. Wherever he passed insurrections broke out, in concert with a central movement in Milan. He had reached Piacenza without being molested; but there, stumbling on the columns of Marshal Radetzky, which were retiring from the Milanese, he was arrested by Austrian gendarmes, together with three other Italians, and instantly tried by court-martial. The papers which were found upon him were conclusive as to his guilt. He was, then and there, sentenced to death, and transferred, with his three companions, to a chapel in the Cathedral of Piacenza. Into this chapel there came, in about an hour, a party of soldiers, who marched off one of the condemned to execution. An hour elapsed: then the second man, then the third, was removed, leaving Cavalcaselle alone. An hour, two hours, and more passed away. Presently the chapel door was opened—not by Austrians! Radetzky had had time to shoot three of his prisoners: he could not shoot the fourth,

being forced suddenly to fall back before the Italian insurgents. He evacuated Piacenza, and left poor Cavalcaselle awaiting death, but practically reprieved.

But this was not the last of my friend's tribulations. He joined the forces which Garibaldi and Mazzini assembled for the defence of Rome in 1849, and served in the trenches against the French as a common soldier. At the capitulation of June he was taken prisoner and marched to the French frontier, with orders to leave France at the earliest opportunity. How he made his way to Paris I forget, but here he was in a sad plight, and well worthy of sympathy and support. I helped to make his position as tolerable as possible, assisted him in his endeavours to reach London, and learnt with real pleasure of his safe arrival there. Partly by his own efforts, partly by help from friends of mine and friends of the Italian patriot cause, he was enabled to settle down and earn a livelihood in London. We shall see, later on, how closer relations between us were established.

In the middle of August, just after post hour, I received certain information that the Hungarian war of independence had been brought to a sudden and unexpected close by the surrender of General Görgey to the Russians at Vilagos. I was at the Théâtre Français when the news reached me. I hurried home, took the night train to Calais, met Lord Westmorland on the boat in which I crossed, telegraphed from Dover to the 'Daily News,' recrossed, and was back in Paris, all within twenty-four hours.

The occupation of a correspondent absorbed the whole of my time. No leisure for artistic or general literary pursuits; no prospect of anything for a life long but to grow grey in that one absorbing occupation. Looking back, I seem to recollect vague aspirations towards something more than the form of

journalism, into which I had been thrown. I communicated to my father the wishes which were in me to enter upon a different career. I hoped to be able, by returning to England, to find some field for an activity more agreeable to me than that of a correspondent. Early in 1850, as early, I even think, as April in that year, I transferred my duties to my colleague Morton and returned to England, where I forthwith entered upon new labours as foreign sub-editor of the 'Daily News.'

CHAPTER IV

Life in London as Foreign Editor—Trip to Denmark—I join the Reform Club—Domestic—Journey to the Rhine—Cavalcaselle in London—I leave the ‘Daily News’—Struggles—History of Flemish painting—I join the ‘Globe’—I leave it again.

THE duties which I now had to perform in London did not, at the first blush, seem likely to satisfy the longings I had felt. I had now very little social intercourse of any kind—a free day, but permanent work from evening to the small hours of the morning. I had to put together all foreign correspondence and news out of foreign papers from all parts of the world. To see the paper to press was, for a time, part of my business, and I had a sleeping room on the premises, where foreign parcels could be brought in to me and excerpted for a special edition. My bed, I well recollect, was in close vicinity to the machines. The press, with its shuttle-plate moving backward and forward, shook the whole building, making a noise akin to that which one experiences on board ship in the neighbourhood of a twin screw. My usual hour for coming on duty was nine o'clock at night, that of going to rest often three or four in the morning. A parcel from Liverpool sometimes caused me to be awakened, and I often corrected copy in bed, once, indeed, without being conscious of having done so, but convicted against my own conviction by my own red-pencil marks and initials. Retiring so late, I could not rise to breakfast before two in the afternoon, and in winter it was almost dark before I went out. But I accepted all this because

I hoped in time to get a more healthy occupation. I had saved a little. I deposited 100*l.* and got my name down on the books of the Inner Temple, and I kept terms with considerable regularity. After a time I was relieved of the duty of seeing the paper to press, and took chambers in Harcourt Buildings in the Temple, where I put furniture in and a piano, clubbing at first with Alexander Mackay, then with Laman Blanchard and a dear press chum called Prendergast, having hopes in time of being called to the bar, and making myself at least eligible for one of those posts which are only given to men 'who have been called.' I knew of so many who had had good positions in that way, recollecting, amongst others, Andrew Doyle, who had given up editorship and become a Poor Law inspector. But to Thackeray, in my confidential moments, I would say somewhat slyly I knew of one profession for which I was surely fitted, and that was diplomacy; and he laughed and said that I would never succeed in that, which I did, as we shall see.

Early in spring I had the good fortune to be selected to join a party, formed by the directors of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, to inaugurate a new line of cattle steamers between Lowestoft and Hjerting, on the coast of Jutland. William Russell being of the party, and the weather favourable, we had a pleasant time, and duly arrived in sight of the Danish coast, where we anchored a little before midnight. Next morning we steamed up to Hjerting, where we landed, and in the course of the afternoon were taken in post-chaises across the wastes of Jutland to Fünen, across the Belt into Seeland, and finally by rail from Roeskilde to Copenhagen. The first part of our land journey was almost unbearable from cold. At Copenhagen we were kindly received by the King, and I was placed in the unpleasant position of thanking his

Majesty for his hospitality in the name of the Eastern Counties Company, because no one else in our party was able to speak French, and that was the only language besides Danish which his Majesty understood. After the reception we all partook of a lunch, at which the only food was plovers' eggs and country bread, and the only drink champagne. We then visited all the pictorial collections of the city, that of Fredricksborg, and last, not least, Elsinore, where we saw the Kronborg and the tomb of Hamlet. It was of no small use to me in after years to have seen and noted the works of art, chiefly of the Flemish school, which were preserved in the Danish collections, and I shall never forget the grandeur of the wooded scenery through which we passed as we drove along the shores of the Sound. On our return we crossed to Sylt, where Professor Worsaae, who accompanied us, opened a tumulus, in which we found a bronze sword, and other ancient implements; and we returned to Lowestoft vastly pleased with our experiences, though not particularly convinced of the advantages of travelling with oxen and rams in a cattle ship.

After some reconnoitring of the ground in London I had gradually acquired the independent position to which I was aspiring. I was elected a member of the Reform Club, on the proposal of my father and Sir Henry Webb. I was thrown into daily contact with politicians, and became as it were a partner in their movements, instead of, as heretofore, filling the place of a mere chronicler. Under my father's care, well seconded by the Dilkes, I brought the 'Daily News' into notoriety by a very complete arrangement of foreign intelligence. During the whole of 1850, and well on into the following year, the 'Daily News' signalised itself by steady advocacy of all the causes which were suffering from the reaction due to the

successes of the Austrians and Russians in the field. As regards Italy, we not only sympathised with Piedmont and the liberals, upon whom Austria and the Neapolitan Bourbons were trampling, but with the Romans and their adherents in France, who disapproved of the policy which supported the Pope by means of French bayonets. We sympathised with the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies in their endeavours to establish a government independent of the Danish kings. We took part with those whose aim it was to found a new confederation in Germany under the lead of Prussia, opposing steadily and vehemently the short-sighted policy of the Manteuffel Cabinet at Berlin, which, in fear of democracy, consented to the humiliation of their country and its perfect prostration under the heel of the imperious Austrian, Prince Schwarzenberg. We gained the support of the partisans and working agents who were concerned in these transactions in England. In one place I met Kossuth,¹ in another Mazzini. Chevalier Bunsen, to whom the Manteuffel régime was odious, received me at all times at the Prussian legation in Carlton Terrace. I became acquainted with Karl Samwer, agent of the independent party in the Duchies, and his friend, Morier, who had just received an appointment at the Privy Council office.

But, after the first start upon these multifarious and responsible duties, I soon felt the strain upon my faculties. My health threatened to give way, and I was forced to take a holiday, which I spent in June with relatives and friends in Ireland. It was during this trip that I first saw Dublin, the county Wicklow, and the home of my mother's relations, my uncle, George Bury, and other old friends of my family. I found my uncle a hale old man of seventy-two, who

¹ Kossuth came to England at the end of October 1851.

challenged me to a rummer of punch after dinner, and was surprised that I could only drink one tumbler when he disposed with ease of seven. On this journey I visited Ardfert, near Tralee, and found amongst the ruins the tomb of Dean Crowe, one of my own ancestors. At Limerick, Tarbert, and Killarney I had good chances in angling, and at the latter place, under the roof of Mr. Caulfield, the Protestant clergyman, or under the care of Mr. Gallway, agent of the Herberts of Muckcross, I enjoyed sport and pleasure of all kinds. I came back to London improved in health, and got into harness with new vigour and alacrity.

I had a fillip, too, in another way. Lady Jervis, an old acquaintance in Paris, had settled in London, and her daughters had not only been a cause of attraction to me at balls and parties, but the youngest of them had been allowed to remain with us on a visit, and I took advantage of the occasion to propose to her. At first I thought that I had won her, but I was rudely awakened one morning by the appearance of Lady Jervis, who charged me with using underhand proceedings to win her child's affections, and flounced out of the house, taking her daughter with her. A letter from the latter expressing her sorrow to be obliged to break her word followed next day, and so my first inclination was crossed in the most effectual way.

Not quite so closely affecting me, yet still a matter which engaged my thoughts about the same time, was the prospect of losing my sister Eugénie, who became engaged to Robert Wynne, a Welsh squire who lived at Llandulas, near Abergele. I was best man at the wedding, which took place at Hampstead church on the 30th of October, 1850.

About a month after this event I was despatched on a mission to Cologne, to establish an agency for

news in connection with the proprietors of the 'Cologne Gazette,' and Chevalier Bunsen gave me letters for Kruse, the editor of that paper, as well as to one of his friends, then president of the Cologne division of the Rhine Province. When I reached Cologne the country was in a ferment of agitation. Mr. von Manteuffel had superseded General von Radowitz as Minister for Foreign Affairs (November 2). He was to sign in a fortnight the treaty of Olmütz, which gave Austria the presidency of the Germanic Confederation; but the Prince of Prussia had succeeded in inducing the King, his brother, to mobilise the Prussian army, and soldiers were flocking from all parts of the country to the central garrisons, with no other prospect than that of being sent back, *re infecta*, to their respective homes again. I witnessed the excitement which this state of things created. Kruse and his friend the President, who spoke very confidentially to me, were all inclined to look upon the political prospect as a very gloomy one. I wrote a letter to my father describing the situation, which he unfortunately did not communicate to the Prussian minister, though it would have been advantageous to him to see it; but I afterwards had ample opportunity of explaining to him personally what I had heard and seen, and this, with other communications which I had later on with Chevalier Bunsen, laid the foundation for relations of a very friendly character between us, useful, as we shall see, at a later period of my career.

In our house at Hampstead there remained, after my sister Eugénie's wedding, my grandmother and one brother and sister. The rest of the family was away—the painter at his studio, the engineer an apprentice in a large work at Birmingham. Amongst our guests on Sundays a constant visitor was Cavalcaselle, who had a lodging in Silver Street, Regent

Street, where he lived upon a small remittance made to him by Italian relatives and the fruits of his labour as a draughtsman. George Scharf, amongst others, employed him to enlarge cartoons illustrating his lectures on the history of art. But his life was a hard one and his living precarious, and he was in the habit of repeating to my poor mother the melancholy complaint, in Italian-French, 'Ah! madame, ma position, il est horrible!' We must recollect the change in his circumstances. He had inherited an estate at Legnago, which was now partly surrendered to one of his relations and partly lost by sequestration after his sentence to death at Piacenza. He had studied painting at Padua, but had never been able to make his art pay; and it was in despair at his want of success that he had taken to travel in 1847, in order to enlarge his experience as a critic of old pictures. In those days he had enough and to spare, and now a pittance and a struggle for existence in exile, far away from the sunny land of his birth, was really difficult to accept without repining.

Presently there came a time when adversity fell upon me too, though in a different form from that in which it had tried my poor friend. In the winter of 1851-52 I fell ill, and was confined for several weeks to my rooms in the Temple. The 'Daily News' had been taking more and more the position of a radical journal. Its tone had become so much more fiery of late that moderate writers like Mr. Venables had withdrawn from its service, and yet its columns were still devoted to Lord Palmerston, who made no secret of his inclination for the policy and acts of Louis Napoleon. Upon this very question of our relations to France, Lord Palmerston was quarrelling with his own colleague, Lord John Russell, who accused him of 'doing things by himself' regardless of the Queen and of the Cabinet, and he was forced to resign and give up the seals to

Lord Granville, who, for his part, surrendered them two months later to Lord Malmesbury. There was a split, too, amongst the Liberals themselves. John Bright and Richard Cobden held that under Lord Palmerston's lead England had become mixed up in quarrels with which she had no concern, and it would not do to present to the world the spectacle of a Liberal Government giving countenance to the acts of a pure despot, which Louis Napoleon had just proved himself to be. In the midst of this confusion the supporters of the 'Daily News' became, in part, very lukewarm. I do not recollect whether the circulation decreased, but dissensions became apparent amongst the capitalists, upon whom its prosperity depended, and urgent calls were made for retrenchment.

The loss to my father of the support of Lord Palmerston was a blow, from which he might have recovered if Lord John Russell had remained in office. His influence with that statesman, as well as with Lord Palmerston, had been great in proportion to the help which he had always given to the Liberal cause, and I recollect, not many years ago, being reminded of this in a very curious way. I had just been promoted to a new post in the diplomatic service, and was calling to thank the minister at the Foreign Office when the doorkeeper confided to me that he had known my father quite well, and frequently seen him introduced into Lord Palmerston and Lord John's room. During these interviews I have heard from my father himself that many important questions of policy were mooted, and once the draft of the Queen's Speech was read, the day before its delivery, to him. He got back to his office, sat down to his desk, and reproduced the message so faithfully for the columns of his paper that it was found necessary to hold a Cabinet Council next day to modify some of its terms, for fear the public

should think that the 'Daily News' had had exclusive means of information.

I cannot, of course, relate, for I do not know, whether it was proposed to cut down the expenses of the 'Daily News' by reducing its staff. The course which was taken was this:—I was confined to my rooms, as I have stated; my prolonged absence from work was made a reason for imposing upon my father the disagreeable duty of giving me notice to quit. Having done this, he concluded that the blow aimed at me was also directed against himself. He resigned, and his resignation was immediately accepted.

Here, then, were two men, my father and myself, thrown suddenly upon their own resources at a moment's notice. For my father, whose literary fame was great, whose repute as a political writer was considerable, it seemed likely that a rapid resumption of activity would be possible. My case was less hopeful. I had risen under the protection of Doyle, who had retired, as I have before observed, to a Poor Law inspectorship. I had flourished under the protection of my father, who was now prostrate like myself.

A period of struggling opened for us both. My father continued to write for the 'Examiner,' though it seemed that the paper was losing influence and circulation as Mr. de Fonblanque, its proprietor, grew older. As my health improved, and I got to be quite well again, my purse came to its lowest ebb. My father now, as in 1827, felt that he could not keep house in Hampstead any longer. Besides, an accident happened to my poor mother which brought on complications that were soon to prove fatal to her. Driving home in a carriage from Hampstead Heath, she was thrown out by accident, and, as the wheels were still revolving when she fell, her right foot was caught in the spokes and fearfully crushed. We watched her

for weeks during her recovery, but she was unable to walk for a long time afterwards without crutches. One of the crutches produced an induration of the right breast, which the doctors at first described as a *scirrus*, but which Dr. Velpeau, in Paris, declared to be cancer. My father left London early in 1852, and fixed his abode at No. 45 in the Rue du Bras d'Or at Boulogne sur Mer. His library and furniture at Hampstead were sold by auction, and from that time onward he lived in France, working hard and occasionally visiting London. It was in France that he wrote the 'Greek and the Turk,' one of the best and most statesmanlike of his later works, and recast the 'History of France,' which was published in five volumes by Longmans. I had not saved money; young fellows of my age seldom do. Finding myself without anything like my old scale of earning, I could not keep my chambers. I disposed of furniture and movables, hoping that I could at any rate be called to the bar at the Inner Temple, where the fee of 100*l.* had, as I have already said, been deposited in advance. To my very great distress I found that I had miscalculated my resources. I could not be called till I had paid all rent for chambers in the Temple up to the day of call. I was unable to do so, drew out my 100*l.*, paid my rent and other charges, and, with a small residue, withdrew into lodgings.

The lodgings I selected were those already occupied by Cavalcaselle in Silver Street, Regent Street. We came together, and lived there as brothers. Each of us had a bedroom, a common parlour for breakfast, and other necessary meals served for us both. We found that we could be useful to each other in art and art-literature. I got out my manuscripts and sketches. We compared notes, wrote letters to English collectors and visited their galleries. We hunted in couples,

went constantly to the British Museum, where we now found the studies of Count de Laborde on letters, arts, and industry, under the Dukes of Burgundy, and I was fortunate enough to make important literary discoveries. We thus gradually brought together such an additional amount of materials as made the re-writing of my earlier chapters on Flemish art necessary. But as this sort of labour could only be indulged in when I was free from other and more profitable work, it progressed but slowly.

Mr. Ingram, proprietor of the 'Illustrated London News,' had purchased an opposition weekly early in spring and worked it at a low price, simulating a real competition with his own larger venture. The editorship of this paper was entrusted to Ottley, an old press friend of mine, and I made my second start in life on an entirely independent footing, under his lead, at the salary of one guinea a week. I find, in a letter which I wrote to my father on the 10th of June, 1852, that 'I had got a guinea extra from Ottley for reporting one of Mr. Owen Jones's lectures,' and I was rejoiced to be able to say 'that, as I was to report the rest of the series of lectures on the same terms, I was secure of two guineas a week for the next three weeks.' A short time after this I went on a visit to my father at Boulogne, and, on my return at the beginning of July, I was stopped near the 'Globe' newspaper office in the Strand by the manager, who took me up to the room of Mr. Wilson, the editor, and asked whether I would accept an engagement to write four leaders for three guineas a week. The 'Globe' at this time was a Whig paper, to which Mr. Danson, Mr. Blackett, and Father Prout contributed. The salaries alone were not liberal, yet I was overjoyed at the offer of employment, which I immediately accepted. We were, in the beginning of July 1852, on the eve of a general election, which took

place in the middle of the month. I helped Bernal Osborne, whom I constantly met at the Reform Club, to canvass Middlesex. He took Mr. Joseph Hume and myself on the 20th to Brentford in his chaise and four, and we all went on to the hustings in Brentford Square, and afterwards to the charring, concluding with a lunch, which was given to us by our excellent friend Mr. Montgomery, of Brentford. I remember that I made myself agreeable to all the ladies, many of whom insisted upon embracing me, and called Joe Hume and Osborne and myself 'the saviours of the country.' The leaders which appeared in the 'Globe' on this and other elections I wrote, and I believe that this first effort at political writing gave me more confidence and pleasure than anything I had as yet been able to achieve.

For many weeks I diligently prosecuted these press labours, interrupted for a short spell, towards the end of August, by a trip to Wales, where, at Doyle's house in Llandulas, and under his guidance, I wrote a number of leaders on the Poor Laws. Back again to London, and into harness, but with a growing conviction that my relations with the 'Globe' were not likely to last.

I never knew to what influences I owed my first engagement on that paper. I now received notice that before the year ended my services would no longer be required, and I can no more explain the reason of my exit than that of my first entry.

An attempt made by Torrens McCullagh to buy the 'Atlas' newspaper failed, and the editorship, which had been promised to me on that weekly, failed likewise. An article in the 'Athenæum,' a paper in 'Household Words,' were pot-boilers which I produced at this time, whilst serious efforts were directed to study at the British Museum for the purpose of completing the Flemish painters. My poor mother's

illness had been getting worse : it had been determined in principle that my father should take her to Paris, where good medical advice could be obtained ; but I looked upon the intended change with gloomy forebodings. My brother-in-law, Wynne, having accepted a lieutenancy in the Denbighshire Rifles (militia) had to travel in haste (September 3, 1852) to Dublin to learn his drill. My brother Edward was working hard in his factory at Birmingham, and had come off victorious in a stand-up fight against a fellow mechanic, called the 'bully of Boston.' My brother Eyre, who had been acting as secretary to Thackeray during an autumn lecturing tour in Lancashire, had joined his friend and patron in his journey through the States.

The winter was a hard one for Cavalcaselle and for me, and more especially so because I committed the folly of borrowing 25*l.* from a money lender, who charged me 5*l.* a quarter for renewals, and then jockeyed me, as I shall have occasion to relate. Happily, I had still some credit, and the Reform Club proved to be a very great resource, as it enabled me to keep in touch with friends both politically and socially. Yet even this resource was on the point of failing me when, as my name was posted (April 1853) for arrears of subscription, I was saved by the kindness of Frederick Vilmet, who very amiably forced upon me a cheque for ten guineas. A long negotiation with the Turkish minister, who wished to engage me as an official correspondent during the war in Montenegro failed, because I could only see my way to reach the field of action and could not make out how I should return from it. My spare time and Cavalcaselle's was spent in looking at pictures in the collections of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Baring, and others, and I have never forgotten the pleasure I took in these pursuits any more than I can

forget entering the palace at Chiswick for the purpose of seeing an altarpiece assigned to Van Eyck, and Cavalcaselle and I both bursting out simultaneously with the word 'Memling,' to whom we now ascribed the authorship. I have often thought since that, though no one up to that time had ever doubted that Van Eyck was the painter, no one has since contested that Memling designed and executed the picture. What study and experience are required to achieve such restorations of names as these, and how difficult it is to persuade people that to find the true author of a work of art is not the easiest thing in the world, no one can tell who has not tried. To see and judge of panels and canvases, and confirm or contest my opinions respecting them, was Cavalcaselle's main share in the history of the Flemish painters. He helped me at the British Museum in copying extracts and was full of zeal at this sort of work. He had also an amazing insight into the periods of a master's career, his early form as well as his middle and later time, and all this would be discussed and argued, and be the subject sometimes of acrimonious debate between us. But the time always came when he or I yielded, and then, the question being decided, I adopted it and set it in its proper order in the narrative which, like all others bearing our joint names, was entirely written by myself. But the place in which these struggles occurred, the season in which they happened, the privations which we both endured during their occurrence, have never been known. Our working room, which contained a round table and three chairs, was not more than twenty feet square. In the morning we breakfasted on tea and bread ; dinner was uncertain, supper equally so. We husbanded our resources carefully : bought our tea by the pound at Twining's and made it last as long as possible ; had no fire, and kept ourselves

warm by coverings. Two candles served for light in the evenings. One day in spring, 1853, even the tea gave out, and the morning roll was not forthcoming. The day before Cavalcaselle and I had no dinner. Hunger made us wake early. It was about six or seven in the morning when we rose. The sun was shining brightly. We dressed, got down into the street, thence into the Parks. In Kensington we rested on a bench under the trees, enjoying the air, when there came up to us a very ragged individual, who begged us to take pity on him as he had had no breakfast. I looked at Cavalcaselle, and laughed outright as I thought which was worst off of us three. Relief came the same day. I do not know exactly how, but our position had become so precarious that I was on the point of giving up London altogether and taking refuge in my father's lodging at Boulogne, when a glimpse of better weather cheered us.

Two political associations had been founded in London in these days, the India Reform Association, of which Colonel Dickinson and Mr. Carnac Brown, both members of the Reform Club, were members, and the Ballot Society, to which Mr. Hardcastle and other members of the club belonged. Torrens McCullagh introduced me to Colonel Dickinson (April 9, 1853), and I was forthwith employed to write a pamphlet on Indian public works, which I completed by the 2nd of June. On the very same day I delivered a pamphlet to the Ballot Society, and began a second on the subject of 'Balloting in France,' and I thought myself lucky when I got eight guineas for each pamphlet. During the progress of these works, which brought me in between forty and fifty pounds, I got more and more into contact with the political chiefs of the Liberal party, and had very friendly intercourse with John Bright, Richard Cobden, and

Joe Parkes, at that time election agent of the Whigs. But the pressure was almost too much for my health, which broke down under the effects of excessive labour and anxiety.

My father had settled in Paris on the 20th of April (1853), and been joined there in May by my brother Eyre, who had parted from Mr. Thackeray at the close of his American tour. My poor mother was confined to her room suffering from cancer, attended, as seldom a mother has been, by my sister Amy. It was admirable to watch with what sympathy old friends came to cheer her in her sufferings. But the disease was known to be fatal. It left us no hope, and all that could be done was to spare the patient unnecessary depression. The knowledge that her children were no longer in the full swing of earlier prosperity weighed upon her as much, perhaps even more, than the certainty that all was not as well with her husband as it had been.

Cavalcaselle, during these days, had been improving his position. Besides restoring old pictures, which was almost his daily occupation, he had, in a great measure by my means, got into a circle of English patrons. I had had him summoned to give evidence before a parliamentary commission appointed to report on the state of the pictures in the National Gallery. He became acquainted with Colonel Charteris, now Lord Wemyss, as well as with Colonel Mure and other trustees of the National Gallery. He gave evidence as to the restoring of the Hunt, by Velasquez, which did credit to his penetration and technical knowledge, and Sir Charles Eastlake learnt to prize his skill as a judge of pictures.

Meanwhile, endless plans were being thought out for my benefit by friends in London. Thackeray asked me to go and live with him at his house in

Kensington. Edward Howard, son of the Royal Academician of that name, who had had the run of the office of his friend Bethell, then attorney-general, suggested my working there at law studies, and particularly in the patent and specification office. Mr. Grey (of the Board of Trade), consulted as to whether Lord Palmerston would or could not do something to forward my prospects, discouraged us by declaring that it was useless to apply to his lordship except for some specific place. I could not accept these kind offers any more than I could repine at my want of success. I went on writing. Howard, who had been an Oxford coach, was eloquent upon the subject of English literature in all his conversations with me. We used to accompany each other home three or four times a night ; I to his rooms in Fitzroy Square, he back to mine in Silver Street ; and for hours we would talk of Bacon and Hooker, and discuss Latin authors, and particularly Tacitus. At Howard's suggestion I furbished up my Latin and read Tacitus, Bacon, and Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' He then determined to take a trip to the Continent, visited Nuremberg, and came back with a mass of materials, which he asked me to put into shape for publication. I could not refuse to peruse Howard's notes. I profited greatly by my reading and I recollect just then discussing the state of learning among young men of my time at a dinner given by Mr. Kirwan, a lawyer of some practice, whom I often saw at his house and at chambers in the Temple. Cyrus Redding, writer of some books or essays on wine, was of the party, and he pretended to such knowledge of the subject that Kirwan declared he must have been wine-taster at Brundisium at the time of the Antonines. This jest led us to talk of the Roman Empire and its civilisation, and I began

airing my recent studies, asking Kirwan and Cyrus to admire the natural way in which Tacitus explained Moses' miracle of striking the rock. Amidst the laughter and incredulity of my friends, I described how Moses, distressed for want of water, and fearing lest his Israelites should perish, followed the tracks of a wild ass, discovered the spring at which it quenched its thirst, and led his people to the water for which they were longing. Kirwan and Redding declared that I had given a pretty interpretation of a miracle, but declined to countenance me in 'foisting it' upon Tacitus. Not till some days after, when I sent Mr. Kirwan the whole passage from the 'Expedition of Titus,' did I clear myself from the suspicion of attempting to palm off an effort of my own imagination as the sober reality of the author of the 'Annals.'

Howard's proposal to work up his Nuremberg materials was not one which I had either the trick or the necessary time to carry out. I refused it, all the more because the book on early Flemish painters was unfinished, yet approaching such completion as I could then give to it. I was busy, too, writing my second Ballot pamphlet, which was finished and printed by the 16th of August.

As the town became emptier, I accepted the proposal of my friend Lowes to join him in a fishing excursion into Montgomeryshire, and I never enjoyed any time more than that which I spent at the little country inn of Llanedin, which at the moment of writing these lines is, I believe, engulfed in the depth of an artificial lake made for the sake of furnishing one of our large cities with water. Home to the club at the beginning of September, I read and answered an advertisement in the 'Athenæum,' inviting applications from persons willing to write a weekly political summary of London news for a provincial

paper, and within a few days Mr. Hobson, editor of the 'Leeds Times,' met me at the Reform Club and engaged me to perform these new duties.

My first impulse at this juncture was to consult my father as to the proper mode of getting together the necessary information. I took with me the manuscript of the early Flemish painters, that my father might read some of its more important chapters, and, crossing the Channel *viâ* Boulogne, I arrived at my father's house in the Avenue de Neuilly on the 11th of September. Here I saw my brothers and sisters, and cheered my poor mother's spirits, who, though ill, was yet able to move about, and took all the more interest in our doings as she felt and knew that her days in this world were counted, and was glad when some of those days could be spent with a minimum of cares and of pain.

It was here that I again caught a last glimpse of my old master, Chailly. He was teaching my brother George the very problems in arithmetic and mathematics which he had taught me years before. He was the same shabby, unwashed, and poverty-stricken individual that he had ever been, though he boasted that in 1848 he had been one of the main supporters of the national workshops and had had thousands of men under his charge. It seemed, indeed, as if the *prolétariat*, as it was called, had set a stamp of poverty upon him and made him more careless and thriftless than ever. His end was not fortunate, as I have heard. My father and brothers had sight of him one day at a country fair in the neighbourhood of Paris. He kept a macaroon lottery at a halfpenny a shot, and accepted with thanks a five-franc piece which was slipped into his hand from behind. My brother Eyre has immortalised his face in the figure of the slave-dealer of his Charleston nigger auction.

I bid farewell after a week to my mother, whom

I never saw more. I packed my manuscript in my portmanteau marked as approved by my father, booked myself *viâ* Boulogne and London, and duly arrived at my destination. The loss of my luggage and MS., which were not forthcoming at the journey's end, made my return even more depressing than it would otherwise have been. I worked all the agencies that I could think of to get back my property, but I might have lost all the fruits of my labour had it not been that I threatened an action, and before the day of trial I was put in possession of my portmanteau, which had been lying all the time in a store on the Boulogne quays. I now became very active in my duties as summary writer and, now and then, leader writer, to the 'Leeds Times,' my leisure having increased since the completion of my history of the 'Early Flemish Painters.' It was not without misgivings that I presented myself with the copy of this work to the all-powerful art publisher, John Murray. He listened most amiably to my account of the contents of the book, promised to look through the manuscript and send me word of his decision.

Not many days later I received the dreaded intelligence of my poor mother's death, who expired in the presence of her husband, of my brothers Eyre and George, and my sister Amy, at a few minutes to ten o'clock at night, on the eve of the thirtieth anniversary of her marriage. She died on the 22nd of October, leaving behind her, not only all her children, but her poor mother, to whom the melancholy intelligence of her death was forwarded in Dublin. Unable to remain with her in her last days, I had been equally unable to recross the Channel to attend her funeral. I felt her loss more keenly than I can say.

I was, in fact, depressed by all kinds of circumstances. I felt that I had been deprived of a great

affection. My position in the world was unpromising in every way. In addition to all other causes of distress, I was suddenly persecuted by the usurer who had lent me money. He served me with a writ, and, with little prospect of being able to meet his claim, I looked gloomily into the immediate future.

At this juncture, happily, a turn came. I was offered a new and lucrative occupation. I accepted the offer, and before three weeks were out found myself in the way of earning a very fair income.

CHAPTER V

Start as correspondent of the 'Illustrated London News'—Belgrade—
Servia—Widdin—Turkish battles—Schumla—Silistria—Battle of
Giurgevo—Wallachia—I reconnoitre Bucharest—Stay there—
Leave Varna for the Crimea.

FOR more than half a year the peace of Europe had been dependent on the action of Russia. As early as the close of May 1853, rumours were afloat respecting an occupation by the Russians of the Danubian Principalities. The causes of this advance lay in the antagonism of the French and Russian claims to the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte; and the policy of Turkey, countenanced by England, to oppose the Russian pretensions. My father, who was well in touch with French statesmen at this time, communicated to me as a secret on the 4th of June that Louis Napoleon had made an offer of alliance to us which Lord Aberdeen's cabinet had at first some difficulty in accepting, but had on further consideration accepted. Preparations were made in England for war. A camp was formed at Chobham on the 14th of June. On the 26th of June 'the finest fleet which England ever fitted out, forty ships of war of all kinds, were assembled at Spithead,' and Prince Albert wrote to Baron Stockmar that 'the Emperor Nicholas had forced us into an alliance with Louis Napoleon.'¹ At the beginning of July two divisions of Russian troops crossed the Pruth and took possession of the Principalities. In October Turkey declared war upon Russia. On the 16th of

¹ *Life of the Prince Consort*, chap. xlviii., vol. ii., p. 498.

November I received the following urgent letter from Charles Mackay, at that time editor of the 'Illustrated London News':

'Can you start instantly for the seat of war for the "Illustrated London News," and send us sketches and letters? I saw Thackeray just now, who says you sketch well. Let me know immediately.' There will be no difficulty about liberal payment. A reply by bearer or as soon as possible will oblige. . . .'

The messenger intrusted with this letter was directed to 13, 15, 17, or 19 Silver Street, my lodging being at 29. He ultimately found me at the Reform Club, where, in the meanwhile, I had also seen Thackeray.

Charles Mackay had asked Thackeray himself to go to the scene of war to furnish 'sketches and letters' for the 'Illustrated News,' and he refused. Seeing me at the Club, Thackeray told me he had mentioned my name to Charles Mackay, and I might expect a letter from him. I went the same evening to Mackay's rooms and accepted his terms at once. I spent the next day in preparations, and left London on the 18th for Vienna, *via* Paris, having taken care to pay my money-lender the 25*l*. I owed him out of the advances which I had received. The offer of Mackay was 10*l*. salary per week and all expenses paid; and it may well be considered that, situated as I was, it would have been the height of folly in me to refuse it. I cannot, indeed, help philosophising on this point and asking whether it was not providential that just at the point, when my affairs were at so low an ebb, I should have had such a stroke of good fortune. I risked my head, no doubt, as every correspondent does who follows an army. But then, what novelty in my coming experiences, what knowledge of men and things to be acquired! Though I parted

with regret from poor Cavalcaselle, I left London really in good spirits, got letters of introduction from my father to Consul Fonblanque at Belgrade, Sir Henry Ward at Corfu, Sir Hugh Rose, and Lord Lyons; and carried with me a passport properly signed by the Foreign Office, as well as the Prussian Legation and Count Apponyi the Austrian ambassador. I reached Vienna on the 25th of November, and stopped there only the necessary time to buy some necessaries, after which I took train to Buda-Pesth. One incident only need be mentioned in connection with my stay in the Austrian capital. I stopped at the Hotel Munsch and employed the *valet de place* of that establishment to do some errands for me. I asked him to find a brace of pistols with proper ammunition, and he brought what I wanted in a comparatively short time. The price, however, appearing to be too high, I bid the man take the weapons back. In the course of the day, looking into an armourer's shop, I saw a pair of pistols exactly similar to those my man had brought, and went in to look at them. They were the very pair I had rejected, and were now offered to me at half the price the *valet de place* had named. On returning to the inn I sent for my friend and taxed him with an intention to swindle me. He was insolent. I took him by the collar, dragged him to the landing and kicked him downstairs. He rose and withdrew without a word; no complaint was made, and I started without further accident.

Very early in the morning at Pesth I got on board of the steamer bound to Semlin; in so thick a fog that I passed over the gangway down into the cabin without being asked for a ticket. After the fog had lifted we started down the river, and I had occasion during the day to take a muster of the passengers. There was Count Festetics, an Austrian cavalry officer, aide-de-camp of the Archduke Albrecht, Viceroy of

Hungary, and bearer of despatches to Prince Gortschakoff, at Bucharest ; Count Mailath, an Hungarian magnate ; a lady, widow of an Austrian colonel, going to visit her son who lay sick at Peterwardein ; Mr. Philippesco, a Wallachian boyard and his friend ; a cloth merchant from Brünn, in Moravia ; and a motley collection of country folk besides. I had just managed to catch the last steamer that made the journey. The fog stopped her on her course for many hours together. There was very poor accommodation on board in the shape of food—none in the shape of beds or cabins. Count Mailath left us at Czernowitz on the third day of the passage. On the fourth day we anchored for the night in the vicinity of Peterwardein. Never had I spent three nights in such infernal regions. Everyone, except myself, I believe, played faro day and night, and there was such a stifling atmosphere of smoke and dirt that there was difficulty in breathing. Festetics, the merchant of Brünn, the lady who was bound for her son's quarters, and I, determined that we could not go through the horrors of another night. We landed with our luggage, hired a country cart, and reached Peterwardein at nightfall. Our country cart passed the bridges and guard without challenge, set us down at the inn, where we supped and gave up our passports, and then Festetics and I retired to a double-bedded room, which was the only accommodation we could find.

Next morning I rose first, intending to order breakfast and find means for getting to Semlin by road. I opened the bedroom door and found myself in presence of two Croats, who crossed bayonets and forbade my exit. Festetics came to my assistance when he found I was parleying. He was not more successful than I had been in extracting a word from the Croats. We closed the door and waited. Hours passed. At eleven

a noise of steps. Our room was invaded by two general officers, a detachment of soldiers, and our Brünn cloth merchant in charge of gendarmes. Festetics was subjected to examination first. 'Why had he landed? Why was not his passport signed? His height was described as ordinary, when it seemed he was tall.' 'Sir,' said Festetics, 'I am aide-de-camp to the Viceroy, here is my bag of despatches addressed to Prince Gortschakoff. I want to get on, and not be lost for another week in fogs.' The General then turned to me, and asked what brought me here. I pointed to my passport. He looked at it, said it was most suspicious, for he could not read it. I laid hold of it, and said, 'Here is the signature of Lord Clarendon, of Count Apponyi, of your police at Bodembach, at Vienna, and at Pesth. I do not know what the Earl of Westmorland, British Ambassador at Vienna, will say to my detention, but I am certainly going to complain of it.' In the same stolid way the Brünn merchant was examined, and the whole posse retired, retaining us, as before, prisoners. What roused their suspicions was that we had passed the gates without having been noticed by the guard. They thought we must be spies. But the anger of Festetics at being taken for a spy and arrested whilst bearing despatches from the highest authority in Hungary was so great and so comical that I finally lost all sense of my own tribulations in my sympathy for his. We got away in the afternoon in a country cart, which in due time took us to Semlin. In a letter which I wrote to my father on the 9th of December from Belgrade, I described my Hungarian friend as 'the most gentlemanly man I ever met.' Alas! I have at this moment before me his I.O.U. for 20*l.* which he never paid.

I reached Belgrade on the 9th of December, and was hospitably received by Mr. de Fonblanque, the British

consul for Servia, who took me to see Izzet Pacha, a dropsical old governor of the town, aged eighty. I bought a sheepskin pelisse and bedding, and engaged the services of an araba, or waggon-driver, who was bound for Widdin on a return journey, and I was introduced to Mr. G. Yokitsch, a Servian gentleman going my way, who kindly consented to be my interpreter and guide. We had several days' travel under considerable difficulties, but we journeyed without serious impediment. Mr. Yokitsch put his baggage with mine into the araba, and I sat next him in his britzka. We generally purchased a fowl, a turkey, or a goose, at a farmhouse on the way, and at dinner-time had the animal trussed and spitted and artistically roasted in the open before a fire of faggots. Twice we stalked a covey of partridges on the snow and shot a brace or two. Once we bought six partridges from a Servian, but found them much injured in flesh by the cut-bullets with which they were killed. I learnt on this occasion that the Servians were not allowed to buy or sell ammunition or even small shot. At the passage of some rivers the horses could not be ferried with the vehicles, but had to swim the fords. I was sorry to lose the company of Mr. Yokitsch, who left me on Christmas Eve after writing a letter of introduction for me to Sami Pasha, Governor of Widdin. On the strength of this missive I was furnished with quarters in the palace, or Konak, of the Pacha, of which I have kept the following description :—

‘I am in a room fifteen feet square, with sixteen grated windows but no grate. The temperature inside is the same as that of the open air—seven degrees below freezing-point of Réaumur. My great coats are all on me, besides three pairs of woollen socks. But warmth may be had from a large pan or *mangal*, full of live charcoal, which at once warms and suffocates.

In the neighbouring streets there are two feet of slushy or frozen mud, but there are stepping-stones at certain important crossings, and mangy dogs quarrel over the offal that lies in heaps in every direction. But Sami Pacha is hospitable, has good coffee and milk, and bread and delicacies for dinner, which, but for the grease in which they are cooked, would doubtless be palatable.'

I was curious to go into the market and examine the supplies. Fresh butter, I found, was a whitish tallow, run, after melting, into a goatskin, to which the hair internally adhered. When used for cooking it had to be cleared of the hair, but nothing could clear it of the taste conveyed by the skin. A curious vegetable was greatly in use. It looked like Brussels sprouts, but contained a gluten which made it stick to the gums as if it were an almond *nougat*.

The chief drawback to the hospitality of my Pacha lay in its limitations. After breakfast the great man withdrew to the divan—a large room with wide sofas—where a general reception was held; guests and honoured visitors were served with coffee after the Turkish fashion, in diminutive cups, and chibouques were smoked. But neither of these distinctions was conceded to the ordinary Turk, who came in and saluted and sat down and walked away again as if satisfied with having had a greeting from the representative of the Sultan. After the divan Sami Pacha retired for a prolonged nap. After dinner, which usually took place at six o'clock, he withdrew to his harem, leaving me to spend the evening as I best could. I confess that I found the time hang heavily on my hands. I was overjoyed, therefore, a few days after my arrival to witness the reception of a couple of fellow correspondents, Godkin of the 'Daily News'; Maxwell, a captain in the Bengal artillery, who

was writing for the 'Morning Chronicle'; and Thompson, of the 17th Hussars, who had come up from Constantinople to report on the state of the Danube fortresses. Not long after this I had the fortune of meeting in the same way Major Tombs and Captain Austen of the Bengal Artillery, accompanied by my French colleague, Guys, of the 'Illustrated London News.' Maxwell, Thompson, and Godkin lived in a house in the suburbs of Widdin. They easily persuaded me to join their mess and leave the grand surroundings of Sami Pacha. Spiro, their joint butler, cooked for me and for them, with 'fresh butter' equal to that of the Konak. Shortly after moving into these new quarters, a message came towards evening from the *locanda*, or inn at Widdin, to Maxwell to say that a gentleman had arrived who wished to see him. Maxwell, obedient to the summons, returned with the curious information that a report of his death had appeared in the Vienna papers, and that the authorities there had volunteered to send a man to ascertain the cause of it and take charge of his effects. 'A very pleasant, well-informed man, and quite a gentleman,' said Maxwell, 'to whom I have promised that to-morrow we shall cross the Danube together and visit the Turkish quarters at Kalafat.' It was arranged that we should all join this party, and nine o'clock was the hour fixed for a rendezvous at the *locanda*.

I had some purchases to make in the town, started before my colleagues, and reached the *locanda* first. As I ascended the stairs to the common room I found myself face to face with a well-known individual. The *valet de place* of the Hotel Munsch stood before me. I asked was he the person who had come to rescue the effects of Captain Maxwell, and he answered in the affirmative, upon which I retired, and meeting my companions, told them that I could not join the party

to Kalafat. I then related the adventure I had had at the Hotel Munsch, where I had kicked the *valet de place* downstairs; and expressed my suspicions that we were about to get into mischief by favouring the plans of a man who could be nothing else than a spy. Maxwell, who was unwilling to believe that 'the very pleasant and well-informed man' with whom he had hobnobbed the night before was a mere *valet de place*, would hardly credit my account of the personal chastisement I had inflicted at Vienna. But I effectually prevented the visit to Kalafat by protesting that I would expose the man publicly; and, in a few hours, he left Widdin on his way homeward.

I had, of course, not waited till now to make acquaintance with the country on the left bank of the Danube. From the courtyard of the Pacha's residence where I had been living I could see across the river and watch the busy coming and going of the Turkish troops. They had crossed, as it were, into the enemy's country, had occupied in the first instance an island fronting Widdin, and then the adjacent land which was only separated from the island by a narrow strip of water. This strip they had bridged, and as soon as possible they had marked out an entrenched camp defended by a breastwork and forts, inclosing or commanding the village of Kalafat. The Russians had allowed them to do all this unmolested, whilst they lay with the nucleus of the force at their disposal at Kraiova, and held the villages round Kalafat either with cavalry or mixed detachments of cavalry, infantry and artillery. As early as the 27th of December, 1853, that is, three days after my arrival, it was generally believed that the Russians would make an attack on the Turks on the 30th, and the commanders of the Ottoman force were on the watch for it. It was, therefore, with extreme interest that I crossed the river on the 28th of

December, landed on the island after braving the dangers of a passage greatly impeded by ice floes, passed over the intermediate space by a track much cut up by cannon and carts, went on by the bridge of boats and made my way to the headquarters of Achmet Pacha, to whom I had a letter from Sami Pacha. The introduction had the immediate effect of smoothing the way to my seeing everything. I was put into the hands of Tewfik Bey, a nephew of Omer Pacha, who commanded a regiment, and he gave me a horse and orderlies, who took me round the works and through the quarters of the troops. The men and their officers were all in earthen holes like foxes; these dens were the peasants' houses of this part of Wallachia, being neither more nor less than a set of rectangular excavations made about five feet deep into the rich mould of the Danube bank and roofed with spars thatched with maize straw. The smaller excavations served as quarters to the officers, and in these light was got from the gable where the mud wall was broken out to form a window made of oil-paper. In the larger ones the soldiers lay in double ranks, the only openings being a door at the bottom of the slope leading into each hut, and a square chimney-stack giving light and allowing the smoke to issue from the hearth in the centre. Outside these huts were the usual Oriental silos, which are bottle-shaped holes, of which the neck or aperture is hardly wide enough to admit a man, but the lower parts widen as they go deeper and are fitted to receive large quantities of grain. A dinner at Tewfik's was preceded by an *obbligato* service of raki or plum brandy, which was presented three times at intervals of ten minutes before the meal. The first effect was a ravenous hunger, which caused us to devour the savoury pillau that stood on a stand round which we sat, helping ourselves with wooden spoons. The second effect

was an indigestion which was treated with the contempt which it deserved. We then got out in the darkness and inspected Tewfik's regiments. The lanterns we carried helped us to see our way through the snow-covered cantonments; they were eclipsed inside the huts by the torches which burned there, by the glare of which we examined the men who mustered in two ranks along the floor. It was a quaint and pretty sight, at the termination of which we returned, and I lay down on a mat kindly thrown upon maize straw for me in the colonel's lodging.

Days passed and the threatened Russian attack never came off. Our pachas, therefore, determined to take the offensive, and on the morning of the 6th of January they marched out with an attacking column commanded by the Circassian, Ismail Pacha, supported by another column under the orders of Achmet Pacha, and they forced their way into the village of Citate, west of Kalafat, where they met with stubborn resistance from the enemy holding an advantageous position amongst houses and haystacks. At one moment there was reason to fear that the Turks would lose the day, because a large reinforcement joined the enemy and threatened Ismail Pacha's attack in flank. But Achmet fought the reinforcement and the Turks only withdrew after inflicting great losses on the Russians, whilst these, observing the strength of the Turks detached against their extreme left, withdrew after burying their dead and carrying off their wounded.

I had not had notice of the intended movement of Ismail and Achmet. But a few days after the fight I accompanied Yacoub Aga, a Polish cavalry officer in charge of a regiment of Bashi-Bazouks, in a reconnaissance in that direction, and I visited every part of the battlefield with the natural interest of one who has never witnessed such a scene before. Of dead men

there was no other trace than a certain number of rude mounds, under which they lay. But there were plenty of dead horses about, whose carcasses afforded welcome food to any number of Wallachian pigs. Besides, the ground was strewn with broken weapons, casques and accoutrements. As we came home I observed that the Bashi-Bazouks had plundered the village of what poultry they could catch, and an amusing incident was that of Yacoub Aga getting his irregulars together, ordering them to give up their spoil and put it all together in a cart which he had requisitioned. At this moment a patrol of Russian Lancers came in sight, and rode on till they were within a couple of hundred yards of us. I thought the inevitable result must be a fight. But Yacoub Aga was pretty far from his base, the Russians might be but a fraction of a larger party. They were too weak to attack us, we too wary to attack them. They sheered off, watching us as our long line disappeared in the direction of Kalafat.

Descriptions of the works and their occupants, of reconnaissances at Poyana and Golenz, and the acquaintance I now made with Skender Bey, a Polish commander of Turkish cavalry, have been published. One comical scene at Golenz on the 5th of February I have never described. Maxwell, Godkin, Thompson, Tombs, Austen, Guys, and I joined Colonel Yacoub Aga in a reconnaissance, for which 110 Bashi-Bazouks, a squadron of Dragoons, and two squadrons of Lancers, were told off, supported by a reserve of three battalions of infantry and three guns. We rode with the irregulars till we came in sight of some Cossack vedettes. Marching on the left flank of the party, we halted on the edge of a precipice, overlooking the banks of the Danube. In front of us the irregulars charged into the village of Golenz, and we lost sight of them amongst hayricks and peasants' huts. When they

disappeared, we got down from our horses to stretch our legs, Godkin retiring to a little distance for some purpose or other. Presently we saw our Bashi-Bazouks running home in wild confusion, and then, to our great surprise, a regiment of Cossacks scrambling up the precipice on our left, which we had thought impracticable for cavalry. They turned upon us. We mounted and formed. But Godkin required time. A certain button of his dress seemed to give him endless trouble. Before he was ready and had bestridden his horse it was high time for us all to be off. The Turks had bolted; the Cossacks were upon us with lances to the front. We turned, and as we were all well mounted, distanced our pursuers. When they saw that we gained upon them, they unmasked two guns, which fired a couple of volleys of grape and canister without hurting us. My military friends cried out to me 'Well done,' as we reached the main body unhurt. This was my *baptême de feu*, not very heroic, you will say, yet exciting, as I well recollect.

Later on, as the season became pleasanter, we frequently exchanged the Widdin lodgings for a stay in camp. I had set up a tent in the vicinity of Skender Bey's quarters, and often sat with him, smoking a cigarette and listening to his experiences. He was a brilliant cavalry soldier, a renegade, but only a Turk in name, as, indeed, were many Poles and Courlanders about him, such as Yacoub Aga, Mahmoud Aga, and Hidaïet Aga. A curious illustration of his character was given to me by chance on one of the days of March. He had been to my field stable and looked at my Arab charger and packhorse. He asked me to send him my sais, whom he wanted to teach the correct way of dressing a horse. My sais went at my bidding, was seized on the instant and bastinadoed. He came back complaining, and I remonstrated with Skender.

But he merely said, 'You do not know the Hungarians.' My servant was of that nation. 'Your horses will be admirably cleaned for a couple of weeks, when I shall renew the dose.' He was right. One day on the journey, which I presently undertook towards Schumla, the same Hungarian lost his temper because a mare, which he had just curried, had lain down in the mud. He brought her to her legs with a kick in the barrel. I was so angry at seeing this that I rose and kicked the sais head over heels, and then asked him how he liked the treatment. He growled, but went back to his duty with more zeal than before.

Whilst Austen, Tombs, and Guys were with us, we were joined by Captain Govone, a Piedmontese officer of splendid appearance, who came to examine, as Thompson had done, the state of the Danube fortresses. We all visited the lines of Kalafat together on a day upon which the Russians had sent a reconnoitring corps of 20,000 men into the plain before the works. The weather was lovely, and the sun shone brightly. It was the 9th of March. Whilst the Turkish pachas in command sat in a detached work smoking their chibouques with all the gravity of the Oriental, the infantry were distributed in single file and loose order along the inner faces of the parapet, the top of which was level with the men's shoulders. I wondered what the effect of a Russian assault might possibly be. I had not had any experience of the staying power of the men. I knew that their officers were mostly incompetent, and I felt that our position that day might really be one of great danger, as Thompson had plotted the ground upon which the lines were built, and shown me the weak point at the eastern angle near the Danube, where a Russian attack might prove irresistible. Happily, the enemy attempted nothing that day, but facing right-about, retired as they had come.

A few days later Godkin, Maxwell, and I formed the shrunken contingent of Englishmen at Widdin, and there was every appearance that we, too, would soon be leaving on our way down the river. Unfortunately, Maxwell fell ill and showed symptoms of having caught the smallpox, and it was clear that Godkin or I must remain in charge of him, as he could not be left alone. It was arranged that Godkin should devote himself to his colleague, and though Maxwell, as I afterwards heard, resented my going as an abandonment, I made preparations for departure.

It had become quite clear to me that something had occurred to change the strategy of the campaign. Intelligence had reached us that the Russians were retiring towards Bucharest, and must be meditating a blow lower down the Danube. My duty as a correspondent required that I should follow the movements of the contending parties, and I accordingly left Widdin on the 11th of March. My journey was uneventful. I rode my own horses and reached Plevna on the 17th, and Nicopolis on the 20th. At Sistova, where I was forced to halt, I was stopped by a choleraic attack. I had ridden leisurely, though without intermission, about 170 miles, that is at the rate of twenty miles a day in very variable weather. The food had been bad and scanty, and the sleeping accommodation of the worst, and a doctor who attended me at Sistova declared that I could not proceed without danger. In this moment of sickness and distress I was interrupted by a visit, and Colonel Dieu, a French staff officer on his way to Widdin, entered my temporary quarters and asked what he could do for a brother officer who lay thus sick on the road. He had heard, he said, that I was an English major, unable to move. To his surprise I addressed him in French, of which everyone who knows me is aware that I am a perfect master, and disclaimed

the title of major. I said I had been enrolled in the Turkish army as an honorary major for the sake of commissariat supplies, but had no military rank of any sort. He was very kind, and only left me after making sure that I was on the road to recovery. Next day I started again for Roustchouk, where I arrived on the 26th of March.

Here I found my old hero of the battle of Citate, the Circassian Ismail Pasha, in supreme command. He was instructed to concentrate the Turkish forces for the passage of the Danube, and had made preparations accordingly. He received me kindly, gave me hopes of seeing some interesting action, and took me, with several British officers—Colonel Dickson and Lieutenant Burke, R.A., and the Hon. W. Wellesley (now Lord Cowley)—round the river front of the fortifications, where we were potted at by the Russians from the rifle-pits on the left bank of the river. But in a few hours a total change came over his prospects and ours. We learnt that the Russians had crossed the Danube near its mouth and invaded the Dobrudscha. Omer Pacha recalled Ismail, who started on the 29th for Schumla, taking me with him as his guest during the journey. This rugged soldier, who was the terror of the incompetent officers of his army, travelled rapidly, but gave us every day a bottle of claret and delicacies for dinner, of which he never once himself partook. He brought us into Schumla by mid-day of the 31st of March, and we entered its streets in state in a shower of snow.

I shall not pretend to describe Schumla, which is like all Turkish agglomerations of houses roofed with channelled tiles. The narrow and dirty streets were exceptionally enlivened by uniforms, the place being strongly held by Turkish troops of all arms, commanded by Omer Pacha, the Ottoman generalissimo.

As Omer was an Austrian, he had the manners of a European ; but he did not disdain to exercise the ordinary rights of a pacha. His preferred wife was an Englishwoman, but he had a harem besides, and I recollect that he was as keen to find Circassian beauties as any full-blooded Turk of Constantinople. Nor was he very scrupulous even in his high position to observe the law, which forbade the purchase of female slaves. It was Omer who roused one of our consular officers in Asia to protest against his purchase of a Circassian girl, contrary to the convention forbidding all traffic of this kind by way of exchange at Constantinople and the outports. Omer did not deny that he had bought the slave, but excused himself on the ground that the girl had not been bought for export but for home consumption. Omer was amiable and civil. He ordered a lodging to be given to me in a Turkish house which had already been surrendered, in part, to his aide-de-camps, the Prussian, Mehemet Ali Bey, and the Pole, Mahmoud Aga. I soon made acquaintance with Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars, Captain J. A. Butler of the Ceylon Rifles, Lieutenant Nasmyth of the Bombay Artillery, and Captain Simmons of the Royal Engineers, who were all attached to Omer Pacha's headquarters in some sort of capacity. Captain Simmons was British commissary with the Turkish army in Bulgaria. I found him polite, but not communicative. Captain Nolan had been sent by the Duke of Newcastle on a mission to buy 3,000 horses for the English cavalry ; but when he mustered animals at Schumla, in April 1854, he found that none were to be had above fourteen hands high. He asked me to sketch some of these small country horses for him in order to convince the War Office of the impossibility of finding mounts for British cavalry in Bulgaria, and I did so. Butler, a swarthy-looking

man embrowned by Indian climate, proved to be a charming companion, Nasmyth a delicate young Englishman with buoyant spirits. Mehemet Ali was too busy on Omer Pacha's staff as a secretary to be much of a companion. Mahmoud Aga was an enthusiastic Pole, who had been driven into exile and had become a Mahomedan. His pluck and endurance were proved to me very shortly after I began life with him in Schumla. He was sent for at eight o'clock one evening and ordered by Omer Pacha to ride with despatches to Widdin. The post horses and men were at the door when he received the message. He packed a change of linen, mounted, and rode to Omer Pacha's quarters, where he received despatches, with which he immediately started. On the evening of the fifth day he came into my room again, looking as if he had lost two stone in weight. He had not found the general in command at Widdin, and had been obliged to follow him to Kraiova in Wallachia. He rode, in the five days and nights, 620 miles. But he suffered greatly from the journey, fell ill the day after his return, and was saved with difficulty from a severe attack of typhus.

My most constant companion at Schumla was Colonel Dieu, with whom I went out riding every day, and it was a delight to be with him, for he was a splendid soldier, with a winning face, of excellent repute for bravery, yet modest and full of humour. In the course of our rides we visited all the country round Schumla, and I made as many sketches and descriptions as I could.

Matters had been taking their course meanwhile in the Turkish territories. British and French armies and fleets had been set in motion. The fleets entered the Black Sea; the troops made their way to the Dardanelles. On the 18th of April I saw General Bosquet

ride in on a visit to Omer Pacha. On the 24th the Russians summoned the garrison of Silistria to surrender, and began a one-sided siege of the place which lasted several months. Their approaches being from the eastern side against the outer forts which defended the old citadel, they had their magazines on the left bank of the river, with which they communicated by a bridge of boats. The Turks were never precluded from the chance of revictualling the place, and they employed General Cannon, who, as Bairam Pacha, commanded one of their brigades, to perform this duty. Butler, Nasmyth, and Ballard, an Indian officer, volunteered to serve with the Turks, and, their offer being accepted, they gave new life to the garrison, which had begun to languish under the command of Mussa Pacha. Nasmyth duly reported proceedings to the 'Times.'

I foresaw that the time was coming when active campaigning in the field would take place. I was not well prepared for such a contingency, and could not hope to get the tents and other field furniture which I required unless I went to Constantinople. An opportunity soon offered of which I took advantage. Colonel Dieu was ordered to Varna to be present at the meeting of Omer Pacha with Lord Raglan, who commanded the British forces in the East, and General St. Arnaud, who led the French. There were relays prepared for us between Schumla, Pravadi, and Varna, and I rode in one day (18th of May) the eighty miles that separate the two places. On the 19th the meeting of the Generals took place. I witnessed the arrival of the 'Caradoc' and the 'Berthollet,' in which Lord Raglan and St. Arnaud came.

It had long been evident that the Turks, with the 70,000 men, which they disposed of east of the Balkans, could not undertake any really important

action against the Russians. The point now to be settled was how to combine the Turkish forces with those which France and England were moving. The British public were getting quite as impatient as the Porte of the delays which had taken place in the deployment of the armies. The Russians were pressing Silistria. We had spent 2,500,000*l.* on transport, moved 25,000 men, and sent fleets into the Baltic and Black Sea, and as yet we had nothing to show for the money.

The meeting of the generals was doubtless effected for the purpose of combined action. Omer Pacha wished to learn what the allies proposed to undertake. Lord Raglan and General St. Arnaud were naturally anxious to see with their own eyes what the Turks might be trusted to accomplish. I had the conviction that, whatever course might be resolved upon, I should visit Constantinople in order to be ready for a campaign. I took the first steamer that sailed for the Bosphorus, and reached the Turkish capital on the 21st of May. Omer Pacha and the allied generals rode to Schumla. In the evening of the 19th an inspection of the Turkish army was made by Lord Raglan and General St. Arnaud at Omer Pacha's headquarters, and on the 24th Lord Raglan had returned to Scutari, where he celebrated the Queen's birthday by a great review of the British forces in the East, at which I was able to be present. My father had instructed me to use the first opportunity I could find to present myself to his relative Sir de Lacy Evans. I did so at Scutari, and the general, who commanded the second division, promised to be useful to me so far as lay in his power.

I shall not attempt to describe the impression which was made upon me by the first sight of the great city of Constantine. Everything contributed to make the place interesting. To the ordinary beauties of the

scenery, a bright sunshine gave its charms. To the variegated colours of the Levantine dresses there were added the colours of the uniforms of the allied armies. Crowds were everywhere in motion ; even in San Sofia, where great facilities were now afforded to strangers to enter the most sacred places. I found the inside of the great temple imposing, though its mosaics were covered with whitewash ; the outlines of a gigantic figure of Christ in one of the apses were still visible under the paint. It was a delight also to visit the buildings where the relics of centuries of Ottoman rule were stored as in a museum, and I looked with untiring attention at the armours, the carpets, and the furniture which formed this unique collection. An amusing episode marked my stay. An order for six Colt's revolvers, to be sent from London, had been executed, and I was informed that a case containing the weapons lay at the custom house. I presented myself to the Pacha in charge, exhibited credentials which enabled me to claim delivery without duty, and at the request of the officials opened the case to display its contents. The pistols were new, brightly polished and of the regular cavalry pattern. The Pacha took them out one after the other and examined them. He was delighted. Presently he returned them, and ordered his men to pack and deliver them. I watched the proceedings carefully, and before the lid was nailed down counted the pistols. There was one missing. 'Are you sure there were six?' said the Pacha. 'Six there were,' I replied. 'I must have the missing one.' There was a pause. Pacha to his men, 'Have any of you got that pistol?' no reply. At last I lost patience, I went up to the divan on which the Pacha was reclining, and saying, 'I think the pistol must be here,' put my hand under his cushions, pulled out the pistol and held it triumphantly.

up to the light. 'Is it not strange,' I said, 'how things slip about here?' 'Very strange,' said my Pacha. When I got back to Schumla, I sent a pair of the pistols to Skender Bey, parted with another pair to Porter, a Texan ranger who had taken service with the Turks, and kept the third pair for myself. Porter surprised me by firing the seven bullets of one revolver into the same hole at twelve yards, and Sadyk Pacha, who witnessed the feat, said: 'C'est ce qu'on appelle marier les balles.'

Whilst the allied generals had been inspecting Schumla, and I was enjoying my first visit to Constantinople, the Russians had twice (May 19 and 21) assaulted the Arab tabia, main outwork on the eastern face of the fortress of Silistria, and been repulsed. When I returned to Schumla, on June 4, Omer Pacha and his army were stationary as before, and the siege of Silistria was still going on without any investment of the place.

A visit to the post office, where I hoped to find letters from England, produced no result, until I recollected the scene in the custom house at Constantinople, and, searching the cushions under the very body of the post office pacha, I pulled out a batch of letters addressed to me, some of which were already of an old date.

What I learnt from this correspondence was that at the beginning of April Mr. John Murray had refused to print my 'Flemish Painters,' because he held that the work required revision. My friend Cavalcaselle had been greatly disappointed by this decision and complained of a serious want of means, which I immediately used my best endeavours to supply. My father informed me that he had opened a letter in which the proprietors of the 'Edinburgh Courant' offered me the editorship of that paper at a salary of 400*l.* a

year. Here, then, was I campaigning and enjoying the fun and responsibilities of it, saving up the money with which to pay my debts, but losing, irrevocably, one of the best offers that had as yet been made to me of a permanent and responsible post in the profession to which I was brought up.

During my absence at Constantinople the Turkish family which had been dispossessed in favour of Mehemet Ali, Mahmoud Aga, and myself, re-entered into possession of its dwelling and received me as an intruder. I was quite unaware of the change, and was very greatly surprised to find the room I had occupied inhabited by two or three ladies, who no sooner caught sight of me than they set up a shriek of 'giaours' (*giaourlaré*) and disappeared into the inner recesses of their mansion. I retired in haste, and fortunately there were no men to resent my intrusion into the harem, which, I may observe in passing, was not peopled by houris. My quarters in Schumla after that were in a Bulgarian house, of which the clay floors were carefully smeared with fuller's earth and cowdung, a mixture offensive to the nose, but supposed to keep out vermin.

As the allies had not decided as yet what course they were to pursue, and no information could be obtained as to whether the Russians were to be met by a passage of the Danube or an invasion of the Crimea I remained at Schumla awaiting events, and it was then that I witnessed the arrival of a convoy of prisoners, and the execution of a Bulgarian spy, which I described in the 'Illustrated' of the 1st of July. My time was spent in sketching or in riding, chiefly in company of Colonel Dieu, whose Algerine barbs, with their iron-grey coats, long tails and manes, were the envy of the camp, and whose companionship was especially pleasant, because he was always full of spirits, though in wretched

health, and ready at all times with anecdotes of military life.

This period of inactivity was succeeded by a period the very reverse. I had made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman named Blanc, who was travelling for his pleasure. We had heard that the Russians, after pushing the siege of Silistria with great activity, had come to the turning-point when they must either decide upon raising it or risk a general assault. Omer Pacha had echeloned troops along the road that leads from Schumla to Silistria, and we thought we might see some active operations if we started in that direction. By the time our preparations were complete, we received intelligence that my poor friend Butler had met his death in the fort of Illanli, but that the Russian general, Paskiewitsch, had been ordered to raise the siege and withdraw in the direction of Moldavia, preparatory to a retreat into Bessarabia. The Emperor Nicholas proclaimed that he had taken this step because he was threatened by a coalition of the allies, who planned an invasion of his dominions. The news, which justified our movements, hastened those of Omer Pacha, and we all made our way to Silistria almost at the same time. It fared ill with Blanc and myself, however, because we were not prepared for the complete exhaustion of the country through which we had to pass, and had neglected to take with us water and provender for our horses. We started on the 26th of June, and after a long ride of thirty-five miles, found ourselves at nightfall in the deserted village of Schicklar. It was evident that troops had been on the road before us during the whole day. All the fountains on the way were dried up. In the village the cottages had all been broken into and emptied of their contents. A pond near the Mosque still showed signs of moisture; but a couple of buffaloes were wallowing in the slush,

and no hope could be entertained of getting anything drinkable out of it; even our horses would not try the liquid. We quenched our thirst with a bottle of wine; our steeds had nothing to moisten their barley, and hay was not to be had. More than this, there was not a spot on which to lie down and sleep that had not been defiled in some way, and Blanc's search for a bed had only resulted in his discovery of a stretcher, of which he did not know the common use until I told him. He had found this instrument in the porch of the Mosque, and was quite proud of having discovered anything so like a bed. When I informed him that the sleepers on it had probably all been in the sleep of death, he shuddered, and carried the stretcher back to its place. You may well believe that our rest was short. We rose before dawn from the floor of a deserted cottage and bestrode our jaded horses, who, with difficulty and only by much coaxing, took us to Silistria, thirty miles away. On this melancholy journey along worn-out tracks not a morsel of food or water was procurable for man or beast. It has been well said by Cardinal de Retz, 'The inconvenience of thirst is incredible, and cannot be conceived by those who have not felt it.' I may add, hunger superadded is dreadful.¹

It was as ravenous wolves that we partook of the food which we were able to obtain at a *locanda* in Silistria. When riding into the town we met Omer Pacha, who showed himself very justly proud of the endurance of his Turks, who had withstood a forty days' siege with obstinate courage. He ordered an officer to see to it that the Arab and Illanli tabias remained in their present state until I had seen and sketched them. The defence of Plevna in recent times has shown what endurance and pluck the Turks can display when pro-

¹ Mem. of Cardinal de Retz, ii., chap. xliii.

tected by earthworks. That of Silistria was equally remarkable. But at Plevna the officers were all Turks, whilst at Silistria the ardour of the men was greatly increased by the action of the English officers, Butler, Nasmyth, and Ballard, who led the men and took part in their dangers, whilst Mussa Pacha, their Turkish commander, was content to reside in a bomb-proof, near which he was killed by a chance shell splinter. The fate of poor Butler was the more to be regretted, because it was not in action that he lost his life. He was showing a party of English officers the inside of the Illanli tabia, a square earthwork near the banks of the Danube. There was an old embrasure reduced to a small opening, through which a view might be had of the Russian trenches. Each of the officers in turn had looked through the opening, which was a mere slit in an earthwork of great thickness. Butler stooped to do the same, and as his forehead touched the opening a rifle bullet made its way in and struck him on the forehead. He fell back, but was instantly set on his feet again by those about him, and he only complained of being a little stunned. The ball was a spent one, but its blow was fatal, and had starred the bone of poor Butler's skull. He paid no attention to the wound, but feeling drowsy, lay down at last to sleep. Suppuration coming on internally, he died very suddenly. Nasmyth and Ballard came out unhurt. The first died not long after of consumption. Ballard lived to witness the Indian Mutiny. I sketched the works of the outer forts, the gates and market-place of Silistria, and parting from my friend Blanc, who was bound homewards, and sold me his Arab before leaving, I left the Turks to prepare the crossing of the Danube at Silistria, and rode to Roustchouk on the 7th of July.

On the way I met an Austrian cavalry sergeant

carrying despatches, who told me that on the very day of my departure from Silistria the Turks had thrown some thousands of men upon the islands opposite Roustchouk, who had beaten the Russians after several hours' fighting. In the evening of the 8th I arrived at Roustchouk, and there got the melancholy news that poor Captain Burke had been killed, with several others, in action, but that General Cannon and Colonel Hind and Captain Bent of the Royal Engineers had come unhurt out of the fight. My companion during this last ride was Captain Conyers of the Bays, with whom I remained in close friendship all the time of my stay at Roustchouk and Giurgevo. I was afterwards joined there by Ogilvie and Hind, as well as by Colonel Dieu, who made me acquainted with three Frenchmen, Lieutenant Jumel, Captain de Roman, and the Vicomte de Busselot.

At Giurgevo,* where all who were in a position to move soon settled, we led quite a different life from that which we had led in Bulgaria. Nothing was more remarkable than the difference of habits of the two people, the Wallachians and Bulgarians, separated from each other by a wide gulf so far as social life was concerned, yet only separated from each other in the body by the course of the Danube. On one side a race of Christians kept under by the Turks, liable to a sort of feudal villain service, with homes insecure, hiding their thoughts and their money, bearing meekly the overbearing taskmasters who pressed them to every sort of service without mercy; on the other side, another race, tyrannised over, perhaps, by their boyards, but owning no more irksome sovereignty than that of their own princes, pliant, humble, it may be, but quick and ready, more European in their ideas of civilisation than their neighbours, and certainly free from the oppression of the Turks. Some incidents which I witnessed before I

left Roustchouk struck me as very characteristic. The Turks wanted to build an earthwork on the heights near the town of Roustchouk. Their police entered the houses of the Bulgarians in the town and impressed every able-bodied Christian they could lay hands upon. When a body of a hundred or more was thus brought together, it was marched off to a camp, and the men were made to wield shovel and pick as ordinary labourers, under Turkish guards, who spared neither the stick nor the whip. No wonder that the work was ill done, that the men deserted, and that new press-gangs became necessary. But the officers who had charge of the works little minded desertion. To them it was a matter of indifference whether the parapets and embrasures were finished in a minimum of time or not. They enrolled the men and mustered them, and they charged to the Turkish Government the wages of the absent as well as of those present.

Another Turkish institution with which I became acquainted at Roustchouk was that of a *cadi's* court and prison. I had caught one of my servants in such a flagrant case of pilfering that I took him before the *cadi*, who, like all Turks, sat in a rickety abode on a *divan* and administered justice without moving from his crosslegged position. He instantly took my word for the guilt of my servant and ordered him into confinement. There was no term of imprisonment named. I withdrew; but presently I thought I would ascertain where my man was under lock and key. I was taken to a solitary building in an inclosure. It was a cube of one floor with a roof over it. A barred door formed the entrance. Near the door was a barred window, about three feet square, at which I counted I know not how many heads. 'How many people,' I inquired, 'are in there?' 'Over twenty.' 'And is there no other light or opening than this?' 'No.' 'Do the

prisoners get out?' 'No.' 'How are their necessities attended to?' 'Their friends bring them food.' I rushed off to the *cadi*, begged and obtained the release of my servant, and sent him about his business.

At Giurgevo, whither I now proceeded, the Oriental element seemed reduced to a minimum. There were European manners, European shops, hotels, and taverns, luxuries familiar to the Viennese and the Russians.

But though we had crossed the Danube and the Turks had formed camp on the heights of Slobodzie, near Giurgevo, the country was at first in the hands of the Russians. On the islands which cover Giurgevo, and on which the Turks had fought their last battle, the ground was intersected by watercourses, none of them deep, but dangerous to ford on account of mud. Beyond, we could occasionally see Cossack vedettes, and nothing excited my friend Conyers so much as to be unable to take a closer view of those interesting individuals. Once, whilst I was sketching the bridge of barges which had been built by a party of British bluejackets, to which Prince Leiningen was attached, I found Conyers had got on horseback, and I observed him engaged in what I could not but call the mad enterprise of fording the arm of the Danube which separated the island from the mainland above the town of Giurgevo. To my inexpressible relief he stuck fast in mid-stream, and I was obliged to help him to get his charger out of the mud into which he had plunged. Later on (July 30) Colonel Ogilvie, Colonel Hind, Conyers, and myself, formed a party and went out on horseback to reconnoitre a wood about a couple of miles inland. We soon discerned a Cossack vedette on the edge of the wood, and, egged on by Conyers, we came within musket-shot of him. I told my friends that I was not in favour of advancing further. The Cossack would not have stood his ground

so manfully unless he had been backed by a party in the wood, and it would not be prudent to advance any further lest we should be cut off. But Conyers insisted on moving forwards. I consented to approach a little nearer. We then halted, and as we did so twenty Cossacks cantered out of the wood on our flank and we turned homeward. When they saw we were better mounted than themselves the Russians opened in skirmishing order and fired at us with carbines. The alarm was thus given to the Turks at Slobodzie, who formed up as if an army had appeared. The Cossacks, upon this, wheeled to the right-about and disappeared, and Conyers had the coveted pleasure of at least seeing the faces of the enemy. Poor fellow, he became soon after so ill of dysentery that he was forced to return home.

Another little reconnaissance in which I took part, under the orders of Colonel Dieu, led to nothing but a quarrel between Captain de Roman and Mr. de Busselot, who both took offence at some idle words, with the result that De Roman informed Busselot he would fight him, with swords or pistols, on foot or horseback, or even on a steamer, a remark which caused such an explosion of laughter that we were able to reconcile the angry disputants.

When tired of sketching or riding, and whilst our military men were discussing the future plans of the campaign, I took to fishing and shooting. Trolling with a small dace as a bait, I hooked something so large and strong that I lost in an instant line and rod, both of which were broken to pieces. With a second rod I tried a worm, and caught, besides a large carp, a number of dogfish. I had hooked dogfish in the sea at Ramsgate: I never knew they frequented rivers till I caught them at Giurgevo.

Shooting was a pastime which required no formali-

ties in war time on either bank of the Danube. At Schumla I had been out frequently in search of blue pigeons, of which I shot several. But the sport was not without danger. I had once been attacked by a pack of dogs, who came in a body and circled round me with such determination that I had to fire at them. With one barrel I killed two ; with the second I killed and wounded two more ; and the rest were so frightened or hurt that they ran away. But the adventure was an unpleasant one, and I avoided, if possible, the vicinity of dogs.

In Wallachia the country was entirely free from this pest, and there were marshes near Giurgevo where ducks and snipe abounded, whilst pelicans were to be seen in the wider reaches amongst the islands. My sport was chiefly with the snipe and ducks, and I recollect my first shot at one of the latter, a large drake, who tumbled down from the sky on to my head, which Frenchmen call *le coup du roi*.

Meanwhile Colonel Trochu, a French engineer officer, made his appearance at Giurgevo, and, as the Russians still seemed to linger in the immediate vicinity, he marked out a series of earthworks for the defence of the town. But soon after this our cavalry parties discovered that the Russian sentries who seemed to watch our movements from points of vantage were dummies stuffed with straw. Then, on the 1st of August, a large detachment of horse, escorting Captain Simmons, Skender Bey, Colonel Dieu, Sadyk Pacha, Stourdza Pacha, de Roman, and last, not least, the Spanish General Prim, with several aides-de-camp, started to reconnoitre the country at a distance, and I joined them. We scoured the plain due north in the direction of Bucharest, crossed some branches of the river Argisch, and halted at a place called Croce di Petra, where a ruined monument with a stone cupola

marked the spot sacred to the memory of Wallachians who had fallen in battle in centuries past. Here we rested after a ride of about thirty miles. Skender Bey and Prim, with his aides-de-camp, dashed through a muddy stream where a bridge had recently been destroyed by the Russians, and hunted out a couple of Cossacks who were loitering in the neighbouring village of Kalougareni. A deputation of the peasants of the place, all dressed in black sheepskin caps and white shirts and hose, was brought before us, and they confirmed that the main body of the Russian armies in the vicinity had taken their departure. It was proposed upon this by Captain Simmons to repair the bridge and advance, but Colonel Dieu counselled prudence, showed how far we were already from our base, and we turned homeward, reaching Giurgevo at sunset after an interesting but fatiguing ride of sixty miles.

Maxwell and Godkin, whom I had left at Widdin in March, now made their appearance at Giurgevo, and I met them at the headquarters of Halim Pasha, to whom they applied for permission to join the vanguard of the Turkish force now concentrating for an advance on Bucharest. Halim Pasha refused to grant their request, and I took advantage of my knowledge of this refusal to make no similar demand on my own behalf. I allowed the van of the Turks to proceed on the evening of the 5th of August, and early next morning started alone with my servant and luggage on the high-road to the fords of the Argisch and Kalougareni. As I sat on the roadside about ten miles out and loaded my Colts in order to be prepared for an emergency, I observed my new servant, a young and honest Armenian, in an agony of fear. He glanced at the maize fields on each side of the road, and noted that the maize was ten feet high and likely to afford shelter to

a score of Cossacks. But I paid no attention to his observations, remounted, and in due time caught up the vanguard of the Turks, whose cavalry was entering the village of Kalougareni. I found amongst the latter a squadron of Cossacks of the Dobrudscha commanded by Captain Cretzulesco, a Wallachian officer of Sadyk Pasha's corps, whose acquaintance I had made in Schumla. In Cretzulesco's tent I had supper and a litter of maize to sleep on, and we partook with delight of maize pudding—a substantial mash eaten, like Scotch porridge, with fresh butter. At half past two in the morning of the 7th the reveille was sounded, and we were soon on the march again, through maize fields to Dereschti. Here I had proof that my servant's notion about the capacity of maize to conceal troops was correct. Our flanking party disappeared completely amongst the stalks, horse, man, and lance equally invisible, yet audible by the rustle of the straw. At Dereschti we halted, and found Halim Pasha with Captain Simmons, Ogilvie, Ballard, and Skender Bey. Halim had either failed to obtain intelligence of the movements of the Russians, or wished to get rid of us. He took it into his head to camp at Dereschti, and Captain Simmons, accompanied by Ogilvie, started on his return journey to Giurgevo, as if disgusted at the dilatoriness of the commander. Ballard and I resolved to stick to the Turks, whose only wish, it now appeared, had been to get rid of the British Commissioner. For no sooner had Captain Simmons departed, than orders came to advance, and Ballard and I, with a vanguard of Turkish dragoons, found ourselves on the way to Bucharest, forded the Argisch once more, rode through Mogureli, and appeared at the outskirts of the Wallachian capital. Here we were met by an enthusiastic deputation; we were escorted by crowds to the principal square, and beautiful women

waved their handkerchiefs to us Europeans and to Skender Bey, whom they acknowledged as saviours from the burden of Russian occupation. The last of the troops of the Tsar, we heard, had left the city at one end as we came in at the other. We were not molested, but partook of a champagne dinner at the principal inn, and it was not till about sunset that we rode away again to camp at Dereschti, where Halim Pasha had remained. Notwithstanding the knowledge which we brought, our chief was too full of apprehensions to remain where he was. He raised his camp on the morning of the 8th and retreated with all his forces to Kalougareni. Ballard and I, who had had night quarters in a cottage, kept quiet, and determined to await the further development of events. The result was the despatch of a party of cavalry by Halim to fetch us, and our forced ride back to headquarters. Before noon, however, Halim had orders to occupy Bucharest in force, and in a short space of time Omer Pasha's whole army was encamped in the vicinity of the Wallachian capital, where we settled down at first at an inn, later on in the houses of boyards, who were pleased to receive us.

I do not think we could, all and each of us Europeans, have been better or more hospitably treated than we were at Bucharest. Cretzulesco's brother, whom I have since met as minister for Roumania in Paris, gave us dinners, as did quite a number of people of station. We tasted all the delicacies of the place—the sterlet of the Argisch and Dumbowitza, the caviar of the Danube. Ballard and I went out quail-shooting, and in the cool of the evenings we were taken out driving by our friends. Our life remained pleasant till the Austrian corps of General Coronini marched in and occupied the place. I had had letters from my father, early in July, to inform me that the Allies were to con-

tinue the war by occupying the Crimea, and that they had begun to organise the movement, though as yet we had no news of a landing. He added 'that he thought it foolish to allow the Austrians to occupy the Principalities alone, whilst England, France, and Turkey refrained from occupying Bessarabia, for that would allow of Russia mustering her whole force in the Crimea.' This is exactly what occurred. The Russians were enabled to concentrate the whole of the forces which they did not require for action on the borders of Armenia in the peninsula of the Crimea, and the Allies had to fight many pitched battles and spend a vast amount of energy in order to exhaust the strength of the enemy. What the Austrians undertook was to occupy with the Turks a country which the Russians had evacuated. They had no hostilities to fear. They brought with them old enmities and rancour; and when they entered Bucharest, the first thing they required of Omer Pasha was the dismissal of his aides-de-camp and of Skender Bey, who were forcibly transferred to the Asiatic side of Turkey, and the captivity of the Wallachians and Moldavians, whom they accused of having plotted against Austria in earlier wars.

I was living in the house of Barbo Bellio, a most hospitable Wallachian gentleman, when the Austrians entered Bucharest. The first thing that happened of which I had cognisance was the billeting of half-a-dozen Uhlans in Bellio's dwelling. The men paid little attention to the host. They devastated his property. The only beings they feared were two Scotch deer-hounds, which they tried without success to capture. One of the hounds jumped at the throat of one of the Uhlans and bit him. The lieutenant in command appeared next morning to complain. He asked in my presence that the obnoxious animals should be killed, on the ground that the possession of fierce

dogs was alike punishable by civil and military law ; and he went on to add 'that in all civilised countries——' 'Monsieur,' interposed Bellio, 'permettez que je vous arrête. Si vous croyez que vous êtes ici en pays civilisé, vous vous trompez fort.' The lieutenant was beside himself with anger. He withdrew, swearing he would pistol the hounds, which Bellio meanwhile had removed to one of his country houses.

Whilst this was going on, Demitri Bratiano, a friend of my father who was in hiding at Bucharest, sent me a message to say he had planned to escape as my servant, and hearing that I was about to leave the city for the coast, asked to be informed of the exact day of my departure. I met him perfectly disguised in a peasant dress, with a black sheepskin cap and white shirt and hose ; but as I did not leave till the 20th of September, and he was closely tracked by the Austrian police, he escaped without my assistance.

My journey to Varna, which was now decided on, had been preceded by an order from the proprietor of the 'Illustrated News' to return to England. Everything had been prepared for the journey when a second letter arrived bidding me start for the Crimea. I made my arrangements accordingly, sent my servant and horses and heavy baggage away in advance to Kalarasch, and on the morning of the 20th of September I took the ordinary Wallachian Araba post to the same place.

The Wallachian post-cart is a rectangular wicker basket on four diminutive wheels, to which four horses are harnessed, ridden by a Wallach postillion, wielding a portentous thong whip. The traveller sits on a straw mattress in the basket, and holds on to his seat by judicious use of a rope, which, being fastened to the front rail of the vehicle and held taut in his hand, prevents him from slipping out. On the day of

my departure from Bucharest in one of these vehicles the sun was hot, the dust prodigious, and the track as bad as possible. The speed with which I was driven may be judged from the fact that I made the journey to Kalarasch, say 80 miles, in eight hours. I was fast asleep when we reached our destination at sunset, and was rudely awakened by the summons of a sentry, who pressed the muzzle of his musket to my forehead as the driver reined in his galloping horses. We had gone straight into a camp of Egyptians, who ordered me out of the post-cart, and passed me successively to a sergeant, a lieutenant, and a captain, and finally to a major, into whose dwelling in the town of Kalarasch I was taken as if I was an ordinary criminal. Great was the surprise on all sides—of my captors to find me received with open arms, of the major to meet an old acquaintance from Kalafat. The man before me was a portly but stunted Turk, late secretary to Ismail Mushir Pasha, now commanding a battalion of Egyptians. The last time I had seen him he was accompanying his master in the most ludicrous position that it was possible for any man to be in. The Russians had beaten up the quarters of the general; and the staff and the troops had been forced to retire with extreme precipitation. My poor major had mounted his horse, but incontinently been thrown; and he called with piteous prayer to Ismail to help him. Ismail bade him hang on to the tail of his charger, and this the fat major did, blowing like a grampus and sobbing like a child till the party was clear of the enemy. This was the kind-hearted but feeble individual who now welcomed me, and gave me a bed for the night at Kalarasch and a breakfast next morning. I had no time to lose with my friend, who was full of inquiry as to the past and future of the campaign. I started early, after getting my servant and horses. On

the 21st of September I crossed the Danube, had my Arab shoed by a Turkish farrier, and started the same afternoon by the straightest route to Varna. Three days' sharp riding took me through the Deli Orman, or oak forest of the Dobrudscha, to my destination. The journey was made at the rate of forty-five to fifty miles a day. At Varna I slept in lodgings let to strangers by the dragoman of Colonel MacNeill, the British consul. My first impression on getting into this place was that there were signs of uncleanness in the sofas, tables, chairs, and especially the bedstead. But I was too tired to scrutinise things too closely, and I contented myself with strewing the bed with Persian insect-powder. I had hardly lain down when I fell asleep, and then I dreamt a portentous dream. I dreamt that I was in motion and that I was on a bed of thorns, but that the thorns were moving and pricking me, and that they would presently drive me mad. I awoke. It was not a dream, but reality. The bed was all alive with living things. I struck a light, and there occurred a massacre such as Sam Lover has described when his hero 'killed a thousand' at a single blow. There never was such a sight of crawling animal life of various sorts, half dead of the insect-poison. I brushed it all away, resumed my slumbers, and was not disturbed any further. The massacre had been complete.

Next morning I asked Colonel MacNeill whether there was any possibility of getting a passage to the Crimea with my horses, servant, and baggage, and would it not be feasible to let me go on board one of the numerous transports which, at this very moment, were taking in horses and cavalry soldiers for the field of action near Sebastopol? The consul declared, to my great distress, his complete inability to further my wishes. As he did so a gentleman who had entered the consulate and overheard the conversation intro-

duced himself, and said he could not see a fellow-countryman wanting a passage and not offer him one. He told me the West Indian mail steamer 'Trent,' which he commanded, had taken on board a part of the Inniskilling dragoons, and would be ready to start in a few hours. I might have a passage and welcome. I expressed my great gratitude, saw my horses hoisted on board, was duly installed in a comfortable cabin, and found myself, in company of Colonel White, Captain Hunt, and other officers, a passenger in a most capital vessel. The captain's name was Ponsonby, one of the finest specimens of a British sailor I ever laid eyes on.

CHAPTER VI

Landing at Balaclava—Visit to the front—Life in camp—In the trenches—First bombardment of Sebastopol—Battle of Balaclava—Reconnaissance and Battle of Inkerman—Hurricane of November 14—Sick—To Malta—Visit to Athens—Return to Sebastopol—Home to England.

THE scene on board the 'Trent' was an unusual one. Between decks the vessel was full of horse-boxes, and in every box was a horse. On the main deck there were two rows of stalls, each one occupied by a charger. In the cabins were the officers. The fore part of the ship was crammed with soldiers. Ponsonby ordered all things with the quickness of an experienced hand. He was activity itself, and was well seconded by West, his first lieutenant. He gave me a snug cabin with a fore-and-aft berth, which would be comfortable, as the ship was not a roller, and we hove anchor and steamed out of Varna Bay in a fresh breeze. In course of time I ascertained that Ponsonby, having run away from his stepmother's house at the age of twelve, had got an engagement as cabin-boy in an East Indiaman. From cabin-boy he had been made a sailor, and then become a mate. Finally he rose to be lieutenant, then captain of an opium clipper plying between Bombay and the Chinese ports, and at last he was promoted to a captaincy in the West India Mail Company's fleet. He was a daring and consummate seaman: got us out in prime condition with our detachment of dragoons, our horses and paraphernalia, and, besides, had in tow a sailing ship full of men and horses. But we had not been at sea many hours when the breeze freshened

into a gale, and I was forced to retire ignominiously to my berth, where I remained three days and three nights, cheered or disgusted at intervals by Ponsonby's visits, who offered me pork chops when I could not eat, and otherwise took advantage of my melancholy situation. Three days and three nights we spent hove to at about fifty miles' distance from Varna. The vessel we towed had parted from us in consequence of the breaking of the hawsers, and we wallowed in the trough of a raging sea till the wind went down, and the afternoon of the 29th of September saw us at anchor off Eupatoria. On the 30th we got secret orders to proceed, and it was quite tantalising to us to observe the ship steaming past all kinds of places where we thought we might have landed. Presently we came in sight of Sebastopol, saw the boom of sunken vessels, of which the mastheads were awash, at the entrance of the harbour, Fort Constantine on the left of the entrance, Fort Nicholas on the right, and between them part of the inner waters of the harbour, edged with stone-faced batteries, and on the right the lighthouse, the church, and grand edifices, shining bright and white in the pure air. Then the panorama became lost to our view, and we steamed along the land, marked here and there by high cliffs and bold capes, and came suddenly upon an amphitheatre of hills, evidently dipping their sides into the water of a natural harbour, crowned by ruined towers; and we saw that there was a narrow, winding entrance into the haven, and steamed into it, and found ourselves in Balaclava, a place of refuge, during the centuries, of Tartar fishermen, Genoese traders, Russian, and now British, invaders. The water of the bay was perfectly crystalline, that of the harbour of a clear purple blue. We anchored near the mouth of the port and on its left side, close to the shore; above us vineyards, in which we gathered grapes in the evening

light. On the right lay Her Majesty's ships 'Diamond' and 'Highflyer,' with their sterns to the shore; near them the steam transport 'Emperor'—all in front of a massive outwork of stone, with towers of such strength and thickness as to defy the attacks of time. Further back a slope of precipitous hill, showing in profile a long curtain, defended at intervals by towers, uniting the lower defences on the water's edge with the citadel on the top, from whence, it was clear, the view extended landward and seaward with equal advantage. Behind the 'Emperor' we saw Balaclava town, its onion-shaped steeple, narrow streets, and Greek and Tartar dwellings, and the Greeks and Tartars swarming about the place and jostling our sailors, marines, and soldiers. Above the houses another clump of hills, the summits of which were covered with the tents of a detachment of marines, and in the middle distance a view of the cliffs and capes edging the outer bay.

My stay at Balaclava was conditional on that of Ponsonby's vessel in port. He met Captain Baynton in command of one of the West India Mail Company's fleet. I gave up my Arab to Mrs. Baynton, and we all walked up escorting her on the 2nd of October to the front. There we came upon a camp of the 68th, then upon a camp of Rifles. As we reached the crest of the hills sloping down towards the fortress of Sebastopol the view was lovely. The whole vast extent of the harbour, with its creeks at right angles to the main channel, its fleet and forts and batteries, and the country far away to the rear of them, and beyond again the sea as horizon, was visible. The white forts shone clear on the blue of the water, and now and then a puff of white smoke was seen, and a shot might be observed rolling along on the ground before us. Then a shell was fired and we could hear the hissing of its fuse, and louder and louder came the noise till there

was a thud, and to our grief and surprise a tent in the lines of the 68th regiment was blown to atoms, and when we hastened to the spot, a surgeon was probing the skull of a sergeant whose brain was protruding, and a soldier lay badly wounded on one side. Within half an hour orders were given to change the encampment. The 68th was drawn back from the brow of the hill, and after I had made some sketches and come to the conclusion that the place and the time were more fitted for men and for business than for women and sight-seeing, we turned home again and rejoined our ship.

Never was a time so actively employed as that of the following days. My tendency at the moment was to find fault with everything that was done, assuming that it might have been better done and quicker than it actually was. But not that I remember the prodigious rapidity and solidity with which most things were accomplished, I have a feeling that I was unjust in my appreciations, and carping in my objections. The real fault lay with those who declared or who promised that certain things would be done on certain days, and that certain effects would be produced at given hours, and as the promise was seldom or never fulfilled, and events always occurred much later than they were timed to occur, the disappointment caused cavil and censure, very often ill deserved.

No time had been lost after the troops had gone to the front to bring up the guns and the ammunition, and the supplies. Nothing more amusing than to see sailors helping cavalry horses to haul great ship's guns and carriages up very heavy inclined slopes. The 'Diamond' and 'Highflyer' had been nearly cleared of their guns on the 3rd of October, and I sketched the parties told off to drag them forward on the 4th. On the 5th I saw the 'Terrible' and the 'Beagle' come in.

They, too, gave up some of their cannon, which went to the front, and then on the 6th the Chasseurs d'Afrique landed on the French side, and old Guys, who had joined me from Constantinople, took me to their camp, and we had a pleasant time with these gallant and first-rate officers.

The time now approached when I was to lose, if but temporarily, my pleasant quarters on board the 'Trent.' I went up to camp on the 7th and called on Sir de Lacy Evans, then in command of his division on the extreme right of the Allied position. Sir de Lacy and my father were well known to each other, and I recollected hearing much of him in Paris when the doings of the Spanish legion and the famous battle of Irun were the talk of all Europe. I recollected the old general's face, his grisly aspect in contrast with a kindly disposition, and I expected much advantage from my relationship with him. I was not deceived; for although he was now too ill to see me, he gave orders that I should be rationed as an honorary member of his staff, and I was kindly welcomed by Colonel Creagh on that staff, with whom I was allowed to occupy a tent in front of the lines of the 95th regiment. I made almost immediately the acquaintance of Colonel Herbert, with whom in the next few days I rode to inspect picquets. I thus got a clear view of the positions which we held against the Russians, especially the ravine leading down to Inkerman vale and aqueeduct, and the hills to the right and left of it, from which there was a fine view of Inkerman ruins, the head of Sebastopol harbour, and the country beyond. To my great joy, too, I found Thompson, my old comrade at Kalafat, on Sir de Lacy's staff; Colonel White and the Inniskillings with whom I had crossed from Varna, and, at no great distance, the camp of the 11th Hussars, where I discovered an old friend in Lieutenant Dunne.

In a comparatively short space of time I had made the acquaintance of numerous officers, was introduced to General Pennefather and General Adams of the second division, to Lord Cardigan of the light cavalry division, Colonel Douglas and Roger Palmer of the 11th, and a number of others whose names for the moment escape my memory. There was no messing as yet in any of the regiments. Everyone drew his rations of salt pork and beef, and biscuit, and rum ; and luxuries, if they were to be had at all, were only obtainable from the stewards of transports, or from sutlers, whose prices were excessive. Creagh was an excellent companion, but the salt fare disagreed with him, and he had occasional fits of fever, which were not improved when an alarm at night took him out on horseback to the outposts, or long-continued duty required his presence during the day. Sir de Lacy was good enough to supply me with luxuries from his own tent, and I recollect very gratefully his present to me at this time of six bottles of port, which I treasured very carefully in a corner of our bell tent. Inside that canvas dwelling there was no furniture of any kind except a waterproof rug, on which I slept, an Austrian bed-cover and a sheepskin pelisse. Saddles and saddle-bags were stowed away in the baggage tent, where the servants had their belongings. A couple of buckets served as washing basins, and a limited supply of towels, with an equally limited number of plates, and glasses, and knives and forks, made up our establishment. I slept on the ground in my clothes, only taking off my boots when I lay down. It was wonderful how the ground took my shape, and I fitted into the holes. Creagh had a bag into which he crept at night. But though he thought that he thus avoided vermin, I considered that he harboured it. One of our greatest discomforts was a parasite of the most pertinacious and loathsome

kind, which we vainly strove to destroy or get rid of. I changed my flannels daily and had them washed and wrung every twenty-four hours. But Creagh and I both alike had an army about us a few hours after the most complete change and ablution. The vermin were on the ground, where they had been left by the Russians, and there was no getting rid of them.

Happily the weather remained pretty favourable during these days under canvas. I did a good deal of sketching and writing. Creagh was alarmed and had to turn out almost every night, but on most occasions the alarms led to nothing. When I went out, either with Colonel Herbert or Major Evelyn of the Rifles, on the high ground to the right of our position, we were often fired at. Once a mortar shell fell close to us, and we lay down till it burst, which it did without harm. Another time I rode my Arab to the verge of the hill, from which I could look down upon the vale of Inkerman and see the castle ruins on the opposite cliff, and we had not been half a minute there when the horse shied and a couple of rifle bullets whizzed with a ringing sound past our ears.

In a letter of the 12th of October, in which I gave my father an account of my doings, I told him our preparations were so nearly complete that, as our chiefs affirmed, fire would be opened on Sebastopol on the 14th. Yet the day came and went, and no signs were apparent of immediate action. I therefore determined to visit the trenches, and, taking advantage of an offer made to me by Mr. de Fonblanque, our commissary, I accompanied him on the 16th of October to Chapman's battery and to the one-gun Lancaster battery. In the latter we found all ready. Looking out in the direction of the enemy through the sand-bags, we could see a three-decker in a creek below us, and ascertained that the Lancaster was to fire at that ship. The party

in the work were idle and waiting. We got into Chapman's with some difficulty—were observed and fired at, but got in unhurt. The fatigue parties, under cover of the parapet, had a deal to do to finish the places for the guns, the traverses for the protection of the gunners, and the pits for that of the men. The enemy kept up a constant fire of shot and shell, and work was delayed when the man at the parapet, who watched the Russian embrasures and saw the projectiles coming, warned his companions of 'shot' or 'shell,' the latter causing a general scamper till the missile had burst. Fonblanque and I spent some hours in Chapman's, and got to camp at nightfall. I did not then know that on the very next day the signal for general bombardment would be given, and that Chapman's and Gordon's attacks would both be ready, as well as other subsidiary works, to take part in the general fire.

I witnessed the bombardment from the Quarries, where I made a drawing of Lord Raglan on a campstool, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and orderlies, and guarded by a single sentinel. Later on I joined Sir de Lacy Evans, who was most attentively watching the effect of our fire on the Malakoff tower. We all admired the pluck of a Russian gunner at one of the pieces on the topmost platform. Amidst a storm of balls he continued loading and firing, and involuntarily Sir de Lacy said, 'Well done!' Then a final missile dismounted the gun, and our gallant Russian disappeared. It is well known that the fire of the Allies on this occasion, though it destroyed the Malakoff tower and injured the town and fortifications, was not considered so effectual as to warrant an immediate assault; it is equally well known that the co-operation of our fleet, though it increased the losses of the Russians and greatly injured Fort Constantine and the batteries

in its neighbourhood, did not help us to an attack. The French had suffered too much from explosions in their magazines to be ready for an advance, and so time was now expended in strengthening and extending the works, whilst the Russians, on their side, obtained important reinforcements, which enabled them to undertake offensive operations.

One of the things the Russians now did was to build and arm with three guns a battery near the ruins of Inkerman, intended, as it afterwards appeared, to second with a flanking fire any attack which should be made in front of our division. Sir de Lacy Evans caused a high breastwork to be thrown up on the crest of the hill to his right, for the purpose of destroying this Inkerman battery. He armed it with two 18-pounders, and I was present when General Adams, on the 22nd of October, opened fire and silenced Inkerman after a few shots. The Russians then gave up the idea of using artillery from that point, contenting themselves with rifle-pits, and Sir de Lacy therefore ordered the two guns to be withdrawn. The work came to possess real importance later on. It was within the field of the battle of Inkerman, and was taken and retaken by different bodies of troops at different periods of that engagement.

When I had done reconnoitring the ground about the 2nd Division camp, I varied my experiences by paying visits to the quarters of my friends, and on the 22nd of October went to the tent of Dunne and Palmer, of the 11th Hussars. Dunne was a Canadian, a handsome young fellow, and, like most light cavalry men at this period, a stalwart specimen of humanity. He certainly measured six feet in height, but he was temporarily incapacitated by fever and dysentery, which he hoped to cure by copious draughts of champagne. Palmer, who was of lighter build than Dunne,

humoured his inclination, and, so far as the necessities of camp life allowed, the meals were luxurious. But there were signs of want of various kinds in every other direction. Turkish soldiers, whose main body was concentrated on the cliffs outside and south of Balaclava, whilst detachments lined a string of earth-works on a crest overlooking Balaclava harbour, prowled about the camps begging for broken biscuit. Along the lines in which the horses of the 11th were picketed there was an entire absence of straw, and chargers of splendid shape showed their lean sides and rats' tails, from which the hair had been munched off by the horses behind them.

From the eleventh camp on the 24th of October I rode to the quarters of the Rifle Brigade, where I stayed the night with Captain Buller and Major Evelyn, and had a chat with Lieutenant Tryon. Both Evelyn and Tryon were crack-shots, and Tryon was well known for his success in bringing down men at long distances, but also for putting bullets into the pot-holes of Russian rifle-pits. He was a tall gaunt man, of whom his comrades thought that he never could be hit. Poor Tryon, nevertheless, fell a few days later, shot through the brain in the trenches. We had an early reveille. The trumpets called us to arms at dawn of the 25th, and it was at the head of the Rifle Brigade that I marched down to Balaclava, which the Russians had attacked in the early morning. When we reached the low ground in front of the harbour we could see the plain in front strewn with the bodies of dead and wounded Russian cavalry. They had taken advantage of the flight of the Turks from the redoubts on the crest north and west of the harbour to occupy the ground between those works, and thence swoop down upon Balaclava. They had been met first by the fire of the Highland Brigade, seconded by marines and sailors,

and next by squadrons of the Inniskilling Dragoons and Scots Greys, who had literally wedged their way into the masses of Russian riders, destroyed their formations, and compelled them to withdraw in disorder. I saw the Heavy Brigade, to which these victorious squadrons belonged, re-formed on the plain north of the crest, which had so recently been swept by the Russian advance, and further forward on the slopes of the same crest, the Light Brigade under Lord Lucan. I here bade farewell to the Rifles, who marched to occupy some of the redoubts and strengthen what now was our right flank, and presently found myself at the head of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and at the side of Colonel White in command of them. It was an inspiring moment. The Russians had withdrawn. They were fronting us due west in line, occupying the centre of the valley, and the heights on each flank. In the low ground a battery of their guns faced us. Infantry and artillery were on the hills to the right and left. We could see a mass of Russian regiments in the brushwood of the slopes to our left front, and in squadrons against them the French Chasseurs d'Afrique, who had come up to our assistance on that side. Now and then a shell from the Russian field-pieces came bowling along. One of them burst under my horse's belly, and took him off his legs. I manfully held on, with my sketch-book in one hand, my reins in the other; no harm done. A short distance off to the right I could see Captain Maude, then Captain Maxse, being helped off the field, both badly wounded, and then Captain Nolan, of Schumla acquaintance, came galloping on from the heights behind us with orders from Lord Raglan, whom we could see with his staff on the brow of the nearest declivity. Nolan passed so close to me that I hailed him, and asked how he was. He replied hurriedly, 'Well, but no time to talk,' and disap-

peared in the direction of the Light Brigade. Colonel White, meanwhile, held his ground in perfect stillness in front of his regiment. His handsome face was all alive with attention. His helmet had a heavy slash in it from the blow of a Russian in the earlier charge, and stray hairs protruded through the gash. At this moment we saw the Light Brigade in motion; they were charging down the valley, straight at the battery which lay across it. We could hear the heavy sound of the horses as they broke out of trot into canter and full gallop, and presently we could see some of the men returning who had been dismounted early in the movement. Lord William Paulett came up to Colonel White, and bending his head towards us, said: 'Poor Charteris! He and I were just riding side by side, and a round shot ricocheted over me, took the button off my cap, and knocked his head off;' and he showed his cap, and the torn place where the button had been. Then Nolan came galloping past us, erect, and apparently unhurt, when suddenly his charger swerved and he fell, without any apparent cause. He was dead; had been killed seconds before by a round shot, and rode, dead as he was, with his grip so strong that he only fell when his horse turned. Then the artillery fire against us ceased. The Chasseurs d'Afrique on our left could be seen charging in a clump—*en fourrageurs*, as the French call it; I observed them trotting, the Russians before them, altering their formation to square, the Chasseurs, rushing in, breaking the square, and the whole tumbling mass lost to view amidst the brushwood. The Light Brigade, or rather what remained of it, came back in little scattered sections, pursued by Cossacks, who halted at a respectful distance from us. They reformed; we did the same, and evening saw the contending parties back into their positions. When I rejoined the 11th I found Dunne

and Palmer as I had left them the day before. Dunne, notwithstanding his weak state, had started with his squadron, and, with Palmer, had followed Lord Cardigan closely during the charge of the Light Brigade. On the return home he saved his sergeant and several disabled men from death or captivity, and it was pleasant to hear, as towards nightfall it became known, that the regiment had been called upon to select a candidate for the Victoria Cross, and that Dunne had unanimously been singled out for that distinction.

My return from visiting the 11th Hussars was hastened on the 26th of October by the sounds of what appeared to be a general encounter on the right of our position. I arrived too late to see the whole of the action, which, as we now know, was a reconnaissance in force of the ground upon which, eleven days later, the battle of Inkerman was fought. The Russians brought up guns on the hill in front of the Second Division, known as 'The Mount' in despatches, and in camp as 'Shell Hill.' Their right crept up a road which debouched near the mill in the centre of our position. Their left crossed the ravine which separated 'The Mount' from the hill on which I described the erection of the two-gun battery; and, though easily and quickly repulsed at all points, they obtained such a knowledge of our positions that, when the time came, they marched the whole of their forces without hesitation or interruption to the points that had been reconnoitred. We had time to prepare for receiving them, but we trusted entirely to chance to repel them. Nothing occurred till the night of the 4th of November, when one of the biggest fights of our time took place.

The Russians began very early setting their troops and artillery in motion. They had actually crowned 'The Mount,' or Shell Hill, with sixty pieces of cannon, and thrown the necessary troops forward across the

ravine to their left and up the slopes and road to their right, before the main body in our camp were aware of danger. It was still dark on the morning of the 5th when the clatter of small arms was heard from our advanced picquets, and I was awakened in my tent by the thud of a round shot. I rose in haste; the word had been passed to the regiments to form. The 95th was getting into line close by. I saw my packhorse dead in an open stable next the tent, my Arab charger, frightened by the unusual sound, loose and running away at top speed. I got into the tent again, roused Colonel Creagh, and urged him to rise, as we were in for a fight. By the dim light of the candle I had lit I could watch him yawning, and I heard him declare he had been out five nights running and the alarms had all been false. Though I told him what I had just seen he would not budge, said he had fever, and remained ensconced in his sleeping-bag. I put on my boots and greatcoat and left him, saying I must join the division, and as I came out the 95th was marching whilst round shot came thundering upon us and took off Lieutenant Armstrong as we were moving out. There was quite a cannonade now going on without as yet much response on our side. It was dark, but I could see the fuses of the shells passing me; and one I observed, as I looked back, entering my tent. It burst within it, blew the pole and linen into the air, which fell down again with a crash, leaving a shapeless heap, out of which, to my great amazement and pleasure, Colonel Creagh was creeping out on all fours. Our tent had been struck by the enemy, the order was given to such of our men as were left behind to strike the remainder. I marched on with the 95th down the road leading into the ravine towards Inkerman, and then, taking an oblique line to the right, made my way towards the two-gun battery

of which I have so often spoken before. Here for a time I remained a spectator of the battle, and watched the Russians on 'The Mount' plying their guns with wonderful activity, their skirmishers working in front. But the movements on the Russian left, as well as those on their right, were concealed from me. I could perceive that there were batteries of our guns firing over my head at the Russians. Presently Colonel Percy Herbert came up on horseback and said the Russians had moved round the two-gun battery and would be where we stood in less than five minutes. 'You cannot,' he said, 'remain where you are; in fact, I order you to go back.' I pointed out to him that it was as dangerous to go back as to stay. He said he could not help that, and so I moved off in the direction of our camp. And now there was complete light, I could see every shot and shell that came booming along from those sixty guns on 'The Mount.' I had to get through their fire, and I watched the shot as they came, and stopped or jumped to dodge them, and this so successfully that I found myself at last on the rising ground near our camp.

I could now examine at more leisure what was going on to our left. Occasional puffs of smoke showed that a sailors' battery at the side of the ravine up which the Russian right had crept was firing, and there was evidence of fighting on the side of the ravine and its slopes in the direction of 'The Mount,' but the ground was too much covered with brushwood to allow of a clear view. Presently I met Dr. Dumbreck near the Powder Mill, and as we stood talking to each other a general officer appeared on the road, whom we immediately recognised as Sir George Brown. One of his arms was bleeding, and he was suffering from a shot through it. We came up to him, saw that he was about to faint, and helped him off his horse. We

were immediately joined by another doctor, the wound was bound up, and the General carried to a place of rest and safety. I do not believe that Sir George Brown ever knew I was the person who helped him off his horse in this emergency.

It was not for some time after this that I again got into the action. I observed Lord Raglan and his staff meeting General Canrobert and his suite of officers, and I recollect noting the contrast between the calm look of our one-armed veteran, with his grey head and slender frame, and the burly shape of Canrobert, whose scant but long black hair floated out from under a cocked hat lined with white ostrich, and who munched and smoked a stump of cigar as he spoke.

As a result of the meeting, or of confabulations respecting which I could only make a guess, I observed the two 18 pounders, which had been on the two-gun battery, brought forward for the purpose of checking the fire of the Russians on 'The Mount.' My friend Thompson was busy escorting parties of mule-drivers with ammunition and pressing them to the front to supply our men. Now and then a stretcher might be seen, with wounded men being brought in, an artilleryman riding a horse with only three legs. I witnessed also the coming of Bosquet's division on our right, nor shall I forget the grand movement of his troops, as they marched up in column. I shook hands with several of the officers. General Bosquet, with a voice that was heard above the sounds of war, gave the order, '*Par le centre déployez les masses*'; the officers called '*En avant,*' '*Oblique à gauche,*' '*Droit devant vous,*' '*Oblique à droite,*' and the division extended. Whilst they deployed on the right of the road to Inkerman we were rallying on the crest to the left of that road. Between the two I could see a body of Russians advancing up the road in a deep column.

It was a question whether they would come up to where I stood and annihilate the lines of French and English that were formed up to meet them on both flanks. The French indeed wavered. Some fairly turned, but were rallied by their officers and by Gubbins, a captain on Sir de Lacy's staff. Then the word was given to fire on the advancing Russian column. It seemed to wither as it clung desperately to the place in the road where it had been checked, and then there were signs that their resistance was broken and that the Russians on the right generally were retiring. I now got on to the front, and joined our line on the left of the road. The sight was grand, the whole field, mostly brushwood up to the brow of 'The Mount,' was full of movement. We were halted, the Russians in places giving way. Then it was that the Russian artillery on 'The Mount' put on a vigorous spurt. The word was passed along the line I had joined, 'All lie down,' and we lay down, the Russian balls passing over us for a short period as a very hail, and then there was a sensible decrease of the fire and our men advanced. I hardly recollect at what time the battle came to a close. I strolled away to the right again, and gradually neared the two-gun battery round which the fight had evidently been raging. A soldier in Russian dress with his bowels protruding asked me in Wallachian for water, 'Dai mi apa, domnu.' So I understood him. But I had no water, we had had none all day. Near by were countless wounded of all the nationalities assembled round Sebastopol, English Guards, Frenchmen, Russians. Presently Lord Raglan came up followed by his staff. The engagement was over, a French battery had driven up 'The Mount' and was firing upon the Russians whose masses were already moving away in the plain near the head of Sebastopol harbour.

Lord Raglan, who did not know me, asked me sternly what I was doing in that place, I said, 'I am an artist,' and showed him my sketch-book, in which were scraps of the battle and especially of the moment when the Russians had made their last stand on the road near the Second Division camp. He said, pointing to the two-gun battery, 'Well, you will have seldom seen such a sight as this,' and then, busying himself with what was going on around, and pointing to a sergeant-major of the Guards who lay wounded, he said, 'Think of it, here is a gallant fellow to whom I have just offered a commission, and he refuses because, he says, he is not socially fitted for that rank. Then, gathering his staff together, Lord Raglan took me with him, and we turned homewards towards the camp, when suddenly the whizzing of a cannon ball surprised us. The shot fell within a few feet of our party, rose into the air and fell again on the other side of us. 'Only a shot, my Lord,' said an aide-de-camp, and as he spoke the missile exploded, covering us with earth and bits of stones, and, wonderful to relate, hurting no one. At four in the afternoon I came back to the camp of the Second Division, requisitioned a new tent, and examined the site of the one which had been blown up. In the stables of the division, that is, wherever the earth had been excavated in order to give shelter to horses, wounded men and malingerers appeared to have lain down for shelter from the direct fire of the Russian artillery. But in every case they had failed to obtain security. All of them were dead, either of their wounds or from the impact of exploding shells. Otherwise, everything remained much as I had left it. But of the six bottles of port which Sir de Lacy Evans had given me, five were broken and lost, and one only remained. When I went in to dinner with Creagh, and ate some

cold salt junk and biscuits and drank some water, I enjoyed the fare as if it were princely. Outside, the soldiers were sewing up in their blankets the bodies of the officers who had fallen in the action, and as night fell there were seven of these corpses in front of our tent.

I know nothing more fearful than a field of battle the day after the fight. Numbers of men lie dead, but numbers too are living and cannot move because of their wounds. I watched the parties sent out in the early morning of the 6th of November as they brought in the survivors to the field hospitals. One unfortunate Russian was put standing on one leg, being wounded in the other, and the limb already black from gangrene. He pointed to his wound, and the surgeon's assistant smiled and ran his finger round the man's thigh, intimating to him by this gesture that he would speedily be relieved by amputation. Presently he was carried to the table, the operation began, and he was dead before it was over. It is to me characteristic evidence of the effect which battles and familiarity with danger and wounds creates, that I, who always fainted when I saw the slightest dressing of a cut, now bore the sight of men in agonies from shot-wounds and fractures or operations without wincing. The senses get marvellously blunted by constant excitement and habit. The idea of death is always present to the mind, it is quite familiar and produces no further tremor or nervous action. As I sauntered back to lunch from the hospital, who should appear but my old friend and colleague, William Russell. He had been round the field making notes, was tired and hungry and asked me for a glass of wine. I opened for him my last and only bottle of port. He found it delicious, and before I could partake of more

than one glass for company's sake, he had drained the whole of it without winking.

For some days things remained unchanged in all our camps. Some stiff fighting took place in the trenches, and in an expedition planned for the capture of a line of Russian rifle-pits my poor friend Tryon met his death. Buller, in whose tent I had made Tryon's acquaintance, lay dangerously wounded, and received, all the same, the visits of his friends. Thompson, after going through the whole battle of Inkerman with ammunition parties without being once hit, shot himself by accident in the leg when cleaning his revolver. It was hard for him that he should be thus disabled; harder still when, having been sent to hospital at Scutari, he found himself attacked by quite an unexpected malady. At the battle of the Alma, when following Sir de Lacy Evans, he had been thrown from his horse by a cannon ball, which passed close to his head and grazed his shoulder. Recovering after a time from the stunning effects of this blow, he caught a stray horse in the field, mounted, rejoined Sir de Lacy, and remained by him to the close of the action. Never, from that time till he got to Scutari with a bullet through his leg, had he felt any inconvenience from his contusion at the Alma. Whilst he lay and his leg wound healed, a tumour formed on the contused part of his shoulder, and the inflammation, spreading to the vicinity of his spine, nearly brought him to death's door. He recovered, but I saw no more of him till I returned to the Crimea in the summer of the following year.

Our camps, meanwhile, were getting to be most uncomfortable, and on the 12th of November I took advantage of the return of Ponsonby in the 'Trent' to Balaclava to renew acquaintance with the hospitality of

that vessel. I broke up my establishment altogether, because Sir de Lacy Evans, who had been obliged to retire for the sake of health on board the 'Britannia,' and, having left his sick bed to witness the Battle of Inkerman, in which he took no share, had determined to return to England, and Creagh had resolved to go home likewise. But I had another reason for leaving the front. During one of the cold nights after the battle, I had had one of my toes frostbitten, and I required the services of a surgeon.

On board the 'Trent' I encountered the fearful storm which burst on the coasts of the Crimea on the 14th of November. The harbour of Balaclava was closely packed with transports, and they all fell foul of each other, breaking bulwarks and masts and other gear in a most destructive manner. But in the course of a couple of hours order had been restored inside the port, and Ponsonby and I walked up the hills to the verge of the cliffs to see what the effect of the hurricane had been on the vessels in the offing. The sight I witnessed was appalling; the events that occurred before my eyes were dreadful. I could see, in the boiling surge of a sea lashed into lather by wind of extraordinary force, a dozen of vessels—steamers and sailing ships, men-of-war and merchant vessels—all trusting to their anchors or steam power to keep them from being thrown on the high, precipitous rocks, at the summit of which I cowered, helpless, like so many others, to give any assistance. I saw a steamship, which I knew to be the transport 'Avon,' slip her anchors and go to sea. I saw her fall off before the wind, turn, then fall off again, and finally steer into the harbour and reach it safely. But I also saw a sailing ship, called the 'Wild Wave,' put out a boat, into which the whole crew, except three men, threw themselves; and hardly had they left the side when a curling wave

overwhelmed them, and boat and men were lost, leaving not a vestige behind. The three hands on board were the captain, the mate, and a boy, and I could see them conferring whilst the ship slowly yielded to the pressure of the wind. After a time she struck, though her anchors held and had only dragged. After a rebound she struck again and again, and at last was pressed so close to the shore that the boy sprang from the taffrail on to the rock. He was quickly followed by the mate. The captain, too late, sprang short, and was swallowed up by the surf. A wave then burst upon the cliff to which the boy and mate clung, and, with desperate efforts, tried to climb. The wash caught the mate and sucked him off. It failed to catch the boy, who got higher and higher, till he was rescued by people on the cliff. Other ships followed and shared the fate of the 'Wild Wave,' but without any of the fearful incidents which had made the loss of the 'Wild Wave' so awful. Amongst those who distinguished themselves in saving life at various points on this terrible day Ponsonby and his crew were conspicuous.

It was natural that a hurricane of such force as I had witnessed at Balaclava should do infinite damage on shore. It played great havoc in the camps: caused serious losses of material in tents and clothing, and made the roads so bad that stores could with difficulty be moved. Our men, too, being unprepared for a long campaign, suffered severely from want of covering of every kind, and I recollect, a few days after the storm, paying a visit to Captain Colville of the Rifles, and seeing some of his tents so battered and his men so ragged that one could hardly acknowledge them, except for their martial air, to be British soldiers.

My ailments meanwhile increased. My frostbite

caused me great pain, and about the end of November I took advantage of the 'Trent's' departure for Constantinople and Malta to engage a passage in her. The Duke of Cambridge, whose health had given way, was a passenger with me as far as Constantinople, and I had several interesting conversations with him during the journey. From Constantinople we took some sick men and officers to Malta, amongst them a surgeon, who performed the operation of extracting one of my toe-nails as we crossed the Sea of Marmara. I do not stop to describe the mode of proceeding. I can only say that when the 'nail had been torn out with a forceps I felt as if my whole life was departing from me through the opening. Meanwhile, we passed the Dardanelles and steamed down the Archipelago in fair weather, when, in rounding Cape Matapan, we were assailed by a gale almost equal in violence to that which had visited us at Balaclava. I fell again a prey to seasickness, till we sighted Malta, where we got into dock and were laid up for repairs. I rapidly recovered after my operation, rode my Arab into the country, visited the governor's garden, where one eats his fill of oranges and pomegranates for sixpence, and otherwise enjoyed the delight of a warm climate in January. But besides refitting, Ponsonby had an eye to business. He and I joined in a venture. I furnished my savings, he drew on his credit, and we loaded the 'Trent' with woollen blankets, seal-skin boots, and other articles suited to the climate of the Crimea. In order the better to defy the winter I had a portable hut made, and with all these treasures on board the 'Trent' we sailed for Balaclava. But before leaving I had considered it my duty to my employers to warn them that a correspondent and artist would have comparatively little use for his activity during the winter months, and said I was prepared to go home for a time, although it would be

necessary that I should revisit the camp before finally leaving the Black Sea.

The answer of the editor of the 'Illustrated News' reached Malta on the eve of my departure. I started for Constantinople with Ponsonby on board the 'Trent' on the understanding that my stay in the transport would be limited to the time required for the disposal of our cargo.

On the journey Ponsonby put in for coal at Athens, and there I had the first of my opportunities of visiting the classic land of Greece. We were anchored at the Piræus, Ponsonby and I landed, took a native vehicle which set us down at Athens, and ascended the rugged paths which lead to the Acropolis. I cannot express the effect upon me of the sight of these lovely ruins. We examined minutely the Parthenon and the Erechtheion, went down to the other ruins, of which the marble pillars still remain either standing or recumbent, and got home almost dead beat from fatigue. A second day was given to Athens and its environs, and then we sailed for Balaclava, which we reached without adventure.

The months of December and January had been most trying to the troops before Sebastopol. Ever since the gale of the 14th of November they had been suffering from great privations. To the ordinary losses by the casualties of the siege were superadded the losses by sickness. Lord Raglan had not foreseen how bad the Crimean winter would be, and how difficult the communications between the sea and the camp would become during the wet season. The transports, which had been laden with ammunition on the one hand and winter clothing on the other, had been wrecked; their cargoes had perished. Supplies were scarce and difficult of transport on account of the quagmires which were honoured with the name of roads. Men fell sick and

either died or became useless for service. It was melancholy, as we lay after our arrival in mid-January in Balaclava harbour, to see the long strings of mules that came down from the front carrying men disabled by fever or wounds, and equally distressing to see the same animals staggering through the mud with such quantities of provisions or provender as their strength would allow them to carry to the front. The horses of the cavalry were used up in transport, whilst the men of the foot regiments were used up by alternate nights in the trenches and days on the tramp for food. I had not been twenty-four hours in the harbour when I fell sick of fever, and was confined for five days to my bed. But then I rose, and whilst Mr. Noah, an American friend of Ponsonby's, laid out our wares and sold them to the crowds of officers who flocked to get such an unexpected supply, I landed my Arab and rode up to the camp to visit old friends and acquaintances. It appeared that the winter had been committing frightful ravages amongst us. There was one day on which we had but 10,000 men on the list of effectives. From home we got grievous complaints about the carelessness which had brought things to this pass, and we were told to compare our own inefficiency with the efficiency of our French allies. But the two armies had been from the beginning very different in numbers and organization. We had our faults, which were doubtless grievous; but the French also had theirs. They had the advantage of an administrative service which never as yet had formed part of our arrangements. Being three times more numerous than we were, they had a larger number of combatants to man a line of trenches infinitely smaller than ours. They used their soldiers exclusively for defence, the transport was worked by regimental labourers. We fought and carried our provisions with a single body of men.

Their troops were in the trenches to the extent of one-fifth of their entire number every day. Our men, having to perform the work of the commissariat and biscuit transport at the same time as that of the trenches and roadmaking, were never at rest night or day. That was the true cause of our inferiority. As for the sick, they were as numerous proportionally on the French side as on the English. Whilst we had 3,000 men in hospital in Constantinople, the French had 7,000 in similar condition in the same place. The French cavalry, with the exception of the hardy Chasseurs d'Afrique, were in the same plight as ours. But the French themselves added to the general discomfort by their boasting. They were ready, they observed, to open fire again; we were not. It was in vain that we reminded them that when the siege began they were the laggards. We added that their readiness might be a pretence, since on previous occasions they had declared themselves prepared and, when the pinch came, their lines were weak, their magazines anything but shell-proof, and their power to act paralysed.

I was not sorry to leave all this discomfort, and when I had disposed of my hut and drawn out some part of my profits in our venture, leaving the rest to be invested by Ponsonby in a new one, I turned my head homeward, steaming as far as Constantinople in the 'Trent,' and then took passage on board a transport bound for Marseilles with 700 or 800 wounded French officers and soldiers.

We had a prosperous passage down the Sea of Marmara. I had two Englishmen as companions, Sir George Wombwell, an old Crimean acquaintance, and Petre, a Queen's Messenger. After passing the Dardanelles the weather became very bad, the ship rolled heavily, and I was daily thankful to Ponsonby for the

selection of my berth, for he had told me the ship was a roller and the cross berths were the best. Petre had not been in bed an hour after we passed Gallipoli when he was pitched out of his berth and had a near escape of being killed. The Frenchmen were all sick. Wombwell, Petre, and I, being more seasoned, braved the motion and joined the French captain daily at his dinner. When a French officer ventured in to mess he never got further than the soup, 'Ces affreux Anglais,' he muttered, 'ils mangent toujours.' And so the days passed, and we got into quiet waters in the Straits of Messina. But in Messina harbour the seamanship of our captain was put to a severe trial. The harbour is spacious, so deep, indeed, that there is no anchorage, and ships that take up berths inside make fast to the shore or to buoys connected by strong chains to the quays. When we steamed in we made fast to one of these buoys, and the fires were banked whilst the ship prepared for coaling. On a sudden a tempest arose, the steamer broke away from her moorings, and danger of shipwreck was imminent, for whilst the engineers were firing up, and steam as yet was deficient, the vessel fell off before the wind and rapidly drifted towards the shore. I was but a landsman, but I must say that in this emergency the captain was no sailor and the men were put to the wrong duties. The captain let go two anchors, which, for the reasons I have given, could not find the bottom. I brought some of the men together aft, loosened the mizen-sheet, got the hands to set the sail, and so brought the ship's head up to the wind. By the time this was fortunately accomplished, steam enough was obtained, and we got away from the shore, where a biscuit might at one moment have been thrown. After we were safely moored again the captain took eighteen hours to get his anchors, the

chains of both having run out to the chocks and twisted themselves into a rope. It will surprise no one, after this, to read that on the stormy passage which we had to Marseilles all the glass and crockery in the ship was smashed, several wounded men were thrown about in a dangerous manner, a quartermaster was pitched in my presence over the steering wheel, and the captain made Toulon lights in mistake for the lights of Marseilles. Wombwell, Petre, and I were glad to land; and, whilst Petre started with his despatches, we took a pleasant rest at an inn, travelling leisurely afterwards to Calais in a tempest of snow and sleet. A little cockboat of a steamer took us and three Irish priests slowly to Dover, and I do not think I ever recollect witnessing agonies like those of my Irish fellow-travellers, one of whom was six-foot two and thin as a herring, whilst his companions were portly and fat as the great 'Daniel Lambert.' We got into London in the coldest possible weather at five, the coldest possible hour in the morning, found the Thames frozen over, took a cab to Sir George Wombwell's house by Hanover Square, and were greeted as we entered by a foolish parrot, who shrieked, 'I wish I were a butterfly!'

CHAPTER VII

Lectures on the War—Evidence before the Roebuck Commission—Return to the Crimea—Balaclava in the second year of our occupation—Death of Lord Raglan—Visit to Cape Phoros—Battle of the Tchernaya—General Pélissier—Final Bombardment and Capture of Sebastopol—Sebastopol after Capture—Expedition to Odessa and Kinburn—Capture of Kinburn—Winter before Sebastopol—Peace.

THE pleasure of returning home from a campaign, after an absence of nearly a year and a half, can only be conceived by the few who have had experience of this feeling in its intensity. Everything contributes to elate the spirits, the return to old associations, the welcome of friends, the kind reception of relations. Coming from countries in which different forms of life, of manners, and of religion, have been observed, one's feelings are touched in all kinds of ways by contrast. Nothing so strange and overpowering as the change, and I recollect even now the thrill which unmanned me as I heard the ringing of bells at Messina. I had heard the muezzin in his spire, and now for his sharp and nasal cry was substituted the shrill clangour of the Christian call to worship. And oh ! the delight (to come to more material subjects) of landing at Dover and devouring a plate of roast beef, when one has been feasting upon weevily biscuit and salt junk.

It was about the close of the first week in February that I arrived in London. With delight I was welcomed by Cavalcaselle to our old lodging in Silver Street. With equal delight I was received by my sister Amy, who was staying with Thackeray's daughters in his house at Kensington.

My father, who had married a second wife, now lived at a farmhouse in the vicinity of Boulogne, my brother Eyre was located in an atelier of the Rue Pigalle (No. 66) in Paris, my brother Edward working his way slowly up the ladder of promotion at Dudley.

I had a warm reception from Mr. Thackeray, who forthwith started a scheme by which I was to make a fortune in lecturing on the war. Tom Taylor introduced me to the Cosmopolitan Club and the house of the Thoby Prinseps. Dinners innumerable were given me by Kirwan, McCullagh, Joe Parkes, and Sir George Wombwell. Mr. Ingram issued cards for a house dinner in my honour at the Reform Club, to which were invited Thackeray, Charles Mackay, Little, and Timbs, of the 'Illustrated London News,' Peter Cunningham, Behan, and others. Sir Cusack Roney, in a flattering speech, proposed my health.

Unfortunately, health was a sore and difficult point with me. I came home with some symptoms of fever, which, during the London festivities, became intermittent, and I suffered at times from extraordinary depression. Happily, nothing could be kinder than the treatment of everyone with whom I was connected. Mr. Ingram promised me new employment when I should have rested. But my energies, which had already been seriously taxed, had now to bear an extraordinary strain. I had taken my Flemish painters in hand, with the intention of writing their lives afresh. Mr. John Murray asked me to write for the April number of the 'Quarterly Review' an article upon the Crimean war, Mr. Roebuck sent me an order to appear before the committee appointed to report on the state of our army in the Crimea, and last, not least, I had contracted to deliver a lecture on the Crimean war at the London Marylebone Institution. It is with some feeling of pain and regret that I look back upon this.

period of my literary activity. I succeeded but moderately in all these undertakings. Whether it was that I ventured upon too much at one time, or that my powers were really not sufficiently mature, I failed in my lecture. Mr. Elwin, the editor of the 'Quarterly,' refused my article, on the plea that its contents were not sufficiently different from those of an earlier essay in the 'Review' on the same subject, and, as will appear in the sequel, Mr. Murray again rejected my book on the Flemish painters.

I cannot, however, pass over thus cursorily the events of a period so important and of such influence on my future career.

When I set foot on the French shore at Marseilles, I learned that Lord Aberdeen had resigned and that Lord John Russell and Lord Derby had both failed to form a new Cabinet; and before I arrived in London (February 6) Lord Palmerston had kissed hands as Prime Minister and Lord Aberdeen been installed (February 7) as Knight of the Garter. The cause of all this commotion was the state to which the British army had been reduced during the war, and the wish of Parliament to determine responsibilities and ascertain the causes of the breakdown. Mr. Roebuck, member for Bath, who was the prime mover of the inquiry, was not a man to drop it, even after the Ministry which had had to bear the brunt of obloquy was dismissed. In spite of Lord Palmerston, the Committee met and sent for witnesses, and I, fresh from the scene, was specially summoned to give evidence by Mr. Roebuck. But the facts elicited before I came to a hearing had greatly cleared the ground. My friend and colleague Macdonald, of the 'Times,' had made such a description of the hospitals at Scutari that nothing that I could say was calculated to increase the effect already produced. Yet the 'Illustrated

London News' thought itself justified in stating, in its leading article of the 17th of March, not only that their 'artist and correspondent' had made a valuable contribution to the literature of the war, but that 'the contrast which he drew between the state of the French camp and depôt and that of our own would be a feature of the general case when it came to be summed up.'

I have now before me the lecture which I delivered twice on the subject of the war, on the 27th of March and on the 6th of April, before a fairly good-natured audience at the Marylebone Literary Institution. I described my experiences in Bulgaria and Wallachia, and my journey to Sebastopol. I sketched the positions which we held on the south side of the besieged city, and described the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman. The whole lecture was prematurely published in the 'Morning Herald' of the 7th of April. I recollect that Cavalcaselle had enlarged for me a map of the positions in and about Sebastopol, and that amongst the audience I remarked my friends Kirwan, Sir de Lacy Evans, and Sir Robert Peel. Some parts which struck me at the time of delivery as too pathetic I omitted; and, throwing over my MS. at a particular point, I made a rapid sketch and gave a general survey of the place and the battlefields, which to my great satisfaction elicited considerable applause. One incident connected with this lecture passed off unnoticed by the public.

I remember telling how, having incurred a debt of 25*l.*, I had been served with a writ, but had been able to pay the lender his money before my departure for the Crimea. The paper which I had originally signed had been renewed three times, and once I had neglected to insist on the return of the old bill when I signed the new one. The cost of renewal each time had been 5*l.* The money-lender, as I now discovered

claimed that I had left the last renewal fee unpaid. That, at least, was the explanation given of the action which he thought fit to take on the occasion of my lecture. I was just about to appear on the platform when an attendant told me I was wanted outside. Hurrying out, I was met by a sheriff's officer, who arrested me on the writ, now eighteen months old, for an alleged minus in my payments of 5*l.* I pulled out my purse and offered the sheriff's officer a five-pound note, but he said he was sorry to say he could not accept it, and that I must accompany him to Chancery Lane. I pointed out to him that I had an audience waiting for me. He said if I made it worth his while he would sit on the platform till I was done; and I leave my readers to judge of the feelings with which I began to speak, standing at a desk under the protection of the myrmidon of the law, who was doing me unwittingly, but quite legally, a wrong. I gave a sovereign to the officer, and after the lecture he took me to Chancery Lane. The proceeds of my lecture just paid the 10*l.* which my usurer cost me. I gained little in fame but much in experience, and never borrowed on an accommodation bill again.

After all, my real interest and pleasure lay in my book which, having pulled to pieces, I now proceeded to reconstruct. I cannot say how often certain passages were cancelled and rewritten, or what amount of patching the text underwent. But it was full of new and interesting matter, and I was enabled to place it finally, toward the middle of April, in Mr. Murray's hands.

Having concluded this, to me, important piece of business, and being still without any prospect of permanent employment, I left London for Paris, where I spent a week or more on a visit to friends. My brother, at that time living in the Rue de l'Oratoire, a

street that has since been rechristened in the name of Washington, seized the opportunity to paint a likeness of me, which unfortunately I have not preserved.

On my return to London, I found evidence enough of the fact that in spite of the most powerful efforts made by England to procure a peace, there was every likelihood that active operations would immediately be resumed in the Crimea. I was soon made acquainted with the probability that my services would again be put in requisition at the seat of war ; and Mr. Ingram, who had had no correspondent at the seat of war for six months, and felt that it was not enough to keep even two such artists as Mr. Guys and Mr. Goodall to send him drawings, became convinced that it had become necessary to resume the arrangement under which one man should furnish both the sketches and the descriptive matter. At the close of May he asked me to return to the Crimea ; and within three weeks, I found myself at Constantinople again, renewing my stores, purchasing a horse, and otherwise preparing for a campaign. I was accompanied on my journey from Marseilles by Howorth, the Queen's Messenger, with whom, after our arrival in the Bosphorus, I visited the camp of the Turkish contingent at Buyukdere (June 18). On the 22nd I arrived in the 'Oscar', at Balaclava, having spent half a day sketching at Khoslov near Heraclea whilst the steamer was coaling.

I found Goodall and Guys almost immediately, the first in camp with friends of the Naval Brigade, the second in a hut at Balaclava. Having been unable to engage a servant willing to go to the front, and being only served by a groom, who attended exclusively to the Gibraltar pony which now carried me, I asked for and obtained a berth on board the 'Bucephalus' transport lying in the harbour as a storeship, and I shared

the main cabin of that fine old sailing ship with a young Englishman named Morgan, whose company I had enjoyed on board the 'Oscar,' and who had come to the Crimea with the promise of a commission, which he never obtained.

I had left the Crimea in midwinter, I now revisited it in summer. Instead of snow and ice; I met with tropical heat and awnings. The harbour of Balaclava had been very much altered, a line of quays had been built and a small-gauge railway ran along the water's edge. Many of the Greek and Tartar dwellings had disappeared. Here and there hideous wood and iron huts occupied their place. The ships which filled the port were all berthed stern on to the quays. The Tartar araba might be seen drawn by buffaloes by the side of railway trucks and trolleys. Vast mounds, covered with tarpaulins in spare spaces, held supplies of corn and hay; outside, the swamp at the head of the harbour had been covered with huts in which there dwelt a motley crew of Mahomedan Croats, doing the work of carriers, Maltese boatmen and Spanish muleteers. A corps of transport men had been enrolled, of which one could see the brigand forms intermingled with those of the Asiatics. Instead of the camels and dromedaries, which used slowly to march under the goad of the Tartars, I saw mules and pack horses in every variety. The port was more crowded, its waters were more foul than I had ever seen them before. The great heat natural in July was supplemented by a variety of evil smells more 'clear and well defined' than even those of Cologne.

Beyond the town, the changes were equally remarkable. From the huts there flowed a ceaseless current of people, towards a village of tents of every possible shape and colour, in which cafejis distributed coffee and drinks, and turbaned labourers took a

momentary repose, either to have their heads shaved or smoke their chibouques and hubble-bubbles.

Outside the circumference thus peopled, the camps were laid out. But we were no longer confined to the space between the harbour and the low saddle-back which had been so ill defended by the Turks on the day of the battle of Balaclava. A Piedmontese force occupied the valley down which the Light Brigade had made its perilous charge, and the Turkish force, under Omer Pacha, held the slopes of the mountains which edged the vale of Varnoutka, and the cliffs that dipped their sides into the sea on this side of Cape 'Phoros. Just previous to my arrival, on the 18th of June, the long-expected assault of Sebastopol, which I had been sent out expressly to witness, had been made and repulsed. Lord Raglan, who knew that the Malakoff was the key of the Russian position, and thought that a simultaneous attack on Redan and Malakoff must fail, had nevertheless consented to send in his stormers in order that the French might have no excuse for attributing defeat on their part to English supineness. He had had, as I now heard, a serious quarrel with General Péliissier, during which mutual recriminations were interchanged, and our losses so affected our general that he lay down prostrated by sickness, refused or rejected all food, and, as Canrobert said to the Queen, 'C'est ce qui a tué le pauvre Milord.' At the front the French had taken up our old positions on the right overlooking Inkerman, and on the ground which had been held by Sir de Lacy Evans lay the Zouaves and the French guards. Their trench parties formed on the very spot where my tent had been blown up, and between that and Shell Hill the remains of hillocks might be seen where stray dead had been buried after Inkerman, and I observed a French soldier shaking hands with the skeleton whose bones protruded out of the mould

Amongst the commanders here, to my delight, I met Colonel Dieu, and he said, rubbing his hands, 'When we have done this piece of work we shall have a little turn with you English, and I shall go to London and marry *une Miss*.' There was now no love lost between the armies, and the old hearty friendship of the early time had been exchanged for jealousy and carping, though still here and there amiability and hospitality were to be found.

Of this I soon had proof when I accompanied Guys to our old friends the Chasseurs d'Afrique. But before we took that trip we first visited the vale of Varnoutka, the Piedmontese outposts, and the Turkish camps up to the Woronzow villa or mosque on the way to Baidar. It would have been a delight to ride up these valleys and enjoy purer air than that of the camps or of Balaclava, but that the roads and fields were covered with the festering bodies of cattle which had been sent out to grass and died on the way, and the air was filled with dreadful stench. I sketched the Woronzow villa, back and front, and the headquarters of Omer Pacha overlooking the sea, on which one could discern large vessels lolling in the calm, and I failed not to make studies of the Croats in their coffee tents, or take pictures of the harbour with its shipping and background of rocks and towers, and its swarming population of carters, carriers, and porters.

On the 30th of June Lord Raglan died, and on the 3rd of July Guys and I saw his body placed upon the gun that was to be his hearse, and Pélissier, who had quarrelled with our illustrious old leader, place a wreath of immortelles upon his coffin. There rode, side by side near the hearse, to the sound of minute-guns, Omer Pacha, Generals Simpson and Lamarmora, and Pélissier, and Canrobert. The latter I had seen at Inkermann, with the cocked hat and white ostrich feather

which denoted supreme command ; now he was second to Pélissier, who wore the white whilst Canrobert wore the black.

It was surprising to me how few of my old acquaintances I found when I set about looking for them. Most hospitable were what remained of the old corps of the 11th Hussars and Enniskilling Dragoons. It was with some of these that I went to the front, on the evening of the 15th of July, and witnessed a farce played by soldiers in a theatre lighted up with paper lanterns on the site of the old Second Division camp. The performance was interrupted late in the evening by a sortie, in which some of the actors and spectators either lost their lives or were disabled by wounds.

The hopes and illusions of this moment are set forth in a letter to my father of the 21st of July, in which I said :

‘ We shall commence fire in earnest on Sebastopol in about seven or eight days, when the French are ready. Whether we succeed or not, we then move into the field. We shall shortly have 10,000 mules and pack-horses ready for service, our cavalry is fresh and more numerous than usual, and the ground has been reconnoitred up to the head waters of the Belbek, down which an army would turn the Russian left. If there we succeeded in driving back the enemy our game would be most advantageous. General Pélissier and Omer Pacha are not on friendly terms, and the Turk has consequently left the Crimea, where he will be replaced by someone else. The Piedmontese dislike their inactivity. Neither the English nor the French will allow them to take part in the actual labours of the siege, because each of them feels that the intrusion of a third nationality would be unfair. The Sardinians on that account long for action in the field.’

On the 22nd of July, which was a Sunday, I got notice that detachments of French and English cavalry would advance along the road from Baidar to the Phoros Pass, and I started at an early hour, accompanied by Morgan and the captain of the 'Bucephalus.' We reached Baidar in safety, and thence advanced to the so-called pass, which was a narrow road leading up from the valley to the top of the cliffs overlooking the Black Sea. Ingress and egress were impeded at this point by a massive building of stone, with an archway flanked by Corinthian columns. When we got through the sight was magnificent, showing us the road in front descending towards the water, and losing itself in the turns of the ground about Cape Phoros. At a great distance below were two British steamers at anchor. On the way back I sketched Baidar village and the pass, with its arched gateway, and we got home late and very tired.

Life on board the 'Bucephalus' was not unpleasant at this time. The captain of that ship was very hospitable, and when he chanced to join any party during which we were treated, camp fashion, to refreshment or a shakedown for the night, he would requite the obligation to the full by asking our hosts to dinner and treating them to a 'joint' and British ale and stout. Many a time did the mess cabin resound with the praise which the Chasseurs d'Afrique lavished on the plain viands and liquors which they consumed on these occasions. At night the 'Bucephalus' was very lively. She was an old and roomy vessel, amply supplied with rats, and I well recollect how a couple of these cold and loathsome animals disturbed Morgan's night's sleep and my own, and we had a grand hunt of them during which I shied my boots at them, and, instead of hitting rats encountered poor Morgan's head. But other quaint incidents occurred on board. The

hold was full of stores, of clothing and Government property of all kinds, and there were people who not only coveted but, I believe, often made away with what they could pilfer of these goods. Whilst this was going on inside, one could also see pilfering ashore, and I often watched from the main deck the Croats and sutlers loitering on the quay, under the eye of a sentry, and carrying off in their shawl belts anything they could grab at, from Portugal onions to tinned meats. Once, playfully, I asked a sentry whether it was part of his business to allow the Croats to steal, and he told me sulkily to mind my business. I recollect talking of this question of misappropriation to responsible men at Balaclava, and they seemed to me to conclude that it was impossible to repress these frauds effectually; they thought it was better to overlook pilfering because it was far less serious than the wholesale robbery that sometimes took place undiscovered. I wrote a letter to my father at this time, in which I said that 'if a question were put in the House of Commons on the subject of loss of stores at Balaclava, and the difference between the quantities landed and the quantities issued it would be found that something like a million sterling would remain unaccounted for, and this quite exclusive of the profit and loss account which showed a deficiency of millions after the storm of the 14th of November, 1854.'

Of course the seven or eight days which were to elapse before fire was again opened in earnest upon Sebastopol had long been spent before any real signs of action were apparent. But, on the 27th of July, symptoms of decision were revealed by the clearing out of all field hospitals at the front. August, however, came, and nothing occurred but the ordinary exchange of shots. Our difficulties were increasing in proportion as the parallels were driven closer to the Russian

works. And we found to our great disgust that whilst the approaches to the Malakoff which we had made over to the French were in loose and easily handled strata of earth, our advance towards the Redan and cemetery was through quarries, and along stony ledges most difficult to burrow in. We were not surprised, therefore, to hear from one of our exchanged prisoners not only that the Russians were quite confident of being able to hold their own, but equally confident that Sebastopol would never be taken. We were very soon made aware of the exact importance of these utterances. On the 13th of August large reinforcements were observed to join the defenders of Sebastopol, and encamp on the Mackenzie heights. General Simpson recalled the cavalry detachments which I had been to visit in the neighbourhood of Phoros. The Russians prepared for a grand combined attack, first of all upon the positions of the Piedmontese and French, at the bridge over the Tchernaya, which was the bulwark of our positions on the right, and subsidiary to that upon Balaclava, their intention being, if successful in turning us, to roll up our forces, and drive us back to Kamiesch, whilst sorties were made to destroy the defenders of the trenches. I was awakened early on the 16th, on board the 'Bucephalus,' by the sound of an engagement, and, ordering my horse, made my way as quickly as possible to the scene of action. Here I found that the Russians had deployed at daylight, had stormed three times, and ultimately carried Traktir bridge, that they had crossed the Tchernaya, and the canal parallel to it by means of portable ladders, and had made a determined effort to obtain possession of the heights above Sebastopol. When I got near enough to see what was going on, the Russians had already been thrown back, had lost the Traktir bridge again, and were retiring under cover of batteries thrown forward

on Mackenzie heights. It appeared that they had taken as many as 60,000 men into action with 160 guns, and I soon had occasion to observe on the battlefield that their loss exceeded 8,000 killed and wounded, whilst that of the French and Piedmontese hardly came up to 1,000. I had been joined by Morgan and the captain of the 'Bucephalus,' and we made a minute examination of the ground, which was littered with accoutrements and fragments of the portable ladders with which the Russians had crossed the Tchernaya canal. One incident has remained in my memory. A young Russian officer was sitting, mortally wounded, on a tree stump; round him were four or five soldiers of different French corps. They all stood within three or four yards of him watching for his last breath before proceeding to plunder whatever he might have about him. The sight was sickening; and I succeeded in getting my companions to join me in moving to another part of the field. There we were soon accosted by a French soldier who offered us the sword of General Liprandi, who, he said, had been killed during the engagement. The captain bought the sword for fifteen francs, and showed it as a trophy when he got on board. He was obliged to give it up a few days after, to an orderly sent from headquarters, and it turned out to be the sword of a captain and not of a general officer.

Less than twenty-four hours after this repulse of the enemy, the town of Sebastopol was subjected to a furious fire from the English works, which began at 2 A.M. on the 17th, and lasted during the whole of the 18th of August. Our allies made use of the respite which our fire gave them to push their approaches to the Malakoff, and in the course of a few days they not only completed their last parallel, but began the formation of a vast *place d'armes*, into which they prepared

to throw large masses for a final assault. The Russians on their part realised that they had to expect a general assault at no distant date, and that it would be well for them to have means for retiring their forces from the south side of the beleaguered city and save themselves from a possible massacre. They began building landing-piers at both sides of the harbour in front of Fort Catherine and Fort Paul, on the 18th ; and within forty-eight hours they had anchored a number of rafts in sections between the two piers, thus forming a platform for a roadway on which presently we observed them sending carts and equipages. I was on the heights looking on when the last hand was put to this splendid bit of construction. A French general officer stood on horseback beside me. I looked up to him and pointed to the bridge, and he said, ' Yes, they are preparing for a retreat.' I was convinced that this was the true interpretation, but I found very few to agree with me. I was told that the bridge was for the purpose of bringing fresh ammunition into the southern defences, a theory which was not confirmed when we actually took the town and found it supplied with shot, shell, powder, and stores, in almost inexhaustible quantities.

In a letter to my father of the 27th of August I wrote, ' The real object of the bridge will be no doubt to facilitate retreat in case we should overrun the present defences of the enemy and enter the town ; and I am told that the Russians know very well that very little quarter will be given them during a final assault, and they are anxious to have some means of retreat.' And then I added : ' Some say that the prospect of retiring has not entered the minds of the Russians, and that to build a bridge with the view to retreat would be dispiriting to the already dispirited Russians. Yet the intention must be to secure immunity in case of

retirement, though this may not be openly avowed ; and I, for my part, believe in the discouragement of the men as well as in a vast amount of privation and misery to which they are subjected, for the soldiers who fell at Traktir bridge were wretchedly thin, they had three rations of bread with them, and ought—according to the instructions found on General Rûde, who fell in action—to have had a pound of beef apiece. But I saw no beef in their pouches, nor, indeed, did they look as if they could have touched beef or meat for a long time, and I think their privations must have been discouraging.'

At the time of writing this letter I had given up my cabin in the ' Bucephalus,' and gone with Morgan into tents in the Second Division. We had succeeded in getting out of Balaclava hospital a capital servant, who had been left behind by an American merchantman, a regular Jack tar, London born, deeply pitted with the smallpox, and full of all the ordinary resource of a sailor. I had been all the more induced to leave the harbour because I had had first an inflammation of the spleen and then an attack of cholera, which very nearly put an end to me. When I look back and think of the conditions of our existence afloat, I am surprised that I escaped with life. I remember distinctly being startled out of my sleep at two o'clock in the morning by an agony of pain, immediately followed by retching. I fell into strong convulsions. My legs were drawn up by pains till my knees touched my forehead, and I rolled in agony on the floor. Several cases of the same kind occurred the same night, and all the doctors in Balaclava were on duty. I forget how many grains of calomel and ammonia were forced down my throat, but the doses were large and frequently renewed. At five o'clock I fell asleep. I rose at nine, took a cup of tea with a strong ad-

mixture of brandy, ordered my pony, and rode to Baidar and back. A horse cure, no doubt, but effectual.

Having safely brought all our belongings out of that nest of disease, Balaclava, Morgan and I made ourselves at home amongst the staff tents of the second division, now commanded by General Markham, and received every facility for establishing ourselves comfortably from Colonel Percy Herbert and Captain Thompson, both of them again together on the staff of the corps. We had lost the opportunity of taking rides into the country towards Varnoutka and Baidar, but we made up for the loss by riding round the camps, visiting the trenches, and studying the approaches made in every quarter towards the city of Sebastopol. At no very great distance from Cathcart's Hill, the favourite resort of those who wished to see the whole sweep of the land and sea-scape, formed by the town and harbour, the French Commander-in-Chief had established his headquarters; and one day, on the recommendation of Sir Hugh Rose, then British commissioner to the French army in the field, I was invited to lunch with General Pélissier. I found the table laid for some twenty or thirty people, and I had the good fortune to sit next to Sir Hugh, who was on our host's right. It was quite a pleasure to listen to the loud sonorous voice of the great fire-eater, who boasted that if it were true that he smoked out Arabs in a cave, he would get the Russians with brimstone out of Sebastopol. He was a strongly-built, large-featured man, of enormous girth, so stout that no horse could carry him, and who, for that reason, always travelled through the camps in a chaise and four. Nothing more amusing than to see this *multum in parvo* driven along at a gallop over all sorts of ground, followed by his staff and escort, stopping here and there to give orders, venturing in his chariot into the enemy's fire,

and pointing out to his subordinates where to place a gun or raise a new earthwork. He told us all, as he sat enjoying his lunch, how he had pointed out to General Regnault de St.-Jean d'Angely the place on Mount Sapoune where he was to erect a mortar battery, and the general had retorted 'Impossible.' 'Impossible,' said Péliissier, 'I did not ask you whether you could do it or not. I told you to do it.' 'And he did it,' added the Commander-in-Chief; and we have the mortar battery now, which I hope will give some account of that line of battle-ships which lies anchored in the harbour, and threatens with its broadsides the troops which we must send to the assault. Then, turning to other subjects, the indefatigable talker characterised all the general officers under him, describing this one as lazy, that as *aimant trop la bagatelle*. 'And, *à propos*, he went on, 'only think, I had the visit this morning of a lady who had come all the way from Constantinople with a *corps de ballet*, with which she wished to give performances at Kamiesch. "A *corps de ballet*," I cried; "and, pray, how many young women are there? Seventeen you say. Why, madame, this is sheer folly; fancy a ballet during a bombardment, and an army of 70,000 men at these young ladies' feet. It cannot be permitted. Ship your *corps de ballet* back to Constantinople. I cannot allow them to land."'

After breakfast, the General introduced me to General de Martinprey, who very kindly made out for me a pass to the French trenches, which I still possess, and then he entered into conversation with Sir Hugh and myself, and jestingly complained of the trouble he was put to by the constant interference of the Emperor Napoleon in the business of the siege. 'How can the Emperor,' he said, 'know in Paris what is required to-day at Sebastopol? I have tele-

graphed to him this morning: 'Si vous m'embêtez, je coupe le fil.'¹

On the 5th of September the final bombardment of Sebastopol began, and was carried on without intermission for several days. On the evening of the 5th I was standing on Cathcart's Hill talking to Lord Aberdeen, who was willing to hear all that he could respecting the siege, after he had been turned out of office on pretence of mismanaging it. At that moment, the sun having set, darkness had closed over a scene of extraordinary effectiveness. The 'Santa Maria,' a three-decker, was burning fiercely in the harbour, and the glare of the flames lit up the white walls of Fort Catherine, and threw into deepest gloom those of Fort Paul. Clouds mixed with smoke scudded across the sky, and one could hear in the stillness the hum of distant movements as when one approaches a city in the darkness. By the fitful light I took a rough sketch of the *chiaroscuro* of the scene, to which I subsequently gave some outline by a study of the ground next morning. Two days later, on the 7th of September, a second battleship took fire, in the morning, and she was towed to the bottom of the admiralty harbour, where her charred rafters long remained a feature in the landscape.

Meanwhile the fire of the allies never slackened. It rattled and roared incessantly from one end of the lines to the other, and in the midst of the noise we went about our usual avocations: riding round to see the effects of the bombardment, noting every change in the jagged outlines of the Russian works, and getting every evening the doleful tale of our losses

¹ 'We are kept in hot water by the disquiet of our Imperial neighbour, who is continually sending telegraphic orders, to which, it is true, Pélissier does not

pay much heed.'—Prince Albert to Baron Stockmar. *Life of the Prince Consort*, by Sir Theodore Martin, iii. p. 30.

during the last twenty-four hours. Whilst we were thus reducing our numbers by the natural wear and tear of war, the vacant berths were filled up by new levies fresh from England, and I fancy I still hear the hearty cheers with which a detachment of three hundred men, joined one of the regiments of the Second Division on the 7th of September, whilst I vividly recall the subsequent muster on the 9th, which revealed that the greater part of these unfortunate youngsters had perished. Thompson gave me unwittingly the news that the assault was for the 8th by begging me to attest his will. But I also observed the movements of the troops, which were directed in detachments from dawn till near noon, towards the advanced trenches. It has been made a subject of reproof against General Simpson that he selected the Second and Light Divisions to storm the Redan. I wrote home that this selection was injudicious because the regiments composing these divisions had been worn down to skeletons, and their ranks had been filled up by recruits, who could not be expected to show the resolution of old soldiers in facing the enemy. But it now appears that our chief had no hope of carrying the Redan. He had already reported to the minister of war that the work was much stronger now than on the 18th of June, and that any direct attack upon it must fail, and he had further expressed his belief that a combined attack by French and English on the Malakoff was the only feasible project. But as the French were determined to have the Malakoff by their own efforts, General Simpson had no alternative left to him but to do as Lord Raglan had done, and send in his stormers to show his goodwill. We waited for the French to begin and followed suit a quarter of an hour after. The result was fearful. The Russians on the Redan being fully prepared, and

knowing by the cessation of our gun fire that an assault was impending, had all the time required to move out of their bomb-proofs and form within their defences, and they watched our exit from the trenches, caught our ladder parties and stormers as they struggled across the 287 paces which separated them from the salients, and left but a forlorn hope to overcome the difficulties of a descent into the ditch and an ascent of the scarp. The men, raw as some of them were, got into the Redan ; but there they found themselves under fire from large hostile forces on open ground, which soon outnumbered them. As we were thrown back, the French were victorious. They had been within a few yards of the ditch when the signal for the assault was made. They rushed in, and their rush was a surprise. The enemy was either in his bomb-proofs or at dinner. By the time he became sensible of his danger he was worsted—he had allowed the French to enter a work which was closed at the gorge. When the actual defenders were overcome, their supports had to storm in. The French were now masters and repelled the storm, and, though the Russians manfully did their duty, the masses that were thrown forward to meet them became irresistible. At other points, as at the Redan, assaults were made by our allies. But these all failed for the same reason as ours did : they failed because the works assaulted were open in the rear and the stormers could not maintain themselves. It was all very well for the French to point at us and say *no bono Johnny* : they deserved all credit for their surprise of the Malakoff, but they should have remembered their own want of success where no surprise took place—at the Central Bastion and Little Redan. After the failure of our attack General Pélissier sent a quiet message to General Simpson to say that there were yet two hours of daylight in which to

undertake something fresh. General Simpson replied, in his broad Scotch accent, 'Give my compliments to General Pélissier and tell him I think some devilry keeps my men out of the Redan.' He then gave the order to fall back, put the Highland division into the trenches; and made preparation for storming at day-break on the following morning. But the Russians saved us the trouble, for, being convinced that they had lost the key of the position, they set to work under cover of the darkness and moved the whole garrison of Sebastopol from the south to the north side, only breaking up their bridge at Fort Paul at daybreak when nothing was left but a number of wounded, who were afterwards taken away under a flag of truce. For some hours the work of retreat was carried on with as little noise and as much speed as possible. The ships in harbour were sunk, and then the torch was applied to the buildings and everything inflammable began to burn.

Morgan and I, who had gone to bed at nine o'clock without observing a conflagration, were wakened before dawn by the glare which fell upon the canvas of our tent. We rose in haste, and I hurried as fast as I could to the front. As I reached the high ground overlooking the town the sun had risen. Flames were rising or bursting in every direction. The ships which had floated so long in our sight within the harbour had disappeared, and their mastheads were to be seen above the water. The 'Vladimir' was still hard at work towing away sections of the bridge by which the Russians had retreated. On my way down towards the Redan I stopped to make an outline of the panorama before me. Sebastopol lay in the hollow space between the two main points of our assault of the day before. On the right the Malakoff showed its frowning slopes. On the left was the salient with the flanking

defences of the Redan. Between them the harbour and its defences. Close by to the left of where I stood was a British battery all but abandoned. Covered ways intersected the ground, which sloped to a ravine that separated Gordon's attack from that of our Lancaster batteries. Far away behind the Russian defences I could see the dockyard wall and gateway and the masting sheers of which the beams rose above the wall. To the right of that Fort Paul, and, facing it across the water, Fort Catherine. Three or four steamers still lay near the latter. Smoke was rising out of the vast ruins of the Karabelnaia 'suburb and the dockyard buildings. The hospital and barracks and the great Admiralty buildings were all on fire, but relieved in light against the smoke of the fashionable Sebastopol on the other side of the Arsenal Creek. The church near the light-house, with its onion-shaped steeple, was just visible amidst the wreaths of parti-coloured vapour that surrounded it. Vast clouds rose and rolled in many tints into the air behind the Redan, and effectually concealed Fort Constantine, the sea beyond it, and part of the northern defences of Sebastopol.

Closing my sketchbook and taking the direction of the Redan, I observed that, early as it was, our men were everywhere in motion. Colonel Wilbraham was giving directions for bringing together the wounded and dead who had fallen in the Redan. A pit had been dug near the salient of the work, and in that pit or in the adjoining ditch the bodies of dead Russians were placed. Over them the earth from the salient was thrown, and I entered the Redan almost over the corpses of the slain. Inside I saw at a glance what a trap the stormers had fallen into. There were traverses across the angle of the salient with embrasures so laid that a second line of fire caught the assailants who had got over the first line. Beyond these the ground

sloped downwards towards the town, open to flanking fires from works at a distance and to broadsides from the ships. I got outside again, and halting near the abattis which the Russians had made to stop stormers, I made a careful drawing of the salient and the battered embrasures on its two sides, Colonel Wilbraham on horseback giving me the necessary proportions of a foreground figure, whilst the burial parties near the ditch and the sentries on the top of the scarp gave me the height of the more distant figures; out of these materials I made a sketch showing the ground covered by our stormers. Having done this I started off in the direction of the Malakoff, raised a covey of partridges as I went along, and came up to the pit in front of the Russian work, where the French were attending to the same duties as I had seen Colonel Wilbraham perform at the Redan. But here there was some variety to be observed. The French stripped their corpses. The pit in which they laid them was that which had been made by the latest mine explosions. It was close to the ditch, but very broad and very deep, and formed a better tomb than ours. Passing along the face of the Malakoff, I entered. The place was occupied by Chasseurs-à-pied. On a mound there waved the French and British standards. I sketched the remains of the tower, which had been for so many months the object of our wonder and admiration, and which we had seen, as it were, crumbling daily under the fire of the allied cannon. Further on I stopped in a comparatively wide space, where, with the exception of one dead Zouave, there were none but Russian corpses. The traverses were all ragged and torn, fascines and gabions thrown over or out of place, bags torn into holes, on the ground the dead were lying, all of them galvanised into the position in which they had stood when shot. We fancy that a man when killed

will drop supine to the earth, his limbs falling to the ground flexibly. Nothing of the sort: the legs are parted as when walking or shooting; the arms and hands are in the positions assumed when aiming, and, as they fall, the bodies become rigid and inflexible. I sat and sketched a dozen of them, and as I did so the Chasseurs came round with stretchers, preparatory to clearing the ground, and a party gathered in front of a gabionnade. Presently a general officer appeared. A rush was made to the spot. An immense hurrah was heard, and 'Vive MacMahon!' rang through the air. Hardly was this demonstration over when, at half-past one exactly, a tremendous detonation shook the earth under our feet. The air was obscured. Masses seemed to hurtle in the heavens above us. There were flashes visible, and then a pall of smoke spread over us and from the sky there rained ashes, which covered our clothes and forced me to put away my sketchbook. I climbed up a traverse to look down upon the harbour. The smoke was gradually clearing away before a breeze, and where half an hour before I had seen the stately edifice of Fort Paul, with its innumerable embrasures, I now observed a cone of débris, and no more. As I rushed down again I asked an officer whether there might not be danger of the Malakoff blowing up, as Fort Paul had done. He said no, then he took me to the foot of the ruins of the tower and said, 'Down in the vaults, of which you see the remains, we found yesterday a remnant of Russian defenders, who refused to surrender, and apparently were determined to sell their lives dearly. Some one suggested that they should be smoked out. No sooner said than done; a light was struck, gabions were brought together and set on fire, and there was every prospect that the enemy would be roasted alive, when an officer's voice was heard sternly ordering the fire to be put out. A

powder magazine, he said, was undoubtedly lying under the ruins. The fire would explode it. "Out picks and shovels, put out the blaze and quickly." With pickaxes the ground about was loosened; with shovels the ballast was thrown on the burning, and as this was being done a sheaf of wires was laid bare, and each one was severed as the work proceeded. These wires,' said my informant, 'were no doubt the conductor for firing the magazine. The severing of them has made such an explosion as occurred at Fort Paul impossible here.' It was late before I got back to my tent. I had made many drawings and gathered information in quantities. I sat down and wrote a letter. I went to bed without finishing it, but rose betimes next morning, and as sheet after sheet fell from my blotting book, I had the satisfaction of finding that I would be ready by noon, and then able to go out again, or begin working up my sketches. About eleven o'clock Colonel Percy Herbert appeared at the mouth of my tent. He was good enough to say that a messenger would almost immediately leave for headquarters, where a special bag would be made up with despatches for home. If I had anything ready it would go by this opportunity. I was most thankful, finished my letter, gave it to the Colonel, and, written on the 10th, it arrived in London on the 22nd of September. No other correspondent had had similar good fortune. Charles Mackay brought my description of the capture of Sebastopol to Mr. Ingram, who sent it to the 'Globe' newspaper. It was recopied into the 'Times' next morning, and the 'Constitutionnel' in Paris translated it verbatim as a *primeur* to its readers. Charles Mackay then wrote me a complimentary letter, saying how pleased Mr. Ingram had been 'at the zeal I had displayed, which he appreciated quite as much as if he himself had been in the position of the "Times," and

could have published my news immediately on the receipt of them.'

During the days which followed I spent almost all my time in visiting the ruins which the Russians had left, and bringing away outlines of forsaken works and streets. Nothing could be more dangerous than these wanderings. We were fired at from the north side wherever we stopped. In the ruins there was always a chance of treading on a mine. But we got to be quite expert in discovering the trap-stick, which, if trodden down, would have caused an explosion. Several of these were discovered early and marked by our engineers, yet some accidents still happened. The town, which, in spite of the fire, looked fair and stately from a distance, lost much of its beauty on closer inspection. Buildings which seemed untouched proved to be riddled with shot. The churches alone had been spared, that of St. Peter and Paul, built on the model of an Athenian temple, as well as the true Muscovite church further on, which had a round steeple and tulip-shaped roofing. A club house remained almost perfect on the crest, overlooking the sea on one side and Arsenal Creek on the other. Near by, a little slender edifice, which we called the temple of the winds, but which, I believe, was merely a club summer-house. Along the shore of the harbour stood intact the great Fort Nicholas, from which I slyly peeped out at Constantine on the other side. But this pastime became dangerous when the French began to use the work as a screen, from behind which they threw mortar shells into the northern defences. The most exposed point in which I ever found myself was the mound of Fort Paul, from which I carefully outlined the town at the opposite side of the Arsenal Creek. Fort Catherine fired no less than seven 60-pound shot at me, but, happily, with incorrect aim.

Whenever we directed our telescopes to the camps and redoubts of the Russians on the north side of the harbour, we fancied we observed symptoms of an intention to withdraw. This appeared to be confirmed by Prince Gortschakoff's proclamation to his troops, in which they were reminded that Sebastopol and Moscow had both been abandoned as a preliminary to an obstinate contest in the open field. We had for a time also contemplated a redistribution of our forces. The French moved all but 10,000 men from the vicinity of the city. Their vanguards had a skirmish with the enemy on the 17th of September in the neighbourhood of Mackenzie's farm. Some of their cavalry had been sent to Eupatoria, where Omer Pacha lay encamped, and some British cavalry regiments were said to be under orders to start for the same place. I was prepared for the two alternatives, of wintering where we lay or taking the field. The captain of the Russian steamer 'Vladimir,' who had come over to us to take away a batch of wounded Russians on the 10th, had told Captain Keppel of our navy that there was not the slightest prospect of a peace. Our chief forces remained quiescent, and we manifested our intention to winter on the north side of Sebastopol by employing all troops to finish the roads between camp and Balaclava, and ransack the ruins of the captured city for timber to complete the hutting of our regiments. But in the midst of these preparations it was thought desirable to effect a movement which would paralyse the action of the Russians at Odessa and Nicholaieff, and preparations were necessarily made on a large scale to give effect to the movement. It was clear that since the Russian fleets had been completely destroyed at Sebastopol it would be folly to leave the British and French squadrons inactive in the Black Sea. Prudence and policy both required that these engines

of a powerful offensive should be moved into other seas, where they could strike a real blow at Russian power. But it would have been impossible to allow our ships to leave the Black Sea without some certainty that the Russians had not been creating a new fleet at Nicholaieff, and without closing the mouths of the Bug and Dnieper, from which expeditions might be sent to worry us after the departure of our naval forces. It was therefore determined that the expedition to Kinburn should be undertaken on a sufficiently large scale to prevent Russia from forming a new naval and military organisation to our detriment at the northern confines of the Black Sea.

Morgan and I both determined that, if possible, we should take part in this expedition. Whilst Morgan rode down to Balaclava to get passages for us in a transport, I rode to Kamiesch to board the 'Royal Albert,' and present the letters of introduction which my father had given me for Lord Lyons. It was my intention to ask the admiral for facilities to join the expedition. I have a dim recollection of visiting the flagship, but failing to see the admiral. At the British military headquarters I was simply told that no facilities of any kind could be given to me. Correspondents were evidently considered objectionable persons, and, perhaps, not without reason, since some of them had been very indiscreet, not only in comment, but in the communication for publication of facts useful to the enemy. Yet, as William Russell of the 'Times' was allowed to join, I thought myself aggrieved at being treated differently. Happily, Morgan had been more fortunate than I, and had got passages for us on board the 'Charity,' which was to embark the transport train of the expedition, under the command of General Spencer; and he had further arranged that we should join at Kamiesch, where the transports were all to

assemble before starting under convoy of the British and French fleets. Our force consisted of a brigade of the Fourth Division, comprising the 17th, 20th, 21st, 57th, and 63rd regiments, a detachment of marines and artillery, in all 5,000 men. The French had a larger force under weigh, and the whole expedition was commanded by General Bazaine.

Captain Sivell of the 'Charity' had given us rendezvous in Kamiesch bay. At four in the afternoon of the 6th of October, Morgan and I rode to the landing-place, accompanied by our servant, who took charge of our horses, whilst a hired boat, manned by Maltese, took us and our things out into the offing. We rowed into the bay, and were much distressed to find that the transport had not arrived. Our boatmen became impatient of waiting, and expressed their determination to take us ashore. We resisted; they grew abusive. At last I was obliged to pull out my revolver to enforce obedience, and was fortunately successful. Presently the 'Charity' came up to the anchorage. We were taken on board and put up in pleasant cabins for the voyage. At eleven o'clock next day, the 7th of October, we all weighed and steamed out. It was a pretty sight to watch the two fleets, English and French, moving under steam, the tiny gunboats in line, headed by three-deckers. Presently the order was signalled to 'Set all plain sail,' and, as if by enchantment, the ships loosened canvas, and appeared in all their beauty, and with their wings extended, sailing northwards to Odessa. I have no intention to disparage our French friends when I say that in this simple manœuvre we outstripped them so thoroughly that they might be said to be nowhere.

We sighted Odessa in due course, and lay at anchor about five miles from the port on the evening of the 8th. Wind and weather were against our

landing on a lee-shore ; we therefore waited till the 14th, when we all steered a course for Kinburn, abreast of which we anchored before sunset.

The Bug and Dnieper are two great rivers which fall into the Black Sea at no great distance from Odessa, after forming a long lagoon, which has its outlet at Otshakov. It would seem as if these two rivers had gradually formed a bar near Otshakov, which in course of time rose out of the water and formed a narrow sand, on which a village was founded, near which the Turks and Russians subsequently erected fortifications. The distance from the end of the spit to the mainland is under a mile, or seemed so to me. At the spit-head a round earth-work, casemated with pine beams and covered entirely with loose river sand, was pierced for eighteen guns. South of that, the strip between sea and lake was covered by a rectangular work of new construction ; and, further back, commanding the tongue of land as it grew broader, lay an old Turkish fort, faced with stone, with ditch and drawbridge in the old style. South of that again, under protection of the walls, was the long, straggling village of Kinburn.

Otshakov, being high up the lagoon, is no protection to Kinburn. The stream being wide enough to admit of vessels entering without coming under Otshakov's fire, the first thing we did on arriving was to prepare a small squadron of gunboats and steamers, which, at midnight, passed the works under a heavy but ineffectual fire, and anchored inside. On the morning of the 15th the Russians were surrounded. The flotilla on the lagoon threatened them from the north, the fleet menaced them from the west. The 12,000 men we landed deprived them of all chance of retreat. We had intended to attack at noon, but soundings which had been taken by one

of our cruisers proved no longer correct, and the whole day was spent in taking fresh ones, whilst our fleet bombarded the fort and village from a distance of 2,500 yards. The first thing I did was to pay a visit to Lord Lyons, on board the 'Royal Albert.' He received me with the utmost kindness, offered me a berth on board the flag-ship, and declared his readiness to give me all facilities. I thanked him, saying I had good quarters on board the 'Charity,' and would stay there rather than give him any inconvenience. I then landed, and went along the shore sketching the bombardment and the busy scenes I witnessed where guns were landed or troops disembarked in the surf on a sandy beach.

Next day, the 16th, preparations for action began early. Soundings had been taken. The French had entrenched themselves in the village, and dug a ditch, with covered ways, at a short distance from the fort. The village which they occupied was burnt out and deserted. A line of infantry stretched across the spit to prevent non-combatants from approaching.

I landed with Sivell and Morgan at eight o'clock, and began sketching. I had already made several drawings of the landing; I now made a large water-colour of the village in the state to which it had been reduced by fire, and I added the fort, which was returning a very heavy fire from British mortars and gunboats and three French ironclad batteries. The fleet had opened at nine o'clock; part had steamed round the spit battery, and each vessel as it passed aimed at the embrasures, which were speedily closed up by the falling woodwork and the percolating sand. The mortar-boats and floating batteries concentrated their fire on the stone fort, which withered visibly as the gunboats also steamed up and came into action. Desirous of a nearer view than the deserted

village afforded, I moved up with my friends towards the line of French infantry, which extended from shore to shore, and presently saw William Russell, the 'Times' correspondent, ride up and ask permission to go through. He was politely but firmly refused admittance at that point. We went down the line and got to the western shore, where I instructed Sivell and Morgan to watch my proceedings and follow me without saying a word. I then went up to the sergeant on the extreme left, and, addressing him in his own language, gradually interested him and his companions so much that, after five minutes' talking, I had got inside the line, when, taking off my cap, saluting, and followed by my friends, we sauntered, then marched rapidly towards the French trenches, into which we threw ourselves and lay down. Here the position was so far a dangerous one, as we were within 500 yards of the fort; but the defenders were too busy attending to the ships' fire and to their sea face to attempt anything against us. But there was another and a much more serious danger—that of the fire from our own gunboats. We had not been two minutes in the trenches when a rocket, meant for the fort, fell within a few yards; and I may say, from experience, that I know nothing so nasty as a rocket at close quarters. It jumps about, now on the light, then on the heavy end, performing all sorts of antics, till the shell at the top of the stick bursts, and then, of course, you may chance to be hit by one of the fragments.

Presently we saw the battle-ships moving up in line abreast of the fort. It was just noon. The 'Royal Albert' discharged her guns singly as she bore up. The French admiral's ship 'Montebello' opened with a broadside, affording us a spectacle unknown in the British service under similar circumstances. Her cannon-balls cannoned in the air. All of them went

over the work they were intended to strike. But then the Russians felt they had enough. We sent in a flag of truce, and the fire ceased. A general officer advanced from the French trenches; boats left the sides of the admiral's ship and landed. We joined the party; and I now saw how the Russians came out and threw down their arms, whilst their commandant came on with a couple of swords in one hand and pistols in the other, followed by bearers carrying the altar-pieces out of the fortress chapel. The commandant looked bewildered. An aide-de-camp whispered to Admiral Houston Stewart, 'He looks as if he were drunk.' 'Drunk as a lord,' said the Admiral. And then it seemed that the whole garrison was the worse for liquor, for, after they received the order to sit down, they one and all refused to get up again, being practically no longer able to stand. As the party broke up and the French colonel who had received the commandant's surrender amiably led him away, it occurred to the unfortunate man that he would prefer riding. He went up to some horses that were standing under the care of orderlies, then shook his head and went on, unable to make himself understood. At this very moment his charger broke through our line and was captured by a sutler.

On our part no loss was incurred except such as was due to an accident, the two Lancasters of the gun-boat 'Arrow' having burst under fire. The French had three killed and six or seven wounded, from missiles which entered the ports of one of their floating batteries, the 'Dévastation.' This vessel was one of the first that I visited on the day after the engagement. She was not a pleasant ship to live in, but a model of order and cleanliness inside. There was just room to stand between decks. A Russian shot was imbedded in the iron of a side beam; otherwise no sign of the fight.

Outside she had been hulled sixty or seventy times, and the plates next the fort were covered with dents an inch to an inch and a half deep, where the Russian projectiles had struck and fallen harmless into the water.

When on shore I wished to visit the stone fort as, afloat, I had visited the battery. I was warned back by sentries, placed expressly to exclude Englishmen. I could not guess the cause of this exclusion, till a few minutes later I witnessed a scene, unique of its kind, showing the petty feelings that animated our allies. I was walking towards the spit when I observed on one side General Spencer riding up in company of an aide-de-camp, and on the other General Bazaine, followed by his flag-bearer and orderlies carrying a couple of Russian standards. Bazaine had evidently left the fort for the purpose of proceeding to the English headquarters. Seeing General Spencer, he went up to him and saluted. I was standing close by and could not but hear the following words spoken by Bazaine in French, and broken by remarks of General Spencer in English:—Bazaine: ‘*Mon général, I find that we have captured two Russian standards. I have brought them with me that you may select one of them as your share of the honours of yesterday.*’ Spencer, bowing, turns to his aide-de-camp: ‘*What does General Bazaine say, Aide-de-camp?*’ I did not understand a word he said.’ Bazaine, to his aide-de-camp: ‘*They won’t have them; let us keep them.*’ (‘*Ils n’en veulent pas; gardons-les.*’) Whereupon, turning his horse’s head and followed by his suite, he disappeared again, carrying off the two standards into the fort. As I went my way philosophising over this, I thought to myself how much better it would have been if General Smith had selected for the Kinburn expedition a commander who understood French. The

gentlemen at headquarters had too surlily refused my request to join the British force to give me any encouragement to intervene, or I should have explained to General Spencer, with whom I had no acquaintance, what Bazaine had said.

After a smart walk in the direction of the out-works, I came to the spit fort, of which I visited all the chambers. It was circular outside, polygonal inside, and but partially furnished with guns. In those parts of it which contained artillery much havoc had been done by shot, which had torn away the roofing of the embrasures, and let in the sand that percolated from above. In those which had no ordnance the platforms were ready, and the chambers otherwise perfect. One of these into which I last entered was already arranged as a dwelling by Lieutenant Macnamara, of the Marine Artillery. The platform had been turned into a table, and beams had been placed at the sides to be used as seats. Here, as I came in, I found the Lieutenant, whose telescope was hanging to an iron pin in the wall. The entrance was formed by round blocks, over which a heavy squared piece of timber was laid; the roof, also of squared pine, rested on massive supports. In a corner one of our sixty-pound shot had starred the wood, and remained imbedded; light came in both from an embrasure four feet high and a square vent open to the sky. As I stood examining these details a party of officers came in, headed by Lord Lyons, and followed by Marines escorting a Russian prisoner. Lord Lyons sat down by the platform, with Admiral Houston Stewart at his side; fronting him, Captain Buckle and Captain Mends; others, Sir Thomas Pasley, Lieutenant Macnamara, and one or two more, standing by. The groups were too picturesque to be neglected. Whilst the prisoner was being examined, with the help of an interpreter

I made a drawing of the whole scene. After the prisoner's removal a light refection was served, and as a plateful of chops was put upon the platform, and a half-dozen of plates and knives and forks were added, I was amused by Lord Lyons sticking his fork into a cutlet and presenting it to the officer fronting him, and saying, 'There, Buckle, don't say I never offered you anything.'

Leaving the party to their frugal cheer, I now went outside, and began a drawing of the battery from its front. The Union Jack was flying on the top of the work, guarded by a Marine. The rounded end of the scarp showed three battered embrasures, near which lay some empty gabions. The water of the lagoon fell in wavelets on the sandy shore. On the horizon a long white pier and ruins indicated the site of the fort of Otshakov, which the Russians had blown up the day before, and on the hill which sloped to the water were steeples and houses shining white in the sun, whilst clouds of many-coloured smoke rose from the ruins on the lake-side. As I began colouring my outlines Lord Lyons appeared, accompanied by four or five admirals and captains, and stood watching my progress with apparent interest.

On the 20th of October our force, combined with that of General Bazaine, went away a couple of marches towards Kherson. I was delighted to join the expedition, but soon became convinced, after two hours' trudging, that nothing would come of the movement in the shape of incident or narrative. A woodcock now and then rose under our feet as we went; and occasionally a volley was fired, in the absence of enemies, at a string of wild geese that passed arrow-like in the sky above us. I entered a farmyard by the way which was deserted by everything living except poultry, but was much amused to find that tame geese

and cocks and hens were quite as lively as their wild prototypes. I shot a cock as he rose, and Sivell brought down a hen, and they made excellent soup when we got back to the ship. On the 25th the 'Charity' weighed and, rounding the spit, steamed up the lagoon past Otshakov. It was not without interest that I scanned the remains of the city, celebrated in my memory as the scene of one of the big fights between the Turks and Russians. We anchored with the blockading squadron, but were happily released from this irksome duty by the 30th, when we started on the way back to Kamiesch, which we reached in the teeth of a gale of wind on the 3rd of November. Before I left for camp, I went down to the galley to pay my respects to the cook. I complimented him on the ability with which he had served to us each day soup, joints, boiled meat and made dishes, all manufactured out of salt-junk; but I got back to my tent with a not unnatural attack of jaundice.

Meanwhile no real preparations for wintering had been made by any of us. My tent had hitherto afforded ample accommodation. It contained a table and two beds, rather close packed. But this had its advantage, for Morgan, being accustomed to snoring, if by any chance he went to sleep before me, I had but to stretch out my hand to rouse him out of his obstreperous slumbers. One day after we had had a great hunt of rats, of which thousands now existed in our encampments, we lay down as usual, and in no time Morgan was snoring loudly. I put forth my arm, and ran my fingers over his face. He started, sat up in bed, and whispered: 'Are you awake? I have just nearly caught a rat running over my face.'

In a neighbouring tent my servant William kept house. We had our rations there — rum, bread, hay, and food. Close by, a smaller tent, in which

lumber was stored and a fine cask of porter stood, from which we drew our daily supply of drink. About three or four days after receiving a fresh supply I went into the store tent, and, striking the end of the cask with my knuckles, brought forth a hollow sound. William, on being questioned, said he had tapped the cask but two days before. He determined to watch for a thief, and hid himself at sunset behind the beer cask. There he lay patiently till half-past ten at night, when he heard people approaching. One man raised the cover of the tent, another placed a bucket under the cask and proceeded to draw the beer. With a rush, William got to his feet, turned the tap, and, collaring one of the thieves, held him fast. At the quarter-guard, he was recognised as the body-servant of Colonel Wilbraham, who came to me next morning, praising the virtues of his valet, declaring that he had trusted him with untold gold, and that beer was a temptation I should not have left in his way. Finally I left the matter in the hands of the authorities, and in a few hours Colonel Wilbraham obtained the culprit's release.

It was surprising how much petty larceny was practised in the camp. I had a brood of hens and a fine cock which were the delight of Morgan and myself. We watched the hens as they jumped into the cask prepared for the laying of their eggs, and heard them cackle as they had accomplished their purpose, and we took away the eggs and stored them for breakfast. We had a flock of geese, too, with a gander at its head of a bellicose and amusing nature. Every morning, as Colonel Wilbraham left his tent after breakfast, my gander would rush out at him, lay hold of his boots or his trousers, and hiss as if he were prepared to take the Colonel's life. The Colonel would look down upon the brute with a smile, and shake off the 'foolish creature,' as he called it. My gander one day followed

the Colonel too far beyond the compound in which the tents lay ; I saw him start, but never laid eyes on him again. He was caught and probably eaten within an hour.

Tent life, delightful in summer, was now getting irksome. On the 20th of November we were visited by such severe frosts that it became clearly desirable to exchange canvas for a substantial cabin. I had taken all kinds of trouble to prepare a hut. I had engaged masons from amongst the men of the division, who, for a consideration, laid the foundations for me. There was plenty of stone about, but the difficulty was to find timber for beams and joists and roofing. In this emergency William proved invaluable. He would take our mule down into Sebastopol and ransack the houses for wood. One day he got up to the top of the steeple of the hospital church and profanely got hold of the large wooden cross which was on the top of it. This, thought William, would make a capital door, or at least fire-wood. It proved fire-wood unexpectedly to him. He was observed by the men in the batteries of the north side and saluted by a sixty-pound shot, which went so near him that he slipped from the steeple and down along the cupola, and clambered thence to the ground, without very clearly knowing how he had performed those feats. His expeditions were almost always profitable, except in respect of planks, which were only to be had at Balaclava, where they were sold by transport captains, who kept them in store.

About the 14th of November I had succeeded in raising the walls of a fairly large hut 18 feet by 20, one-third of the space being devoted to the uses of a kitchen and servants' quarters, the rest divided into three parts, in which there was room for Thompson, Morgan, and myself. A grate was built to warm my

room when fuel could be obtained, but half the roof was still wanting when I entered into possession. Gradually, as we shall see, I got over all obstacles. I papered the planking of the partitions and decorated the surfaces with old copies of the 'Illustrated News,' and thus fought over again the battles of the Alma and of Inkerman, and the capture* of Sebastopol.

On the 15th of November, before the frost had set in, I went out in the direction of Sapoune for the purpose of making a drawing of the Tchernaya Canal and Careening Creek, with the forts and Russian works on the other side of the harbour. With the help of a telescope I not only made a panoramic outline of the positions, but finished sketches of Fort Catherine and Fort Constantine. The Russians, who greatly disliked draughtsmen, fired half-a-dozen times at me. But their projectiles fell harmlessly short. When, however, I retired and joined my colleague Goodall, sketching in a house with a veranda, from which three steps led down to the ground, an eight-inch shell was thrown from a mortar at us, and we heard it hissing in the air. It came down at the side of the steps, burst with a crash and left us happily unharmed. But this was not the last of my trials for that day. I was returning home at 3 P.M. through the Light Division camp, when a fearful report shook the ground, and looking round in the direction from which the sound came, I observed a pillar of flame rising into the air. At a certain height the flame gave out rolling clouds of smoke, which spread mushroom-like above the pillar. Out of these there came a series of projectiles taking large curves in every direction. I could see that the accident had occurred near the windmill, of which I knew that it contained 300 tons of gunpowder, and being within a thousand yards of the spot I felt that I must be in considerable danger. My fears in-

creased as I found that the balls propelled by the explosion were many of them shells, of which some were passing over my head, and others were bursting in the air at no great distance; and I realised still more clearly that I was in peril when the fragments of shells came falling round me as thick as hail. Most providentially the iron shower passed away without injuring me, and as I returned to camp I was awe-struck at the general havoc. Here a bandsman lay, struck down as he walked with his instrument in his hand; there a soldier, there a sutler had fallen, and the further I went the greater seemed to have been the loss and destruction.

On the 5th of December Major Thompson, Morgan and I were safely settled in our new habitation. It was well for us that the rooms were easily heated by means of the grates which had been prepared. In the tent we had been reduced to complete inactivity from chill and obscurity. The canvas, coated with frost and snow, kept out the light and favoured the cold. I found my water-colour brushes stick to the paper as the tints turned to icicles. In the hut we lived as if we were in the heart of civilisation and on the confines of a city, and in spite of bad weather I was out a good deal sketching. I then made a little picture of a dredging-boat lying in the Arsenal Creek, with the December sun shining on the white ruins and the breeze playing in the withered leaves of the poplars, and, later on, another picture of the dockyard buildings, on a grey day with the snow on the ground, when our engineers set fire to the mines in the Sebastopol docks and destroyed them. On Christmas Day I was particularly active, went round the mess-huts of the division and sketched the soldiers as they sat enjoying their roast beef and plum-pudding.

I fancy friends in England would have grinned to see the part we all took in Christmas preparations. In the kitchen of our hut at about five in the afternoon a passing stranger might have seen a fat goose hanging from a worsted string attached to a rafter, and, as the joint revolved before a crackling fire, he would have stared at the Major basting the bird with an iron spoon, whilst I superintended the washing of the potatoes, and William boiled a roly-poly pudding. Morgan, as usual, was bustling about and keeping us all alive. There never was a man like him for work when work was to be done. If we wished to borrow a cart for any purpose, he got it from land transport or commissariat shed ; if anyone wanted company on any dangerous expedition, he was the man to select as an associate : he was as retiring and modest as a girl, yet inventive and impudent when the case required it. Fond of danger for danger's sake, he recoiled before nothing, and it was one of my delights to hear from those who witnessed it how he behaved in an affair 'of honour' at Constantinople, in which Baron Busselot, of whom I once spoke, was concerned. It seems that some time after Busselot's return from Giurgevo he entered the Opera at Constantinople, accompanied by his brother, and somewhat roughly brushed past two men who were already seated in the stalls. One of these men was Morgan, the other a Frenchman in one of the civil services attached to the French army. Busselot the elder having trodden on the Frenchman's toes and replied uncivilly to his complaint, an altercation took place. Between the acts the Frenchman challenged Busselot, and upon this Morgan insisted that the duel should be a double one. It was arranged that a meeting should take place next morning, and, as Morgan disclaimed any knowledge whatever of fencing, it was further settled

that he and his adversary should fight with pistols whilst the two others fought with swords. Seconds were easily found, and Morgan at the first discharge shot his adversary through the body, and then coolly looked on whilst his friend, after much fencing, sheathed his rapier in the elder Busselot's wrist and biceps. Both men recovered, but Morgan told me he was secretly in despair at having endangered the life of a man who had done nothing to him.

Morgan was always in excellent bodily health, and he was the tenderest of nurses when I was suffering at Christmas time from influenza and other ailments incident to camp life. He made up for the disappointment which I felt at being obliged to forego General Barnard's invitation to his Christmas dinner (I had forgotten to say that General Markham had been invalided home) by helping to produce a treat at home.

January was spent in uncertainty. We knew that negotiations for peace were going on, but hardly thought that Russia would accept the terms which the Allies were unanimous to impose. We were not long in doubt, however. In the earliest days of February news came that peace had been signed at Vienna. Morgan and I sold our horses and furniture, and on the 11th we were at Balaclava, and went on board a steamer which took us to Constantinople.

There was but one person who mourned for our departure : our servant William, to whom we gave a fair parting gratuity, more than ample to take him home to his native place in Deptford, sat on the shore, and wept like a child as we steamed away.

Not long afterwards Morgan and I were in Paris, but not without having had adventures on the way. The vessel which took us from Constantinople was one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, bound for Smyrna, Syra, Athens, and Trieste. After a smooth passage

to the first of these ports we started in a calm for Syra, and in the course of the night met with a hurricane, which carried away the port paddle-box, stove in the bows of the ship, and left us all but a wreck, with three feet of water in the engine-room. I, as usual in such emergencies, became so sick that I ceased to care whether I went to the bottom or not. Morgan, fonder of life, and not sea-sick, rushed on deck to find the crew mutinous, and the greater part of them on the forecastle on their knees, calling aloud for the intervention of the Virgin Mary. The Captain's wife lay in hysterics in her husband's cabin. As day broke the wind became less furious, but the ship was still leaking. By drawing sails over the injured places, and mending the bow and bowsprit with chains, the vessel got into trim again, and we reached Syra in safety. Here we stopped to refit, but the resources of the port were hardly sufficient for our wants. We steamed on to the Piræus, where we had a second stay. I had been at Athens with Ponsonby. I now revisited the old haunts with renewed pleasure; but my heart was at home in England, and the long and slow journey which we made round the outermost capes of Greece, up the Adriatic, and across the Gulf of Quernaro was most irksome. We landed at Genoa and spent some time looking at things in Piedmont and further south, till, sated with Italy, we crossed the Alps again and reached the French capital.

Next to visiting London, after a long absence, is the pleasure of visiting Paris—to me a place full of the most interesting reminiscences. Fresh from camps, and without any of the advantages of dress which a longer stay would have given us, Morgan and I afforded to the Parisians the rare spectacle of individuals with some of the quaint characteristics of savages. The

weather being cold we wore our every-day dress, of no very fresh character—a winter clothing which eminently suited the climate of the Crimea, but looked strange in the latitude of the Boulevards. Yet I suppose there was something martial about us which imposed respect, since, in spite of our seal-skin coats, we were not treated with any troublesome curiosity in the ordinary walks. It was, however, not predestined that we should be left entirely unmolested. Going in to the ‘Trois Frères Provençaux’ to dinner on the evening of our arrival, we became the subject, at first, of whispered jokes to two Frenchmen at a neighbouring table, and, at last, of such loud remarks as attracted the attention and roused the anger of Morgan. I am not easily affected by chaff, and I endeavoured to smooth down my companion, who read more in the looks of our tormentors than was perhaps comprised in words which, after all, he did not understand. But when the fun became so furious that everyone in the room looked up, I called the head-waiter, and in audible tones requested him to observe that the guests of his establishment were being disturbed by the indecent action of two persons who were impertinent enough to chaff people who were quite strangers to them, and I begged him to signify to these individuals that they were to attend to their own business and leave us alone. The head-waiter conveyed the message at once, and invited the two men to retire. They obeyed and withdrew, and as they went somewhat crestfallen through the crystal passage leading to the door, Morgan exultingly said to me, ‘Thank goodness they are gone.’ But our Frenchmen had observed our satisfaction, and had scarcely got through the passage when they turned back, resumed their seats and challenged every Englishman in the place, and Morgan and myself in particular, to laugh at them if they dared. I observed to the head-

waiter in the coolest possible manner that these persons had been nuisances before, but that now they were committing an offence, and I called upon him to turn them out. He did so with great energy, and Morgan and I, having got our coffee and called for our bill, prepared to leave. But before doing so I impressed upon Morgan the necessity of coolness, as there could be no doubt that our Frenchmen would lie in wait and challenge us outside. Morgan remarked that men who had behaved so badly as these two Frenchmen had done could not be gentlemen, or were not entitled to be acknowledged as such. As we came out, there, as I expected, were our foes waiting for us in the colonnade. One of them, taking his hat off to me, said, 'You must be aware, sir, that the quarrel which has arisen between us must now be settled.' I replied that he had better make no noisy demonstrations, but if he had anything to say he might communicate it in the garden close by. We adjourned to the garden in consequence, and I began by taking out one of my cards, upon which I wrote my address, saying that if further proceedings were necessary they would find me and my friend at once, or our representatives, to whom I begged to refer them. Morgan was sorely puzzled by this proceeding, of which he could only guess the meaning. He asked me was I thinking of fighting a duel. He had had one duel in his life and was sorry for it, and he would never fight another; then, without further waste of words, he squared up to the nearest Frenchman, and addressing him in English, said, 'You beggarly Johnny, you want to fight, do you? Take that,' and, suiting the action to the word, knocked the Frenchman over a stack of chairs. The other man, seeing his friend so mauled, came on to the rescue and instantly shared his fate, and they had hardly time to rise when a crowd gathered, and we

were all taken to the commissariat near the¹ Palais Royal Theatre. The commissary, after hearing the evidence of the men who had been assaulted, was preparing to take a very serious view of the case as against Morgan, when I asked to be allowed to speak. In a few sentences I described the ruffianly conduct of our opponents in the restaurant. I said I was not prepared to justify the haste and anger of my friend, but observed that we had just returned from the Crimea, where fighting was the order of the day, and that it was no wonder that, provoked as he had been, Morgan had taken the law into his own hands. The commissary evidently attached much importance to what I said. He sermoned the two Frenchmen, asked how they had come to provoke two foreigners who had done nothing to call for such treatment, and bid them withdraw and reappear at ten o'clock next morning. Then to me he said I was free, but that Morgan must be detained till he could be bailed out. I went to the Hôtel du Louvre, bailed out Morgan, and we got home to bed none the worse for the day's work. I expected, of course, that our Frenchmen would send us their seconds next morning. I wrote to my friend St.-Julien to get us seconds if they should be required, and we stayed at home till the afternoon, expecting events. No one came. We were never summoned to attend the commissariat. We dined at my father's house in Fontenay-aux-Roses, and next day started home to England. The only person who felt aggrieved was St.-Julien, who thought his countrymen had behaved very badly indeed—firstly, in molesting us; and, secondly, in shirking the responsibilities of an encounter.

CHAPTER VIII

War over—I adrift—Life in London—Literary efforts—Art-teaching at Kensington—Qualifying for director of an art school in India—Publication of the ‘Flemish Painters’—My opinion of it—Ruskin—Cavalcaselle—Preparations for proceeding to Bombay.

THE war was over. I was at home again, but adrift, and without occupation. Promises were not wanting on the part of those for whom I had toiled and risked my life for two years. There was some talk of my writing a column on art or on books for the ‘Illustrated News’; but the only tangible duty to which I was called was that of describing the great naval review which took place at Spithead on the 23rd of April, when the Queen came out in her yacht and passed through the lines of 240 ships of war. When this duty had been performed I lay idle as before; and soon afterwards Mr. Ingram wrote me a letter to say he was very sorry that he could give me no employment, but the fact, the inexorable fact, was that the time was uneventful, and he could do nothing for me. As Muley Hassan said to Fiesco,

Der Mohr hat seine Arbeit gethan ;
Der Mohr kann gehen.

Having saved enough during my journeyings to bear inactivity for a time, I called patience as usual to the rescue. On the very eve of my departure from the Crimea I had heard from Mr. Murray that he was disposed to publish my ‘Flemish Painters,’ and the first proofs were in Cavalcaselle’s hands and waiting for

my corrections when I arrived. What changes and additions it was possible yet to make were carried out leisurely. But having time to give to other matters, I proposed to Mr. Bentley, the publisher, to gather into a book my experiences in Turkey and the Crimea, and I set to work to condense my letters from the seat of war and make them into a narrative. It seemed, however, as if all enterprise had left publishers of books as well as publishers of newspapers. After I had spent some time in preparation, Mr. Bentley sent me word that he had given up the idea of printing my book, and I was again very seriously disappointed. Nothing apparently remained to me but to take advantage of small openings, and keep life going in the old fashion to which I had been accustomed before the Crimean war. Meanwhile, time was being needlessly wasted in preparing illustrations to the volume of the 'Early Flemish Painters.' Cavalcaselle tried to supplement the work of Mr. George Scharf, which went on but slowly, and woodcuts were drawn by him from my outlines of the 'Annunciation,' by Justus d' Ale magna, at Genoa, as well as from his sketch of the 'Last Judgment' of Van der Weyden at Beaune. Weeks elapsed before these were ready, and the appearance of the work was at last postponed indefinitely.

The death of my dear grandmother Bury at Llandulas, whither she had retired to live in the vicinity of my sister Wynne, now came as a new blow to us all. I went down on a visit to my sister in Wales, and spent part of May in the quietest of country lives. After my return I had a fresh spell of London life, and then paid a visit to my father in Paris, where I remained till the middle of August. Here I met my old Crimean colleague Guys, and Cavalcaselle, who was attending to commissions given him by Sir Charles Eastlake. I spent some weeks in making elaborate outlines and

notes of Italian pictures at the Louvre, with the clear intention of using them at a future period for a history of Italian painting. I gave special attention to the Early Venetians, whose works I had already studied with much interest during my journeys in Italy, without neglecting the Florentines, and I even laid the foundation for a life of Raphael, which came into shape, after continued labour, twenty-six years later.

My father, in Paris, had been in close relations with the Wallachian exiles, Rosetti, Demitri Bratiano, and Golesco. I saw him off to Constantinople, to which place he accompanied Sir Henry Bulwer, on his way to join the commission of delimitation which was appointed to define the frontier between Moldavia and Bessarabia. In his letters from Turkey he sent me welcome intelligence of old friends who kindly remembered me—General Simmons, Sir Hugh Rose, Lord Lyons, and the Cretzulescos and Bellios of Bucharest ; I had note of frequent interviews between my father and Sir Stratford Canning, and all the time I wished I had been chosen to join the party, to which I have no doubt I would have been extremely useful.

Instead of this I went back in September to London, where Demitri Bratiano had established his headquarters. I attended meetings at which the union of the Principalities was advocated, wrote leaders which appeared in several journals advocating that cause, and made myself obnoxious generally to Lord Palmerston, who was a partisan of the old suzerainty of the Porte, which he accused the French government of an intention to abolish. An article of considerable length, which appeared at the close of 1856, and which I wrote for Bratiano, describing the state of the Danubian Principalities, and the commercial prosperity which awaited them if their communications and commerce were improved, created some sensation, and the editor

of the 'Westminster Review,' who published it, declared his intention to give me every opportunity in his power to use his columns.

My old friend, Colonel Dickinson, at the same time asked for leaders on Indian affairs, which were, I believe, printed in the 'Morning Star,' a paper at that time under the influence of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright; and Weir, now editor of the 'Daily News,' gave me a commission to write a series of articles on the galleries of Hampton Court and Dulwich, which were published in due course in September. Last, not least, Clark, who had become agent in London for the Brazilian government, gave me plentiful orders for translations of documents for the legation of that State.

In the midst of all these desultory occupations one thing seemed to be as far from realisation as possible, and that was the acquisition on my part of a settled occupation.

During my stay in the Crimea I had had letters from my old friend Howard, who had left London for India whilst I was still struggling for a livelihood in the days preceding the war. Howard told me that he had arrived as an adventurer at Bombay; had gone to the bar, and obtained, in a comparatively short time, a practice and a competency. He advised me to give up the press and literature, get called, and come out to join him. I replied, thanking him for the kindness of his letter and the goodness of his advice, but not concealing from him that it would be very difficult to find the means in London of getting called and then following a course of law, which must be the indispensable preliminary to a practice, even at Bombay.

He replied renewing his offer of assistance, which I neither accepted nor refused, hoping that something might turn up, and that my father's claims upon the interest of Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon and Lord

John Russell might lead to my employment in some office.

Presently there came (October 14) another letter from friend Howard. He had been made Director of Public Education at Bombay, and in this capacity, he said, he had some considerable influence in the matter of appointments to the university and schools of the Presidency. Amongst the latter was one which had been just founded, under the patronage of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a wealthy Parsee, for the purpose of training young people to the profession of designers, and Howard bade me apply to the India House and to the committee in India for the post of superintendent, which was to be endowed with the yearly salary of 700*l.* and a residence. What lay in his power he would do to support my application, if, meanwhile, I would qualify by following a course at Marlborough House and get the diploma of a teacher at that school. Here, then, was another turning-point in my career. The question arose, Should I give up politics and the press, the practice and literature of art, for the teaching of design? Would I be able to follow the Marlborough House course and earn at the same time? Howard offered to advance any sums that I might require. I called on Mr. Cole, who at that time presided over the schools of design in England. He made me free of all the lectures at the Kensington schools. I went rapidly through the free-hand, perspective and geometrical courses. I qualified in every way except as regards time. I could not claim a diploma, but I obtained testimonials from the masters, from Mr. Cole, Sir Charles Eastlake, and all friends whose recommendation was likely to be useful, and found myself in a position to start for India about the opening of spring.

On the very last day of 1856 the 'Early Flemish

Painters' appeared. Five hundred copies of the book were taken at the trade sale, and fairly amicable criticisms of its contents appeared in newspapers of every shade.¹ The conditions under which Mr. Murray published were those known as half-profits. He warned me that he had entered into the speculation without hope of gain. He predicted that we should never divide a farthing, and he assured me of his conviction that, interesting as the matter dealt with must needs be to a class, the number of readers would never be sufficiently large to yield a return.

Looking into the pages of the book and considering things dispassionately after the lapse of thirty-six years, I feel surprised that Mr. Murray ever published the work at all. The matter was abundant, the sources were recondite. The amount of labour bestowed upon materials was large, the patience with which pictures had been examined in all parts of England and the Continent was meritorious. But the book as a whole was without charm of style and without eloquence. The lives of painters and their most important works were treated separately, their pictures subjected to microscopical examination for the purpose of proving their genuine or spurious character. It had been necessary to baptize anew an extraordinary number of masterpieces. One painter had been divided into two, another painter had been the subject of a legend; pictures of the one were ascribed to the other. In the effort to set all these things straight the natural flow of narrative was lost. Cavalcaselle, though he did not write, attributed meanings to certain words which he coaxed me to bring in with merciless repetition. There were pictures which he had seen, but which I had not looked at; other pictures that I saw and he only knew

¹ The *Saturday Review* of May 2, *Flemish Painters* by Tom Taylor. 1857, had a scurvy notice of the

by my drawings and descriptions. We both made mistakes. He insisted on assigning to John Van Eyck the 'Fount of Salvation' at Madrid, which, many years later, I could hardly acknowledge as an unadulterated work of the master.¹ Whilst I went to Liverpool to look at the 'Ince Madonna' he visited Burleigh House, in Northamptonshire, to study the 'Virgin and Child, with St. Barbara and a kneeling monk,' which we catalogued as a genuine Van Eyck. It seems to me now to be indubitable that the panel is by Van Eyck's disciple, Petrus Cristus. I assigned to Memling a figure of the Archangel Michael in the Belvedere at Vienna, which I was afterwards obliged to admit was a copy. We were both of opinion that, if one of us knew a picture well, it was unnecessary that the other should have seen it. Yet we felt, likewise, that without the materials which each of us collected the book would be imperfect, and so the pages I wrote had necessarily a certain character of patchwork. Yet I cannot deny that most of the reviewers who dealt with our work were kind, and I think the critics admired the pluck with which an important subject had been taken up and mastered, and refused on that account to condemn absolutely the method of its exposition.² In later years I wrote other books. Crowe and Cavalcaselle remained inseparable. The world tried to get at the secret of our collaboration. In Italy people said that Cavalcaselle was nobody; in England many extolled Cavalcaselle and sneered at the ignorance of Crowe. I was obliged at last to protest publicly against the theories broached all round us on the subject of authorship, and at a later period I allowed Cavalcaselle to

¹ Cavalcaselle had been sent to Spain by the singer Mario to buy pictures for him whilst I was in the Crimea.

² In a second edition of *The*

Early Flemish Painters many mistakes of the first are corrected. Both editions gave something to divide.

put his name first to an Italian translation of the 'History of Italian Painting,' only because he told me he could not otherwise keep his head above water in his own country. Mr. Ruskin was amongst the critics who most indulged in sneers. In a little manual called 'Mornings in Florence' he quoted a passage in our work¹ in which Giotto's 'Death of St. Francis,' in the Bardi chapel at Santa Croce at Florence, is described as worthy of admiration for the variety of character and expression in the heads and the perfection of a composition only equalled by Raphael—a marked characteristic in Giotto's work being admittedly a certain deficiency in the rendering of form. A note to this passage calls attention to the fact that a figure of St. Francis in glory is new, and that the fresco, being more or less retouched, cannot be criticised so far as colour is concerned. Upon this Ruskin affects to be able to distinguish between the 'inspiring observations of the rapturous Crowe' and the 'wiser foot-note of the more cautious Cavalcasella (*sic*), in whose judgment he has every reason to put real confidence.' He then inquires how a piece of art can be admired which is not inferior to one of Raphael's, yet of which it can be said, according to Crowe, that it is deficient in the mere rendering of form, and, according to Cavalcaselle, in the element of colour; and he concludes by saying that he does not himself 'know how variety of character and expression in heads are to be given without form or colour.'²

I need scarcely point out that Ruskin's conclusions are altogether unwarranted. By what process he pretends to distinguish the rapture of Crowe from the wisdom of Cavalcaselle I am unable to discover; but I fear I shall have to claim for my colleague as much rapture, and for myself as much wisdom, as is compatible with his utterances.

¹ *Italian Painting*, i. p. 307.

² *Mornings in Florence*, p. 63.

As to Ruskin's strictures I can only say that we never said or even suggested that form and colour were wanting in the fresco of the 'Death of St. Francis.' What we tried to convey was that Raphael was naturally superior to Giotto in the mere rendering of form, whilst in the art of composition Giotto was unsurpassed; and, in the matter of colour, that a painting which has been whitewashed and then cleared of superincumbent tinting cannot have preserved its original tone, whilst the addition of new paint produces a fresh adulteration. Ruskin, on his part, is not given to scruples of this kind. He attributes to Giotto, in these very frescoes, 'the warmth and opalescent colour of Turner, the swift expressional power of Gainsborough, and the lightness of tone peculiar to Tintoretto' (p. 79).

But, more than this, Ruskin, who sneers at my raptures, and asks how variety of character and expression can be given without form and colour, becomes rapturous himself when he describes a figure of St. Louis in the Bardi chapel, which is altogether ruined by repainting; and, admitting that the lines have been redrawn and the colours overlaid, and attributing to that figure a variety of qualities which can only be found in well-preserved paintings, 'The St. Louis,' he says (p. 86), 'is by no means altogether new, and has most lovely colour left in many parts, especially in the crown, which is nearly untouched. But the lines of the features and hair, though all more or less reproduced, are still of definite and notable character, and the junction throughout of added colour is so careful that the harmony of the whole, if not delicate with its old tenderness, is at least in its coarser way solemn and unbroken, and, such as the figure remains, it still possesses extreme beauty.' So here is perfection in spite of reproduced lines and

wholesale added colour, and the admitted loss of original form and colour.

In judging of Giotto's character Ruskin is not less fanciful than he is in judging of his art. He says: 'Giotto ranges himself at once among the disciples of the Apostle of Works,' and 'the gospel of works according to St. Francis lay in three things—You must work without money and be poor, you must work without pleasure and be chaste, you must work according to orders and be obedient' (p. 8). 'Giotto accepted this gospel, and believed that all he was called on to represent concerning St. Francis really had taken place.'¹ Ruskin does not condescend to give any authority for these statements. They are hardly to be reconciled with the lines of the canzone in which the painter speaks slightly of poverty elect, and with pity of poverty in general; and I prefer to Ruskin's theory that of Rumohr,² who thinks that Giotto was not one of those who accepted enthusiastically the ideas and opinions of his contemporaries, but looked down upon them with a cool judgment, and the clearest possible consciousness.

I may add, in conclusion, that when Cavalcaselle and I were privileged to discuss these questions of style before the masterpieces which we were called upon to judge, we invariably came to an agreement; and I recollect that when we were together in the Museum of Dresden, long before the 'Madonna' of Burgomaster Meyer ceased to be acknowledged as a genuine work of Holbein, we both concluded that it was a copy. Many years elapsed after this till we met a great body of critics at Munich before the Darmstadt original of Holbein's 'Madonna,' and proved to them all that the Dresden masterpiece was but a feeble adaptation of the grander original before

¹ *Mornings in Florence*, p. 65.

² Rumohr's *Forschungen*, p. 55.

us. In the Farnesina, one day, Cavalcaselle and I were looking at the frescoes of Sebastian del Piombo, and I pointed out to him the particular lunette which, according to my view of things, revealed the moment when the Venetian became a convert to the art creed of Michaelangelo. He demurred. I fought for my opinion, and after a most animated discussion he confessed: '*Avete ragione.*' I told him on the same occasion that I had just seen in the Academy of Bologna what I considered to be the true though ruined original of the 'Madonna di Loretto.' He smiled and said he knew nothing about the picture at Bologna, but would give me the address of a gentleman who owned the original of the picture I had named, and if I should go home by way of Verona, I would be satisfied of the truth of what he said. I went to Verona, and sought out the owner of the picture. He told me he was very sorry to say he had parted with the treasure: it was now exhibited in the Academy of Bologna.¹ Cavalcaselle had more confidence in my judgment in art than in that of any other living man; and this being his opinion of me, as mine was of him, we were eminently fitted for the association which we formed, and which nothing has ever been able to dissolve.

But I am committing the mistake of outstripping time. When the 'Early Flemish Painters' appeared I had already resolved to try my fortune in India. Cavalcaselle, in despair, urged Sir Charles Eastlake to find some employment for him in his native country. Sir Charles would have done so had he been able to overcome an important initial difficulty. Cavalcaselle was an exile; he was under sentence

¹ It is evidence of the care with which questions of authorship were treated by Cavalcaselle and myself,

that the picture described above is not acknowledged as a genuine picture in our *Life of Raphael*, ii. p. 3.

of death by an Austrian court-martial; he had been at the siege of Rome. It was pretty certain that he would not long have enjoyed liberty either in Milan or in Naples unless special measures were taken beforehand to protect him. Sir Charles had been obliged to appoint Otto Mündler to be his agent in Italy because he could not employ Cavalcaselle with safety. Parliament had refused to sanction a continuance of Mündler's appointment. To send Cavalcaselle in his place would have been desirable if it could be accomplished, but even this would be a matter in which the public purse was not to be drawn upon, and energetic efforts would be required to obtain amnesty from Austria, Naples, and Rome. Sir Charles Eastlake made superhuman and at last successful efforts to obtain passports for Cavalcaselle from the Austrian Government; and I had the satisfaction of knowing that if I went away to India, he would not be left to vegetate and perhaps to starve in London. Equally satisfactory was the intelligence which I had from all the members of my family. My brother Eyre was making his way in his profession; my brother Edward had just got an appointment as superintendent of the building of the waterworks at Warsaw.

My prospects of migrating to India were unfortunately not much brighter in the opening months of 1857 than they had been in the closing period of 1856. I had some pleasant days with my father, who came over to London on his way to Wales, where he paid my sister a visit (February 1 to 15). He was opposed to my Indian scheme, thinking that India was only good for a man who could spend ten years in the country and realise a competence. Moved by his objections, I applied to the Government for the secretaryship of the Portrait Gallery, which was founded about

this time under the superintendence of George Scharf, and I asked the 'Times' to send me to Manchester to write letters on the treasures of art which were to be brought together there in spring. Failure in both these efforts only strengthened my belief that my best resources would now be found at Bombay. I received a letter from Howard early in February informing me that the Bombay Government would do what they could to secure my appointment to the superintendence of the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy School of Art. But the India Office had already replied to my first application that it was not their intention at that time to make the appointment in question. I had returned to the charge (April 6), urging my fitness and renewing my application, with accompaniment of additional testimonials. Meanwhile I had learnt, through Tom Taylor's friend Thoby Prinsep, that my appointment had arrived at the India House early in the year; that the court of directors had sent it back with a request that the Bombay Government should choose some man on the spot; that the Bombay Government had replied that no fit man could be found at the Presidency, and had named me. But there the matter stood and remained in suspense because there were doubts respecting terms and claims to a pension. As I did not see my way to waiting until Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row came to an agreement, I called on Mr. Mangles at the India House and informed him that I was determined to start for Bombay as soon as possible, and that I would await the settlement of the matter at the Presidency. Mr. Mangles gave me grimly to understand that I might do as I pleased. I engaged a passage in the P. and O. steamer 'Indus,' which left Southampton on the 20th of April, and, early on the morning of the 21st, found myself merrily steaming across the Bay of Biscay.

CHAPTER IX

Visit to India—Early struggles there—Tom Taylor—I am again a correspondent—The Mutiny—I hold several appointments.

I SAID we were steaming merrily, yet I was anything but merry. The Bay of Biscay was fairly calm and hardly in a state productive of melancholy meditation. A band was playing on the poop of the 'Indus,' and light-hearted passengers were endeavouring to while away the time with a quadrille; but low spirits and the roll of the Atlantic effectually prevented me from enjoying even the semblance of pleasure. My sister, brother, and partner had all bidden me farewell at the railway-station in London, I had had the tenderest of letters from my father at parting; but I was sailing away into an unknown future, and thinking mournfully the while of those I had left behind me.

At Gibraltar, where I landed for a few hours on the 25th of April, I met Grant, an officer in one of the regiments of the garrison, who recollected earlier days when we had met in London, and kindly showed me the galleries and works of the place.

On board again, after coaling, we started with half a gale of wind dead astern, and were carried with surprising rapidity to Malta. I now began to enjoy not only the warmth and balmy breezes, but the company about me. Laurence Oliphant, on his way to China as secretary to Lord Elgin; an officer named Scott; a charming lady, Mrs. Hankin, with her husband, formed a chosen party which spent the day in

my deçk cabin, the best on board the ship. Oliphant, the spoilt child of society, was full of fun, and kept us all alive with his half-humorous, half-cynical remarks on those of the passengers whom we affected to consider outside the pale of our society. Oliphant and I had been brother-correspondents, and had common ideas on many subjects, pretty much as men would have who were at the same university.

On the 1st of May we were at anchor in Malta, forty-eight hours before our time, and waiting for the Marseilles mail. I landed and revisited the old haunts which I so greatly enjoyed in the winter of 1855-56. But I found Malta in May quite different from Malta in January. The weather was dry and lovely, but so hot as to give us a foretaste of India.

In Alexandria and Cairo, to which we now came in succession, I found Oriental life very different from that which gives its peculiar stamp to Constantinople. Even the minarets were different. Smells and mosquitos in one city, dust and flies in the other, are a serious drawback to perfect happiness. At Alexandria there are contrasts of the most curious kinds between the white edifices of stately architecture which line its quays, edged by the crystal waters of the Mediterranean, and the fellah quarters, where a sturdy but not very clean people swarm in the midst of mud-huts, hardly distinguishable from the ground on which they are built. In and out of the low doorways, which are the only apertures, one can observe the people flitting. There are no fires, no smoke, and no chimneys. In the streets, again, violent contrasts are striking between the rags of the common people and the gilt coaches and runners of the rich mercantile and official classes.

The heat, oppressive in the streets of Alexandria, became almost intolerable in the train which took us to Cairo. We could see nothing outside but parched

land, on which the cactus and the palm alone seemed fresh and coloured. Camels were stalking homeward everywhere, loaded with the crops which the fellaheen had been harvesting.

At Cairo a pall of dust, which had risen into the air under the hoofs of the cattle in the streets, remained hanging over us till night set in and, traffic ceasing, it fell to the ground again. Then the magic sight of a sky sparkling with myriads of stars was realised to us as we lounged under the acacias and aloes and listened to the pleasuring and singing that proclaimed to us the festivity of Rhamadan. Nothing so strange as to watch the Egyptian girl, stolid in her corner, waiting for something or someone, with rows of flies on upper and lower eyelids and unconscious of the loathsome burden.

Off in the early morning to Suez, we had the usual and frequently described journey on carts across the desert of black and burnished rocks which spreads in monotonous flats between Cairo and the head of the Red Sea. As we started we noted the Pyramids on the horizon; as the day wore we witnessed the phenomena of the mirage in various forms. At Suez, on the evening of the 7th, we slept in the caravanseraï prepared for us, and in the early hours of the following morning were again on board ship and steaming down the Red Sea.

I do not recollect reading the impressions of any travellers running down the course from Suez to Aden. An Arab pilot is at the helm. One sights a rocky islet ahead, steers clear of it, to see another and yet another on the horizon. Sometimes the coast is near. That also is a mass of scoria, bare of all appearance of vegetation. The water is of a creamy blue. It bathes what looks like the deserted hearths of volcanoes recently extinguished. Everywhere, up

the seamed sides of the shore, rock and pumice-stone ; and, if a breeze comes on, the finest sand rises in whirls into the air and colours rapidly, with a bright red tint, the bare masts of the passing vessel. The sun blazes with terrific heat wherever there is no awning. Beneath the awning the passengers lounge and swelter, whilst the Kroomen emerge from the engine-room, where they have been stoking, and wipe away the sweat that trickles in streamlets down their bodies, as they stand all but naked in the breeze. The sea is so clear you can glance into quite unaccustomed depths of it. The beings that swarm there seem perpetually at war. The flying-fish rises out of the flood, and, shaking its long fins as birds shake their wings, performs extraordinary gyrations before it regains its element. A flying-fish is very like a snipe in its motion. Many an one fell on board and wandered into our galley in the effort to avoid the voracious maw of some monster of the deep.

By the time we got to Aden—that is, by the 14th of May—I had suffered fearfully from prickly-heat. The skin seemed to have too short a supply of pores to rid itself of the moisture engendered by a hot temperature. Nature created new orifices, and in its operation produced alternate agonies of pain and insupportable titillation. Aden is too well known to need description. Everyone has seen the Somalis with their sheep-skin wigs, and the younger men of the race who dive for sixpences, mindless of sharks and other denizens of the sea. Between Aden and Bombay we got into the first movements of the monsoon. Clouds suddenly formed, broke as we passed under them, and showered gigantic drops upon us to the sound of fearful claps of thunder. But the sea had as yet but a mild and lolling motion, and we played chess on deck and whist in the cabins, and

went to bed to have our toes skinned by cockroaches in the orthodox fashion. The 'Bombay,' which carried us, was a fine vessel, originally built for the Canadian trade. Steam-pipes were laid in every cabin, for purposes of warmth, and though we heard that the steam had been shut off, I thought the statement hardly correct, since we stewed at night in our berths, and were sorely pestered by the extra warmth which the waterworks created.

When I came ashore at the Apollo Bunder at Bombay on the 20th of May, I found no one to receive me. But the Parsees who stood on the pier looking down at us, the natives of every caste and colour, whom I saw for the first time in such numbers, under the afternoon sky caused me no surprise. I had read and heard so much of everything Indian that I was prepared for all. I ascertained that Howard lived in the fort, and I soon got to his house, where a hearty welcome awaited me. I had not been expected, and learnt with some astonishment that Howard thought my coming so soon a rash venture. Yet it was he who had encouraged me; but unfortunately I had not received his last letter, dated the 2nd of April, in which he wrote that he had done his best for me, and that now it would be well that I should 'wait the progress of events.' He had been so convinced, however, that I would ultimately obtain the berth he had thought out for me that in the same letter he offered to give me 150*l.* a year till I got it, and he added that if the court of directors at last should give me a peremptory refusal, I must be prepared to take a definite course for myself. I was now able to tell him that I had seen Mr. Mangles, that the court of directors had certainly resolved that I should not be appointed with their sanction, and that if anything was to be done, the necessary steps must be taken

here, and that it was this knowledge which had strengthened my resolution to come over at once. I think I added that, since the date of my departure, I had heard at Malta, Cairo, and Aden news which indicated that movements of grave import had been taking place in India, and that, if the worst came to the worst, I might do something as correspondent for some newspaper. Howard confirmed the news of disaffection in the Bengal Army, and I soon ascertained that mutiny was spreading, and that matters were assuming so grave an aspect that the most serious consequences might be anticipated.

As a preliminary to all other things Howard begged me for the present to consider his house my home, and I spent the first few days of my stay in taking active steps to obtain the office I coveted. I had no idea of the obstacles that were in my way, no accurate conception of those which I was to encounter before I accomplished my purpose. I may say in a few words that two months and a half elapsed before any success attended my efforts, and I wrote to my father on the 10th of July that if no favourable reply should be sent to my last appeal to the Government of Bombay, I should be under the necessity of returning home by way of the Cape, and I only omitted to add, what I knew pretty well must be the case, that if I took that route I should have to work my passage home.

Meanwhile, I think it best to give in a succinct narrative an account of the steps which I took, with the assistance of Howard and his friends, to obtain the direction of the School of Design.

My first step was to pay a visit to the school, my next to address a formal application to the committee to be allowed to enter as superintendent pending the orders of the court of directors. I drew up a memo-

random on the subject of the duties which a superintendent should perform. Howard backed it. On the 9th of June the committee met and passed a resolution requesting the Government to place me at the head of the school, subject to any future decision of the East India Company and at a salary of 500 rupees a month. I had all the more reason to believe that this motion would lead to a favourable result because I had had letters from London, dated early in May, informing me of the action which the Company was disposed to take. I was told that the committee of council of the court of directors had sent a despatch by that mail to the Bombay Government in which they left the matter at issue in the hands of the Governor. His Excellency was informed that he would probably find a fit person in Bombay, but that, if he did not, he might accept as such Mr. Terry, a drawing-master whose services had been engaged, and who would leave Southampton by the 4th of June.

The committee of council had, however, not done what my London correspondents reported of them. They had written to say, as I now discovered, that they could sanction no expenditure beyond the amount yielded by the capital grant of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy—that is, beyond 618 rupees a month—that Mr. Terry's appointment as master at a salary of 300 rupees would be sufficient for every purpose, but that if it should be thought necessary to appoint a superintendent in addition, the duties of that office might be entrusted to some person already in India, with permission to him to add to his salary the sum of 200 rupees a month.

Notwithstanding the smallness of this offer, I was not in a position to hesitate in asking for the post. I drew up a report in which I sketched the various

duties of a drawing-master and superintendent, and begged to be taken on as head of the school at any salary which the Bombay Government might think fit to give me.

On the 20th of July Lord Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, having expressed to Sir William Yardley, who was chairman of the school committee, his desire that my services should be secured, deputed Mr. Hart, one of the government secretaries, to inform Sir William Yardley that the Government of Bombay had not the power to appoint a superintendent at 500 rupees a month; but that it would be desirable that information should be given upon two points—firstly, what duties a superintendent would be liable to perform beyond those with which the drawing-master should be entrusted; secondly, what steps should be taken to bring into play the industrial element in the school.

The contents of Mr. Hart's dispatch were communicated to me by the committee, and I replied with a minute in which I answered the two points which it set forth. The committee backed my minute with a recommendation that I should be appointed superintendent to carry out its conclusions, and added that I should be appointed temporarily at the low salary of 300 rupees a month. On the 15th of August I was made superintendent at the salary above named, Terry being confirmed as master at 250 rupees.

It might be supposed that during the forced inactivity of the time which elapsed between the 20th of May and the 15th of August I had abundant leisure. Fortunately I enjoyed no such advantage. Howard, who was all for getting me employment as fast as possible, gave me a letter of introduction to the editor of the 'Bombay Gazette,' and I was instantly at work writing leaders, which were indeed but scantily remu-

nerated, but which occupied my time and attention. The memoranda and minutes which I had to compose on the subject of the School of Design took some time also. I had been received in a friendly manner by several of the best men in the Presidency. At a dinner given by Howard at the Byculla Club I met Mr. Anderson, one of the government secretaries, who next morning gave me instructions to prepare a summary of news brought by the overland mail, which was then transmitted under my name to all parts of India. The official order for this work came on the 27th of June, and gave me a salary of 120 rupees a month, a very welcome supply, though quite insufficient to sustain life in a dear place like Bombay. The state of India had, as I anticipated, become so precarious that we were threatened with the loss of the whole country. The Mutiny had spread from Meerut to the North-Western provinces. At Delhi the princes of the Mogul dynasty had been set up as rulers by the rebellious garrisons. Agra was lost, the whole of Oude had risen against us. My old friends General Barnard, Tombs, and Austin of Kalafat memory were amongst those employed in preparations for the recovery of Delhi. As the news of all the uprisings and pursuits came pouring into Bombay, I felt strong within me the old instincts of the pressman. I longed to be a correspondent, and I sat down, and on the 11th of June wrote a letter of seven columns which I forwarded to Weir of the 'Daily News.' I followed it up with others of equal length by successive mails, and indulged the hope, not only that they would be accepted, but that they would contribute materially to the increase of my means during my stay at Bombay. My outgoings were meanwhile larger than I had expected. Howard, obliged to leave Bombay for Poona, had shut up his house in

the fort, and I had taken a bungalow at the Hope Hall Hotel, in which I kept house with Hughlings, a young professor of literature and history at Elphinstone College, who was about as industrious a man as I had ever met. Ill made, splay-footed, short in stature, endowed by nature with irregular and unhandsome features, he asserted himself among gentlemen by great erudition and an enormous capacity for hard work. When he was not lecturing he sat at home reading Sanscrit, and correcting the lecture books of the pupils who studied under him. He was to Howard, as director of public instruction, invaluable, being his very right hand in getting up an annual report. He had been an undergraduate under Jowett, then Master of Balliol, and had a great admiration for that celebrated Don, whom I afterwards met in the house of David Morier. With Hughlings I spent hours discussing questions of abstruse philosophy or of Indian policy. My knowledge of European and general politics had prepared me for the latter, my reading and long frequentation of Howard, who had been an Oxford coach, for the former. Hughlings had a body-servant, I none as yet. Our routine of life was regularly as follows : Early rising ; 6 A.M., a cup of tea, bath and dress, and a stroll ; 9 A.M., breakfast ; 1 P.M., lunch or tiffin ; 8 P.M., dinner. The last two meals we took at the Hope Hall Hotel daily ordinary. Our comrade and frequent companion was Carter, a surgeon, who varied his leisure between visits to the Bombay Hospital and studies of plant life by help of the microscope. He initiated me to the mysteries of this form of inquiry, and I do not recollect having been more keenly interested by any research of a similar kind.

It was during our stay together at Hope Hall that the mutiny of the regiment in garrison at Bombay was plotted. Suspicious circumstances had been noted

in the conduct of the native officers, but evidence of treachery appeared difficult to obtain. Mr. Forjett, a Portuguese by birth, and well acquainted with native languages, was our director of police. He disguised himself in the dress of a sepoy, attended a meeting at which the plan of a mutiny was discussed and settled; and lots were drawn for the possession of the wives of the Europeans. Next morning all the native officers were arrested, the battalion was disarmed, and a court-martial shortly after sentenced eleven of the ringleaders to death. I recollect perfectly the day of the execution. It took place on the Maidan before the fort. The culprits were all bound to the muzzles of guns and blown to death. Hughlings determined to witness the scene; I refused to accompany him. He met with a fearful accident. An arm, torn from one of the sufferers, was projected into the air, and, falling amongst the spectators, alighted on his head. He came home sick, and took several hours to recover.

We had been visited on the 11th of June by the opening monsoon. No one who has once witnessed this phenomenon can forget the grandeur of the scene presented by the heavens on that occasion. Clouds suddenly gathered in the south-west and rapidly filled the sky, darkening the atmosphere portentously. Out of the black masses there came volleys of fireworks, peal after peal of thunder rent the air, and the rain poured down in such torrents as one only witnesses in countries as warm as India. The monsoon at Bombay is expected with pleasure by all classes of inhabitants. It fills the tanks and furnishes water for all purposes; without it life would have been impossible for half a million of people as late as 1858, when a gigantic system of storage brought water for the first time artificially from the hills. The monsoon also cools the air and makes the hot months of June, July,

and August tolerable. But it has other curious effects. On the eve of its coming the glacis at Bombay was bare of all vegetation; twenty-four hours later it was covered with an inch or two of tender grasses. Weeds begin to grow on the double-tiled roofs of the bungalows; damp invades the houses, and fungus spreads over everything. Gloves, leather shoes, woollen clothes are soon covered with mushroom growths, and charcoal fires are required to keep everything dry. The force of the wind which drives the rain is amazing, and I recollect going out to dinner in a shigram, or native carriage, of which the windows received the rain and wind pressure at right angles, and the waters welled over in a few seconds, and flooded the bottom of the carriage to the height of three or four inches.

Another phenomenon connected with the monsoon which I observed in the Hope Hall Garden was a so-called shower of fishes. The walks suddenly became peopled with small fishes, which wriggled or swam in the rain pools with great activity. Had they fallen from heaven? If not, how came they to be struggling and full of life at a distance from any tank or stream? Curiously enough they made no prolonged stay in the alleys: they disappeared as mysteriously as they came. It was some time before I discovered that these inhabitants of the waters had means of terrestrial locomotion. Their spiked fins carried them rapidly over the ground; and when the fresh rain which enticed them ashore was drunk up by the soil, they wandered back to their ordinary element.

What leisure I found, after attending to literary labours, for other occupations I gave to sketching, and I recollect making a water-colour drawing of a low-caste funeral which Sir William Yardley took from me, sending a hundred rupees in exchange. I do

not think he considered the subject pleasing—it was ghastly; but he was kindness itself, as I was able to testify a few days later, when he offered me the use of his purse, which I refused, saying I would not intrude upon him in that way till I was at the last extremity.

The time was coming, indeed, when it seemed as if my prospects would really become desperate. On the 1st of July the tension caused by delays, disappointments, and perhaps also by the climate, prostrated me suddenly. I had just time to write home a few lines when Carter, who attended me, prescribed absolute rest in bed. I told my father that I was down with a fever, that I could give him none but bad news, and that 'there was nothing to be done at Bombay.' When it was too late and could not be recalled, I was sorry I had written the letter. I have it now before me, endorsed on the cover with a melancholy comment.

Ten days later—so quick is recovery in the Indian climate when the constitution is not too severely encroached upon—I was up again writing home announcing my return to health, yet unable to give any cheering account of myself. My prospects seemed so hopeless that I could not look into the future without the most serious misgivings. It might be that before any arrangements could be brought to a head at Bombay I should be reduced to great straits, and it was to be feared that no course would remain open to me except that of returning by way of the Cape.

Though still in suspense, on the 20th of July I wrote with better hopes. I had been treated with great kindness by Bombay society, and had seen many of the most influential people at a dinner given by Sir William Yardley, where I met Mr. Malet, one of the members of council, Commodore Wellesley.

and his wife, the puisne judge, Sir Matthew Sausse, and Mr. Lewis, the advocate-general. Till two o'clock in the morning four of us sat up discussing Indian affairs over soda and brandy and cheroots. I had, indeed, got so saturated by this time with knowledge of the situation at the Presidency that I ventured to discuss in a letter to my father the superficial arguments and dubious causes brought together by people in England to account for the Mutiny. I pooh-poohed the old stories of exclusive caste and insufficient pay, and the tendency of Englishmen to attribute the disturbances to dread of impurity and greased cartridges. The Mutiny, it was now quite clear, had been got up by the Brahmins, and chiefly by the high-caste Brahmins of Lower Bengal. These clever and cunning men had succeeded in working on the feelings of the fanatical Mussulmans, and roused amongst them a desire for the return to power of the old Mahommedan dynasties. They made the most of the greased cartridge, and gave the signal for action by a distribution of cakes, called chowpatties, all over the country. The moment they chose was that in which part of the European army of India was engaged in Persia. An English force was on its way to China, and the depleted Indian regiments were scattered in small garrisons in various directions. Had it not happened that the whole scheme was defeated by the premature outbreak of the Mahommedan cavalry at Meerut, we should have been attacked at all points on the same day and at the same time, and the movement, which was still very dangerous, would have been fatal to our rule; as it was, we were saved by Lord Elgin's prompt diversion of the Chinese expeditionary force, and its landing in Calcutta.¹ More I added on the subject of current fallacies respecting the land settle-

¹ 4,000 men, the 'Shannon' and other men-of-war, and 2,000 blue-jackets.

ment, which was perpetual in one place and not perpetual in another. I showed how the poorer peasantry were taxed, whilst the native bankers and usurers were free from taxation; how the Hindoo law of succession divided the land into microscopic holdings, causing infanticide and other crimes; how the army suffered from the drafts made upon European military officers to fill civil posts; and pointed to the well-known fact that when an officer was convicted of incapacity in his civil duties he was punished by an order to return to his regiment.

Three weeks after this, as I have already said, I was made superintendent of the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy School of Design, and the appointment was gazetted at the end of August. I lectured there during terms twice a week, teaching fifty-four pupils the rules of geometric figure-drawing, orthographic projection and perspective. Terry superintended the drawing class and gave lessons in wood engraving, and we soon established the school on such a footing as won us the applause of the committee and of Government. But this was not all. About the time when my first lectures began I ascertained that the 'Daily News' had published all the correspondence which I had sent them, and I received letters from Weir begging me to continue my labours. I was disappointed that he should have done this without giving me a regular engagement. Neglect of this precaution led to his losing my services at a critical moment.

Whilst I was thus sending home news that sunshine had succeeded to gloom so far as my prospects were concerned, I received unwelcome intelligence from England to the effect that Cavalcaselle had given up his partnership with me, and entered into a new one with Mr. Layard, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Tom Taylor, for the purpose of producing a new work on

Italian, art. I wrote to Cavalcaselle to upbraid him for this abandonment, and I waited with impatience for an explanation. Months elapsed before he wrote back to say that he had accepted a quarterly allowance from Mr. Murray, on condition that he should furnish annotations for a new edition of Vasari, that this engagement was not for contributing to a new work, but for taking notes which would facilitate the wider research required for our original scheme of a history of Italian painting. Long before he had been able to obtain the materials for annotating Vasari, Mr. Murray's allowance was withdrawn, Cavalcaselle fell into captivity at Naples, and a year and a half elapsed before we again had news of each other.

Amongst the number of those to whom I now became bound by friendship and sympathy, I must name, in the first place, Tristram, partner in the large mercantile firm of Remington & Co., and Vinay and Des Closets, French merchants, who had branches at Pondicherry and Marseilles. Tristram lived with his wife in a villa on Breach Candy Hill, which I often visited, and I had a seat at luncheon at Vinay's table whenever I came in to the fort.

It was at Vinay's that I heard, at the end of August, of the wish of the Danjou Press Company at Marseilles to engage a correspondent at Bombay, and for several months, whilst the interest of the Mutiny lasted, I wrote letters on Indian subjects, in French, which appeared in almost all the newspapers in France.

At Government House, thanks to Howard and Sir Charles Eastlake, I was treated with special kindness. Lord Elphinstone, who asked me regularly to his dinners and parties, put me on a good footing with his aides-de-camp and his secretary, Colonel Bates. It

was said of me that I was the only Englishman, at the Presidency who had come to India and not been a 'griffin.' But whether it was dissipation, difficult as it seemed to be to avoid excesses at the numerous feasts to which I was invited, or whether I was predisposed to succumb to the effects of the climate, I had a second attack of fever at my Hope Hall bungalow in the middle of September, and I observed that Carter, who again attended me, looked very grave whilst the attack lasted. The peculiarity of the disease was, besides high temperature, an excessive weakness, which showed itself in a succession of two or three fainting fits every day. Thanks, however, to Carter's care and Hughlings' nursing, I recovered, and Carter afterwards admitted that I had been on the verge of a brain fever. During my convalescence I heard of the arrival of Sir Hugh Rose, and discovered that he had taken lodgings at the Hope Hall Hotel. I sent round my body servant, for I had now got one of my own, to say that I would come to see him as soon as I was well. He immediately came over to my bungalow, sat by my bedside for three-quarters of an hour, and was good enough to say that when he got his division I should come and stay with him. The sudden appearance of this energetic soldier, and the simultaneous arrival in India of other generals, showing the determination of the home Government to exercise more complete control of the administration of India, and to supersede the East India Company, were not pleasing to the military men or civilians of the old Indian régime. But the Mutiny had done much to diminish the lustre which had dazzled Europeans since the days of Clive and Warren Hastings. We had been accustomed to consider India as a field for bringing up soldiers in the art of war, and civilians in the science of government. I discovered, and many others, I fear discovered like-

wise, that talent was not the sole condition of advancement in India. On the contrary, military commands and important civil posts were in the hands of persons who had nothing more to recommend them, besides the integrity which was characteristic of them all, than a knowledge of the routine of daily business. I found that I had been labouring under a delusion when I assumed that India produced more men capable of writing a despatch than any other portion of Her Majesty's dominions. I observed that there were members of Council who could not spell, and others who had mastered that art without acquiring the knack of forming sentences. Our English acquaintance with India had only thrown in our way the possessors of the highest class of intellect. The great mass of collectors, judges, and subordinate agents had remained obscure. Now circumstances brought all the mediocrities to light in a large and imposing mass, which required to be permeated by new and trustworthy elements, such as were obtained by means of the Civil Service examinations that sent in periodically brilliant youths, like the Wyllies, Pedders, and Richeys, who formed a little galaxy at the Bombay Presidency. The routine of the old hands had in part been the cause of the Mutiny. We had flattered and employed the dominant castes of natives to such an extent, we had petted them so imprudently, that they lorded it over the mediocrities which we sent out from Europe. These believed that pampering and petting had made friends for us. But it was impossible for the Brahmins, who despised us, not to perceive that we had at bottom no very great regard for them. They combined. The wily Brahmins set the Mahommedans upon us preparatory, as they thought, to asserting their own power, and it required all the energy of the Anglo-Saxon to get the better of them, and confound their very clever

wiles. I recollect as if it were yesterday that, when Howard arrived at Poona, after giving me hospitality at Bombay, he found the Sanscrit department of the college a hotbed of disaffection, and he forthwith suppressed it and dismissed the Pundits to their homes. His reward for this energetic and prudent measure was an official snub. But the time came when the eyes, even of the men of routine, were opened to the folly of pampering and petting, and this only occurred after an infusion of new blood and the substitution of competent people for good-natured but perniciously incapable officials.

As I write these lines, I recollect that we have now a considerable number of British politicians who go over to India for a few weeks and come back to England with a budget of Indian grievances or sermons on Indian reform, as if Hindoos were a people absolutely fitted for European civilisation. These sentimentalists forget, or have not learnt, that India is altogether unfitted and unprepared for the changes which they advocate, and that it would, for instance, be monstrously absurd to assimilate the Indian and European races in the matter of suffrage or of expression of opinion in the press. But, after all, those who urge such follies are excusable to a certain extent on this score, that Indian questions are submitted to a half-informed, indifferent, and lazy public in England, and that it is hopeless to attempt to overcome indifference and indolence, and favour the spread of information.

Two fevers had convinced, and doctors assured me, that a bungalow level with the ground at Hope Hall was less healthy than a dwelling elsewhere. I accordingly took chambers at the Byculla Club, and on the very day of moving I heard of the assault and surrender of Delhi (September 21). Every one in India

and Europe thought that the back of the Mutiny was now broken. Oddly enough, the Sepoys of the Bombay Presidency all took that opportunity to break out into rebellion, giving us practical evidence of the folly of their leaders.

CHAPTER X

Indian Life—I am Correspondent of the 'Times'—Editor of several Journals—Good position—Am sent home sick.

THERE was now more Indian news than ever to communicate to friends in Europe, and I worked with renewed vigour at my correspondence. But home news had at the same time acquired fresh interest, and people awaited eagerly the moment when a mail steamer should enter the bay. I knew to an hour when to expect its arrival. I could see from the club windows the signal staff, on which the number of the ship must be hoisted. I watched the signal as it was made, and when the number was shown I drove to the fort and within the hour a summary, signed with my name, was telegraphed over all India, wherever the wires carried and had not been broken by mutineers.

Not only were there interruptions in the telegraph lines, there were breaks also in the railway services between several important centres of India. One communication, that with Poona, happily remained undisturbed, and easy access could be had to Matheran, where the governor had his country house, and to the Bhore Ghaut, over which lay the route that led to the cantonments of Poona. For years there had been a break in the Bombay-Poona line, between Campoolie at the bottom and Khandalla at the top of the Ghauts. For twenty miles or more steep ascents were required to overcome the obstacle of the Bhore Ghaut. I had the curiosity one day to visit the works. At the close of

October I took the train to Campoolie, and travelled from thence to the top of the Ghaut by palkee. Four men carried me, and two more acted as reliefs. The passage was most picturesque, both as regards scenery and as regards the engineering works undertaken to run the railway from the bottom to the summit of the chain. So far as I could see there was an incline with a very steep gradient that could not be less than seventeen miles long. The line ran into a siding, from which it started afresh as from a head station, and emerged on the plain above in a series of curves. The wild scenery of rock and bamboo scrub, with many palms, seemed to me full of grandeur. But the strange thing was that there was no downward slope eastward to compensate for the sudden rise of the Ghaut westward. The ground, in bygone ages, appeared to have subsided seaward. As the waters receded they left the whole coast from the Gulf of Cambay to Cape Comorin edged with a border of low land, overhung by precipitous cliff. The cliff rose almost sheer 1,000 feet. It fell in the gentlest of undulations towards the south and west, so that streams rising within a few miles of the western coasts, ran their course far off in an easterly direction to the Bay of Bengal, a thousand miles away.

On a somewhat later occasion, during the pleasant and cool weather of December, I accompanied the Vinay family on an excursion to the western shore of the Bay of Bombay. A small native buggalow was chartered, and we settled ourselves in its cabin and alternately sailed and rowed towards the foot of the hills facing Tanna. It was pleasant to hear the native sailors chanting when they were obliged to supplement the wind by a little rowing. To my surprise the strophes almost all ended with the word 'chээрily,' pronounced 'charilee,' and I guessed that our men had served as

Lascars on board Indiamen before they had taken to navigating on their own account. The care with which one of the crew, told off for that special purpose, ground the white of fresh cocoanuts together with saffron, garlic, and red pepper, and finally mixed it with boiled rice and fish stewed in a cauldron, interested me greatly, and I longed to partake of the savoury curry which I could not ask for, because the men would not have touched anything that a Christian had tasted. We landed on a sandy spot and pitched tents, in which we rested. In a neighbouring lagoon we waded after sundown and shot wild ducks when we could sight them in the reflex of the bright moon. Our rest was broken during the night by the assaults of numberless mosquitoes, who prepared for us what Thackeray has called an Arabian night's entertainment. We rose early in consequence, got our men to beat for ducks, shot a few and captured a spoon-bill, the whole of which formed a succulent repast, well cooked by Vinay's native servants. After noon we sailed and landed at Elephanta, where I spent hours making sketches. For years this celebrated place, an island of black trap rock with caves cut into it by a Hindoo religious community, had been a place of pilgrimage. Barren women were supposed to have children if they visited the spot. The Government abolished rites which had come to be a scandal, and now the caves were a show place, damaged here and there by falls of rock, yet still full of interest. It seemed as if the gradual extension of the excavation had been obtained from the religious zeal of worshippers, who vowed to carve a section out of the rock and adorn one or more of the pillars that were left to support the roof. The space was divided into a series of rectangles, of which the roofing rested on a corner pillar. The pillars were squared at the base, rounded

and fluted at about six feet from the ground, and expanded into ornamental bulbs at the top. There was a remnant of barbaric splendour in the appearance of the whole place, but no accuracy of measured distribution in any part. The pillars were all more or less different in girth, and the ornament was nowhere carefully finished; but the figures which here and there expressed the majesty of the Hindoo Pantheon displayed a certain grandeur of archaic simplicity, and the total impression was imposing and original.

A few days after returning from this delightful excursion I accepted an invitation to visit another of the islands in the bay, where Standen, administrator-general at Bombay and correspondent of the 'Times,' had a summer retreat. Standen and Howard came to India at the same time, in 1853. They were both fellow-passengers with Lord Elphinstone, and to both his lordship became a friend and a patron. But Standen was perhaps more of a courtier than Howard, and he was very quickly promoted to the office of administrator. Like Howard he was an university man, but with more polish than depth of learning. He had a great fund of general knowledge, a facile pen, and a memory which never failed. Accepted as a sympathetic friend at Parell, the governor's residence, he did his best to please, and showed himself properly inclined to prefer the views of the circle in which he moved to those which he might have acquired by his own judgment. It was said of him—I think with truth—that he was sometimes willing to see things in a rosy light because it was the policy of the Government that the public should have that face of things put before them, whilst the gloomy view, which others (including myself) were always more inclined to take, was that which usually prevailed. Standen knew too many people to be able to speak his mind freely, and

he shrank naturally from the extremity of offending them. It was to the country house of this amiable official that I was asked in company with Howard, Tristram, and Nevill, a young officer of engineers, to pay a visit. We took a boat at the Apollo Bunder, sailed to the island of Caranjari, and, on landing, were carried each *in sede gestatoria* to the top of a high trap cliff, on the platform of which we found an old Portuguese church transformed into a modern villa. Round the building was a beautiful and well-kept garden. From a terrace on one side we looked down a precipice of rock into the sea, many hundred feet below us. The walls of the building were massive and formed of large cubes of trap. We dined in the choir, where the sideboard stood on the site of the altar. In another part of the church we took rest after dinner and drank our coffee, and in the twilight of evening we wandered out to the terrace, from which we could watch a circling flock of vultures, which screamed in the air above us. One of us, taking up a loaded rifle, fired. A vulture fell with a thud on the terrace, shot through the breast. I never saw a gigantic bird so full of vermin. The servants whom Standen called to remove it refused to do so, and two low-caste gardeners reluctantly seized it by the legs and swung it over the terrace into space. Suddenly a strange thing happened: the bird, which was falling rapidly towards the water, opened its wings; the motion of the pinions grew stronger, the bird rose, and, to our astonishment, disappeared into space.

I made a drawing of the interior of the dwelling, and when, some months later, Standen was sent away to China for the benefit of his health, and, poor fellow, died on the way of tumour of the liver, I sent it to his relations as a memento of his hospitality.

But this was not the last occasion on which we met.

An expedition had been planned. We were to visit the deserted city of Bassein, and Howard, Standen, a young fellow named Crawford, and myself, started early one morning by train and got out at Tanna. There we took a boat, in which we floated with the tide to the ferry at the junction of the waters between Salsette and the mainland, where the currents that set from the ocean on one side and the Bay of Bombay on the other meet. We could see, as we passed, the Ghauts, of which the precipitous flanks were bathed in a grey haze, streaked with horizontal lines such as might be left on the face of rocks during a long subsidence of waters. To the north and west the view became more lovely as we approached the narrower part of the channel. The jungle of bamboo and thorn dipped into the water in all places except those where beds of black ooze were capped by a bright mass of mangroves. We landed at Ghora Bunder, where we admired the graceful lines of the native buggalows as they lay either lolling on the water or resting on the shore. A steep ascent took us to the ruins of a Portuguese church and cloisters, of which the massive stones had resisted the destructive energies of the conquering Mahrattas. Our servants laid beds for us in the aisle and chancel, and we went to rest whilst kites and crows still kept screeching around us. Over the building and down the precipitous rocks on which it was built hung the boughs of the *Ficus indica*, at the foot of which a red flag and an idol coloured in red reminded us that the heathen had desecrated the church in which we rested. The view on every side was lovely. Next morning we started early towards Bassein, which we found lying in a rich alluvial flat, shaded by mango and pekul trees. Here were the ruins we had come to see. We visited no less than seven churches, all unroofed, and some of them with

mouldering arches tottering to their fall. Coping-stones and fragments of columns lay scattered on the ground. The bur-tree, which tears asunder the stoutest stone, had run its roots either straight or winding to the earth, where fresh lines were thrown out in every direction, covering the walls with their gnarled embroidery. Into one of the solitary cloisters which remained to some extent uninjured Howard and I found our way to sketch. Outside, and nearly in the centre of the old town, we again observed the sacred pekul-tree, beneath the boughs of which a Hindoo temple or pagoda had been erected; and hard by, under a wooden portico, a Brahmin, all but naked, was anointing a shapeless bull (Shiva) with offerings of cocoa-nut oil and milk, whilst peals of discordant bells and gongs jangled to frighten away evil spirits.

Salsette, which one passes on the way to Bassein, is full of picturesque features. Covered with woods, and noted for its antiquities and ruins, it is the familiar resort of the Bombay sportsman, who can indulge in the pleasure of shooting big or small game as his tastes dictate. At Mollar, in the centre of the island, shortly before visiting Bassein, I went with Vinay and his party to shoot pigs. We drove all the way to the rendezvous, where we arrived just in time to prepare supper in a wing of a country bungalow kindly given up to us for the occasion by an Indian gentleman. We had with us the two ladies, Vinay senior and Vinay junior; Des Closets, and a French sea-captain. Couches had been prepared for us all in a partitioned verandah, and we were retiring to rest when our ears were saluted by the sounds of two native fiddles and a tom-tom, and we found that our Hindoo host had a nautch in his house. The prospect of a sleepless night was before us. The French captain expressed his intention to invade the Hindoo sanctum. He pushed his way in

dressed in a nightshirt, a pair of cotton trousers, and a cotton nightcap.

His appearance amongst the natives in this undress was received with a round of such applause that I was instantly induced to follow his example, and in a few minutes all the males of our party were inside and spectators of the nautch. At one end of the room, on a raised platform, the host and his friends sat gravely facing two nautch-girls, who were chaunting as they twisted round and round and shook the shackle bangles on their legs. The French captain had taken a seat unasked at the side of the most dignified of the Indian party, and when I came in was in the act of taking off his cotton nightcap with one hand whilst with the other he removed the turban of the Hindoo. Having performed this action with great rapidity, he placed the nightcap on the native's bare poll, and the pugaree on his own, then rose, gave the turban a knowing punch, and proceeded to dance a French cancan in front of the nautch girls. The whole audience, native and European, was by this time in fits of laughter, which only ceased when the captain fell exhausted on the cushions, having finished with a *pas seul* worthy of the Closerie des Lilas.

It was past three in the morning when we separated. But we did not rest long, going out in a body to beat for pigs, of which we saw a drove in a distant glade as we started, without being able to bring one of them within the reach of our rifles afterwards. Two incidents of the day have remained in my memory. I was standing in a glade, motionless under the shade of trees in a thick stubbly grass, with my legs apart, and my rifle cocked. Presently I heard the call of a quail; it was repeated nearer to me, and in a minute the mother bird, with its brood of ten or twelve chicks, passed under my legs in a body.

For the next beat the shikaree, or head of the beaters, placed me in a glade in the middle of which there was a pool of shallow water. Here, again, I stood without stirring. But looking into the pool, which was quite limpid, I observed in the bottom of it the print of the paw of a wild animal. I looked further, and there were three other prints of a similar character. When the beaters came by, and we all got together after a blank, I pointed out the footprints to the shikaree. He turned pale, and said in English, 'That—tiger.' We broke up the party, being unprepared to meet big game, and pleased that we had not been surprised by encountering a man-eater.

Next morning we went out again, killed a few hares, quail, and partridges, and nearly bagged a hyæna, who received from me the whole discharge of one barrel with no symptom of distress but a howl.

The year came to a close leaving me in a better position than I could have anticipated. I was superintendent of the School of Design, telegraphist of home news to the Government, correspondent of the 'Daily News,' and correspondent of a French news company. A week before the year expired I had another important offer.

When I first came to Bombay three newspapers were in existence, the 'Times,' the 'Gazette,' and the 'Telegraph.' The first, owned by Parsees, was edited by Dr. Buist, a Scotchman, celebrated for his advocacy of the claims of natives; the second, edited by Mr. Mawson for the proprietor, Mr. Connon; the third, directed by Mr. Craig, but financed by natives. The Mutiny had changed the relation of the press to the natives. Dr. Buist had always stipulated for a free hand as editor of the 'Bombay Times,' and when he came to the conclusion that some of the natives, whose cause he had advocated, were traitors to British

rule, he was straightforward enough to declare his opinion openly. This was gall and wormwood to the Parsees, who decided on his dismissal, and who, previous to doing so, came to offer me his post. I begged the proprietors of the 'Times' to pause before they came to extremities, but on the last day of December they held a meeting and turned Dr. Buist out of office. After performing this act of vigour they came in a body to my rooms, told me of Dr. Buist's dismissal, and offered me a permanent engagement, with a free hand, 800 rupees a month, and a request to go on duty at four o'clock that afternoon. Unwilling then and there to express to them my decided opinion that Buist's political views were similar to mine, though he had perhaps urged them with unnecessary violence, I merely asked to be allowed a couple of hours to think of the offer, and at the appointed time I sent word to say that my occupations were already so multifarious that I could not accede to the request. The Parsees, upon this, appointed Mr. Knight to succeed Buist, and the Doctor on the 1st of January started the 'Bombay Standard' as a rival paper.

The year 1858 might thus have opened more favourably for my prospects than it did. Still I believed I had done right in refusing a post in which I might have met with serious difficulty, and I was not ill contented with the fact that after eight months' stay in India I had been able to make an income of about 600*l.* a year.

January had but just expired when new openings presented themselves. In India, more than elsewhere, men profit by the calamities of their neighbours. Poor Mr. Mawson of the 'Gazette' had fallen ill. His was a case which required a speedy retirement to Europe. He vacated at the same time his editorship and the

secretaryship of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce. He begged me to take the acting secretaryship at half-wages. I did so, being duly installed as vice-secretary on the 20th of February; and here it was that I came into the closest contact with the heads of the mercantile community of Bombay. Besides Tristram and his senior partner, Baumbach, the Scotts, Robert Ryrie, and Mr. Fleming were the men I most frequently met. The work which I had to perform daily was light. It became complicated about the time of the annual meeting by preparations for drafting a report. The Chamber occupied roomy premises in the Fort, which were probably in the vicinity of a tank, as they were frequented by the most formidable race of mosquitos known to the oldest inhabitant. Sitting in the secretarial chair, which had a cane bottom, even a case-hardened native of the old school would have felt the penetrating amenities to which he was subjected. I bounded, but not with joy, when I sat there without previously taking the precaution to clothe myself in proof in a couple of supplements of the 'Times' newspaper, cheaper journals being less effectual and liable to perforation. There, when it came to the drafting of the annual report, I sat with Mr. Fleming, the chairman, and studied minutely the transactions of the Chamber. As I had but just taken office, and the duties were new to me, I probably showed neither zeal nor readiness. At all events, my exertions were not as energetic as they might have been. They certainly did not satisfy the critical taste of the chairman, who spared no pains to insinuate that he thought me too inexperienced. Yet I kept on in hopes of improving, and I owe some part of my knowledge of mercantile business to this period of probation.

It was unfortunate for Mawson that he was unable

to dispose of the editorship of the 'Bombay Gazette' as he did of the secretaryship. There was no other man besides myself in the Presidency to whom the manager could apply. He came to me as a matter of course, and I imposed my conditions. He would not bind himself for more than four months. I refused to take the editorship except on three conditions: the salary was to be 600 rupees a month, I was to have a free hand, and absolute control of the correspondence of the paper. All this was at once conceded, but in practice the manager affected to believe that it was impossible to distinguish a post-office order, or *hoondee*, from a political communication, and that he must open and peruse all letters first. I had a fight of twenty-four hours on this point, and carried it. But this put my manager into an ill-humour, which he showed soon after in some written remarks addressed to myself relative to the conduct of the paper. On this occasion I offered the alternative of a withdrawal of the obnoxious remarks or my resignation, and here again I was victorious. But these victories made me an enemy, who probably gave such a character of me to his proprietor that a renewal of my engagement became problematical. Still I thought it likely that the proprietor of the 'Gazette' would find it worth his while to treat me well, and I applied myself resolutely to the difficult task of writing leaders and supplying materials for the paper. As regards European news, I was amply provided by my father's letters, whose intelligence, always original and from the best sources, became such a feature that Lord Elphinstone used to send to me for an early communication of them after the arrival of each mail. As regards India, I now knew enough to be aware that no paper could hope to do more than engage its' friends to send intelligence. I had friends at Meerut, Delhi, Indore,

in Guzerat and in Oude. Early reports reached me of the capture of Lucknow, the gradual subjugation of the surrounding country, and the capture of Jhansie and Kalpee by Sir Hugh Rose. Gossip, too, came from different collectorates, and on the whole a body of correspondents was created which kept the 'Gazette' better informed for a time than any newspaper in the country. It was hard work. Six leaders a week, letters to the 'Daily News,' lectures at the school, telegraphing for the Government, and attendance at the Chamber of Commerce put an unusual strain upon me, which I could not hope to bear without alternations of good and bad health. But I had a fine position. I enjoyed the support and countenance of the Government, and showed my appreciation of it by avoiding disagreeable controversial matter, and acting on the principle that the time was not one in which reforms were urgent so long as it remained clearly understood that the foolish British cry in favour of Christian vernacular schools remained unattended to, and rapid steps were taken to substitute the rule of the Queen for that of the East India Company.

As it was impossible for me, under the pressure of all other occupations, to continue correspondence with people at home on the usual scale, a short journal was substituted, which was posted towards the close of March to my father. I find allusions in this manuscript to the arrival of Colonel E. Greathed; the rivalry of Outram and General Franks at Lucknow; the departure of the Chief Justice, Sir W. Yardley, and the arrival of his successor, Sir Henry Davison; and the absence of the annual ice-ship, which is as anxiously expected by Bombay citizens as the Spanish galleons were by Anson.

About the beginning of May the interest in the

Mutiny began to wane, and the circulation of all newspapers fell ; but I learnt that the losses of the 'Gazette' were slight in comparison with those which were incurred by its contemporaries. I had heard from the manager that the return of Mr. Mawson would be postponed on account of his prolonged indisposition. I told him to let Mr. Cannon know that I would continue to act if he desired it. This message, I found, was never sent. On the 4th of July a letter from the proprietor informed me that a new editor had been appointed, who was to arrive by the next mail. On the 10th I left the 'Gazette,' and some time after Mr. Cannon wrote to say that he had not heard that I was open to any further engagement, that it was true he might have written to ask me, but before offering the appointment permanently he would have required my assurance that I would give undivided attention to it, or at least would not hold such offices as I now did.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, in which the annual report was brought up for approval, the chairman, Mr. Fleming, excused himself for its shortcomings on the score of my inexperience. I rose after him and tendered my resignation, which was immediately accepted. A ballot then took place for the election of a new chairman ; and, after Robert Ryrie had been duly elected, he proposed that I should be re-appointed. The Chamber, which ten minutes before had been willing to part with me, now voted unanimously that they wished me to stay. I may add that when Mawson, a couple of months later, returned from Europe, he was so ill that he only held the secretaryship for a short time, and I eventually succeeded him at the full salary.

Strange to say, I had no sooner been released from the overwhelming fatigue of editing and sub-

editing a daily newspaper than I fell sick. On the 5th of July I only cut off a violent attack of fever by taking a dose of sixteen grains of quinine, which made my head reel. We were again in full monsoon. Tremendous showers were falling daily, producing their three or four inches of rain in every twenty-four hours, and Bombay society had retired from the moistness of the island atmosphere to the pleasanter dryness of the air of the Deccan. Being much depressed by intermittent attacks, I, too, longed for a holiday; and, availing myself of the temporary closing of the School of Design, on the 25th of July made a journey to Poona, where I had accepted the invitation of the artillery regiment quartered there to join their mess. It was a happy thought, and I spent a pleasant time. Poona was as full of company as Bombay in the season. There were balls and dinners and parties, and the artillerymen were as kind and hospitable as they could be, from the youngest subaltern to the ever-amiable Colonel Philpotts. Captain Ravenhill came to meet me at the station, and drove me to the mess-rooms in the cantonment. I had been carried across the lowlands in rain, from Campoolie to Khundalla in a mist which might have been Scotch, but that it was hot and steamy. I now enjoyed cool air, under a scud of grey clouds. Invitations flocked in. Sir Hugh Rose sent for me to breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He was as cheerful as if he had not just lost 25,000*l.* of prize-money by the robbery of the Jhansie treasure (200,000*l.*). It was delightful to look at this clever and active soldier, with his soft face enframed in auburn curls, and to think that this was the hero who had fought like a lion in Central India, and when prostrated by sunstroke in the midst of an action had been brought to by a skinful of water, which enabled him to mount again and fight as before.

On the very next day after my arrival Ravenhill gave me a mount, and we rode up the hill of Parbuttee, crowned by old palaces and temples, to a terrace from which we had a view of the cantonments and the plain watered by the Moota Moola rivers. We could see the meeting of the waters at a place called the Sun-goon, below the cavalry quarters, and note the coign of vantage from which the Peishwa watched the defeat of his army at the battle of Kirkee. The town itself, with its palace, bazaars, and bridges surrounded by thousands of low wattled habitations of the poorer classes, lay concealed amidst the glistening foliage of groves of mango and fig trees. A large tank in the distance enclosed a sheet of water, in the centre of which a temple covered part of an island overshadowed by coco-palms. The ascent to Parbuttee was by a flight of steep steps like those of a calvary. Three temples in enclosures on the top of the mound were places of pilgrimage to Hindoos, who ascended on their knees. We did not observe this ceremony, but rode up unchallenged. The head Brahmin opened one of the temples and allowed us to peep into the sacred precincts. His conversation was instructive, as showing the relation between the English Government and the religious orders. It proved to me that we still did a good deal to regulate the financial situation of important shrines and administer the tribute paid as offerings by superstitious people. The Brahmin, opening the door and allowing us to look into the gloom, pointed out to us a hideous idol, whose diamond eyes shone brightly in the surrounding darkness. He asked, in his peculiar English, 'Is it plain?' meaning, was there light enough. I replied, 'Yes, it is very plain,' of which our friend did not see the joke. A little black boy presented a plate, and silently begged for an offering. The Brahmin sententiously

said, 'You will give me money, but I will refuse it, because what you give here (within the temple) is a Government collection. But as I go down the steps you will give me money, and it will be charity to the blind.' And now I remarked that the Brahmin was really blind, but quite clear as to the difference between receiving alms on his own account and on account of the Government. Ravenhill, with more generosity than I possessed, gave our friend a rupee 'as we went down the steps,' and that rupee it is evident did not go into the State collection.

My stay at Poona lasted several weeks, and was only once interrupted for a couple of days for the sake of a dinner at Bombay, given by the Byculla Club in honour of Sir Hugh Rose. On my return from this excursion, on the 5th of August, I set to work doggedly to master a part in Wallace's opera of 'Maritana,' and I gave my share of labour to studying the part of the King and painting the scenes. The theatre was fitted up in a large barn in cantonments, and whilst I sang King Charles, Captain Miller took the part of Don Cesar de Bazan, Mrs. Chaplin—the wife of an old Crimean friend of mine—sang Maritana, and Howard led the orchestra. The piece was given first before a select company of soldiers and non-commissioned officers, and when we found that we could fairly pull together, we got the Governor and all the authorities, civil and military, to be present. The entrance fee was high, but the proceeds went to a charity, and the performance was a triumph. After the play we had a fancy-dress ball, at which all the ladies of Poona appeared. The press of India, sick of massacres and military movements, was pleased to record something of a gayer character than the slaughter of rebels. For weeks, and from the remotest corners of the country, letters came in expressing pleasure at my success in the

basso profondo of the King, and William Russell of the 'Times,' amongst others, wrote from a point '150 miles north of Simla' to send me his congratulations.

Whilst the Poona festivities were proceeding a new situation was taking shape for me at Bombay. Dr. Buist had become a candidate for a municipal commissionership, and was preparing for the moment when he should be required to give up his connection with the press. He offered me the editorship of the 'Bombay Standard,' and I accepted it. At the same time he took steps to sell his entire interest in the paper, and a company of gentlemen determined to buy it. I had returned to Bombay on the 26th of August to enter upon my duties. In the beginning of September a second gala representation of 'Maritana' was given at Poona, and on that occasion I was informed that the 'Standard' was about to pass into other hands, and that I would be editor at a salary of 700 rupees a month, with one share of the profits. I hastened to inform my father of the event, and was pleased to hear from him that he would give me a letter of European news every fortnight.

Almost at the time when this change occurred, Standen, the correspondent of the 'Times,' fell sick, and was ordered away to China by his doctors. He left early in September for the south, and we saw him safe on board a steamer bound for Ceylon. He asked me, before leaving, to take charge of his correspondence with the 'Times' till he returned, and I promised to do so; but little more than a month elapsed before news came of his death, which took place at Penang. And then I broke off my connection with the 'Daily News,' wrote to the 'Times' to offer my services as their regular correspondent, and carried on those duties for the remaining period of my stay in India.

I had thus in three months been restored to my

previous position, with this advantage in addition, that my new editorship was more independent than the old one, and the correspondence with Europe settled on a less precarious basis.

I have no very vivid recollection of the incidents of my daily life at Bombay this autumn. I remember spending some weeks with Chief Justice Davison, who lived in a circular bungalow with a round court in the middle of it, upon which the rooms occupied by himself and his friends abutted, the access to each room being a flight of steps leading up to a landing. I used to signal my 'boy' at five in the morning for a bath, and one day as I did so he warned me so imperatively from below not to overstep the threshold that I obeyed, and then I saw that he was armed with a broomstick, with which he proceeded to beat the mat before my door. After spending much energy upon this operation, he raised the mat and pulled out a dead cobra. 'You wear only pyjamas,' he said; 'you tread on mat and snake kill you.' I fancy I may have had a lucky escape on this occasion. Near my own room in the Byculla Club something of the same kind occurred about this time. Colonel Thesiger, whom I had known in the Crimea, came to see me after his arrival at Bombay. He was anxious for 'wrinkles,' as he said, and felt sure that with my knowledge of the place I could so indoctrinate him that he would be spared the ridicule of appearing to be a 'griffin.' I told him there was no chance of his ever incurring such ridicule. But I thought it well to warn him of the one serious danger which he incurred in the Club: it was infested with venomous snakes. Nothing amused me so much at this moment as the puzzled face of the Colonel, who thought I was joking. He protested that he was not a child to be frightened by bogies. We left my room together, and I told him that in spite of his unbelief he

would do well to look carefully at the ground as he walked up the passage, and well it was for him that he did so. We had not gone ten yards when he and I both stopped together. On the floor before us lay two cobras. As we halted they glided away, and the Colonel then felt that he had treated my advice too lightly, and begged my pardon.

Early in October, though I had not yet been appointed editor under the new proprietors of the 'Standard,' I had taken a lease of a house in the Fort at Bombay. Some time elapsed before it was furnished, but at the close of November it was ready for use, and I took as a companion Yardley, the nephew of Sir William, who was just starting at the bar. The house was delightfully airy. From its balcony I looked out on the rampart and ravelins of the Fort, beyond which lay the glacis, the shore of Back Bay, Colaba, and the distant sea.

The year went by, a new year began, and things went on quite smoothly. I can only record a few incidents.

Early in October I was invited by Lord Elphinstone to a picnic at the Carlee caves, near Poona. I took the train to Campoolie, and a palanquin to Khundalla. Howard had sent a horse to meet me. I mounted him and rode to a bungalow near the caves, where I dressed. I found eighty people seated at different tables in the cave, the place of honour being held, as a matter of course, by Lord Elphinstone. Near him was Howard, at his side Miss Stock, the lady whom a few weeks afterwards he married. The festivity, I found, had been given in Howard's honour. It was a strange sight to watch a large party of fashionable Europeans enjoying a banquet in the sacrosanct aisles of a Hindustani temple. We were taken in the evening to Poona on elephants, and I here made my

first practical acquaintance with that interesting animal. We sat six of us in the howdah, behind the mahout, who bestrode the elephant's neck, and with both hands leant on a steel spike, of which the point lay in what seemed to be a perforation of the animal's hide. Whenever the mahout gave an order which the elephant was slow to obey, a prod of the spike reminded the beast of his duty, which he performed groaning. I do not know why it is, but I felt more for the elephant than I would have felt for a hard-spurred horse.

I brought away no vivid impression of the interior of Carlee. I only know that the ornament was more florid and the proportion more slender than at Elephanta.

Some weeks later I joined a yachting party given by Lowndes, of the Bombay bar, and we spent the day cruising in a fine breeze in the bay of Bombay. Towards evening three of the party, including myself, went ashore in a canoe at Elephanta, and spent an hour looking at the cave, brightly lighted by torches. The sight was weird and fantastic, but I have lost much of the impression which it created in the recollection of the disaster which befell me on my way home. The night was dark and moonless. The canoe, manned by natives, took us quickly out to where the yacht was awaiting us. But we could not see the vessel on the water, and we lay motionless expecting to sight her, when suddenly I felt a stiff blow on the back of my head. At the same moment I was flung from my seat in the bow of the canoe and pitched into the water. Above me I saw the glittering paint of the yacht, which seemed about to run over me. I dived, passed under the keel, and rose on the other side. The yacht glided on; I saw a dingy hanging by a rope astern; I made for it, caught hold of its side, and

swung myself in. In a stentorian voice I gave note of my whereabouts, and was hauled on board safely. Two of the Lascar crew had been swimming round in order to find me, while the yacht lay hove to. My appearance in the cabin was a relief to everyone. I had dived in a tide-way with a stream going at the rate of several miles an hour, and the place was full of sharks. We had a supper on board, but I was too nervous to partake of it.

Lord Elphinstone was a man of delicate taste, a connoisseur in Italian and landscape gardening, and very fond of good music. In these matters there were points of sympathetic contact between us. One of his hobbies was the laying out of the Parell garden at Malabar Point. He had entrusted this duty at first to a Scotch gardener named Mitchell. But Mitchell, who was a child of routine, had imagined an arrangement which involved a tiresome repetition of circles, and a combination of these with straight lines intersecting each other at disagreeable angles; and Lord Elphinstone had tried to correct Mitchell, and then endeavoured to consult the books of Piranesi. Piranesi, however, was not in the library, and Lord Elphinstone confided his grievance to me, begging that I would correct Mitchell's routine, help to extirpate overgrown shrubberies, cut down exuberant borders and alter lines of walks. The efforts which I made to substitute something picturesque for Mitchell's impossible marquetry were partially foiled by his obstinacy. But some portions of the garden bore traces of my design before I left India.

Whenever a musician of note visited the Presidency he was invariably asked to the Governor's evening party, and in these days I was the invariable go-between. Robbio, a fine violin-player, landed at

Bombay on the 21st of January, and performed at Parell on the 24th. It was arranged that a grand concert should be given at the Town Hall at Lord Elphinstone's expense, to which all the 'notables' of the Presidency should be invited. On the 27th of January, the day preceding this event, I received a note from the Governor's aide-de-camp, Colonel Bates, telling me that Lord Elphinstone was going to visit the 'Minnesota,' an United States man-of-war, on the following afternoon, begging me to join the party, and afterwards come and dine at the Town Hall before going to the concert.

I appeared in due course, and at the appointed time, at the rendezvous, and being taken in the Governor's barge, went on board the 'Minnesota' under a salute of I know not how many guns. The man-of-war was well worth seeing—all parts of her were in splendid order. The dinner which followed was quickly despatched, and the Governor took me with him to Robbio's concert. In the pause between the two parts Lord Elphinstone got up and, taking me aside, spent twenty minutes in exclusive conversation with me. Next morning there appeared some account of all these festivities in the columns of my newspaper. The editors of the other journals accompanied their reports with special vituperation of me, whom they described as Jenkins ashore and afloat, alluding thus covertly to a peculiar form of court newsmongering for which the 'Morning Post' in London was then celebrated. I wrote home describing these paltry persecutions as the necessary accompaniments of a position which created extraordinary jealousies. To this and the common vocabulary of Billingsgate, which my contemporaries exhausted against me, I disdained to reply. But I thought that

Bombay-Peddlington was in this respect hardly a desirable place of residence.

On the arrival of the European mail on the morning of the 26th of January I went, as usual, to the post-office to write the telegraphic bulletin for transmission throughout India, but found that the 'Home News' had framed a summary which saved me all the trouble of studying the European papers. Having telegraphed the contents of this summary, I addressed a letter to Mr. Young, Secretary to Government, informing him of what I had done, adding that it was now a question whether my services would be further required as telegraphic bulletinist, and concluding with the offer of my resignation. Three weeks later I received a government despatch stating that the office of bulletinist would for the future be performed by the deputy-superintendent of electric telegraphs; and I was thus gently relieved, at my own suggestion, of 100% a year, the sum which I had been so delighted to receive at the period of my first coming to Bombay. The deputy-superintendent of electric telegraphs, a clever young fellow of the name of Owen, protested, curiously enough, against the new duty which the Government imposed upon him without a salary. He wrote to me to say that the summaries of the 'Home News' were of variable length, that mine had never exceeded 400 words, that he could not draft the message afresh without great trouble, and that were he to do so he would be contravening the orders of the Government of India. His protest, forwarded to the Government, caused them to beg me to withdraw my resignation, which accordingly was done.

Whilst these things were happening I was much interested and amused by a series of accidental meetings with old friends and acquaintances, whom I had left in other parts of the world, and who now turned up

suddenly in an unexpected manner. I spoke of the arrival of Colonel Thesiger, and of finding the Chaplins at Poona. Who should appear before me, ascending the steps leading to the Byculla ball-room one night, but Ponsonby! We had parted at Constantinople, where he was in command of the 'Trent.' I had left him a sum of money forming the greater part of the profits of our Malta venture. I now discovered that this very venture had cost him his place. He had been suspended for six months for trading, though the regulations of his company might have been thought to apply to the ordinary business of the West India mail route and not to the working of the ship as a transport. He had been afterwards reinstated in the intercolonial service, but had been wrecked, and now I saw him as hearty and well as ever, having just arrived in command of a large steamer for a single voyage out, and shipped as a mate in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's service. I was delighted to meet him, although he had to report that the whole of the money I had entrusted to him was lost.

Another friend who appeared in my house of a sudden was Morgan. Sick of London life and hearing I was in India, he had taken a passage to Bombay, and for weeks he spent an idle time with me, planning excursions to the North-West or to Bengal, which finally ended in his parting from me for the last time. I heard from him once up country. I afterwards learnt that he had gone to China, where he found a place in the commissariat of the English army in the expedition of 1860. What became of him afterwards I have been unable to ascertain, and I fear he fell a victim to the Chinese climate, or to one of the many accidents which happened to Englishmen at that time and in those parts.

A third case of the same kind was that of Chis-

holm Anstey, who, whilst in office at Hong Kong, had quarrelled with Sir John Bowring, and been relieved of his duties. He also suddenly appeared at Bombay, reminding me of the old days of the Dodeka. But though he got some practice at the Bombay bar, he soon left again for more congenial fields of intellectual industry.

I must now say something of my household.

I was going out to a dinner at the usual late hour of seven, and had ordered my shigram to take me to some hospitable board at Malabar Hill, when I overheard an altercation between my coachman and tailor. The tailor, who was one of my daily servants, had been unwell during the day, and I had given him permission to sit on the box next the coachman, in order that he might get home in the bazaar without the trouble of walking a couple of miles. When I got down to my door and stepped into the carriage, the altercation continued. I called to the coachman to start. But he would not stir, and I realised that there was a caste dispute going on. The coachman thought the tailor low. The tailor pointed to the paint spot on his brow, to show that he was quite the equal of the coachman. Fortunately for me the tailor's argument prevailed. He took his seat on the box, and we started.

Questions of caste are part of the daily entertainment of Europeans in India. At the Hope Hall Hotel I had often been struck with the fact that the servant who handed me a spoon refused to give me a fork, saying he would 'get man with fork' for me. In the same way in my household, the servant who was hired for a certain work refused always to do any other, with the result that the place was always full of people idle or fast asleep. I was a single man, yet my servants were numerous, comprising :—1, the boy or butler ;

2, his assistant ; 3, the cook ; 4, the assistant ; 5, the coachman ; 6, his groom ; 7, the peon for messages ; 8, the tailor ; 9, the dhoby or washerman ; 10, the water-carrier ; 11, the scavenger ; 12, the punkah driver. All these men had wages. None of them lived with me or had meals at my expense. But their work might easily have been done by three Europeans. They had their idiosyncrasies too, some of them so amusing as to deserve recording. I observed to the boy one day that our bungalow was overrun with mice, and I ordered him to buy a half-dozen of traps and set them. He did so, and next day he took me round triumphantly, showing each of the traps occupied by a prisoner. A few days later, the depredations of which I had to complain continuing, I asked the boy whether he still set the mouse-traps, and he replied in the affirmative. I asked him how many he had caught ; he said, ' Fifty.' ' What did you do with them ?' ' I let them out again.' ' But,' said I, ' they were to be caught and killed.' ' Oh,' said the boy, ' I never kill anything.' This gave me the explanation of a phenomenon I had observed in the house of one of my neighbours who kept a dog. This animal used to suffer from parasites, which a servant was kept to pick off and destroy. The servant spent his day picking off, but he never destroyed the parasites, transferring them only from the animal's back to the ground, from which they incontinently hopped on again.

And now that I have told of my life and occupation, and household, there remains to notice only one more little incident which marked my stay in Bombay. I had taught drawing and lectured in the School of Design. I now became a restorer of pictures. The Town Hall at Bombay was hung with portraits in oil of Indian celebrities. But the climate had not been kind to the surfaces of these masterpieces, which were

covered either with black or with white fungus and eruptions. Was anything to be done to restore them? I soon perceived that the pictures were all suffering from the decomposition of varnishes which had been spread repeatedly over them, and, at the request of the Government, I had all the canvases taken down, washed them carefully, removed the layers of varnish, oiled the surfaces, wiped them clean, revarnished them with copal, and brought them out into their original bright state. There was a wonderful resurrection of Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, Madowrao Peishwa, Nana Furnavies, and Mahadjee Sindia.

Early in April my health began to give way. I consulted doctors. They recommended cold water, exercise, and simple diet. Upon this I got worse. I asked Tristram to send me a doctor who would go deep into things. Dr. Mead came and examined me thoroughly. After a quarter of an hour's careful listening and copious use of the stethoscope, he said, 'You must go to China,' and immediately there came to my mind the case of Standen, who had also been ordered to China. I asked to be informed of the diagnose. But the doctor curtly put me off with the statement that I should obey his orders rather than enquire into their cause. I begged Tristram to let me know the doctor's opinion. He wrote back to say the sooner I left the better. If I stayed more than five days there was a probability that my departure might be indefinitely postponed. In fact, as I afterwards discovered, I was suffering from congestion and tumour of the liver.

Here, then, was a rapid and unforeseen ending to my career in India. I was, as it were, cut down in my prime. I could not think of leaving my multifarious duties without a pang. I could hardly hope to find the place I was vacating free when I returned, if I did return. But go I must. I applied to be invalided. I

left the school in Terry's charge. Yardley consented to act as editor of the 'Standard.' My correspondence dropped. I had letters of condolence from the Secretary to Government. Hopes were expressed that I might soon come back, and I took my passage home, on the 1st of May, for England. I may add that I never returned to Bombay, that Yardley threw up the editorship of the 'Standard' a fortnight after my departure, that the men who had bought the 'Standard' refused to support it any longer after I was gone, that the paper was sold, and that I got nothing more out of it, and that even the salary which I might have expected from the school during my furlough was never paid me. Lord Elphinstone was recalled very shortly after I left, and I had the pleasure of seeing him in London, a week before he was attacked by the fatal sickness which carried him off. The sale of my furniture and goods produced enough to pay most of my debts, and especially the sums in which I had remained indebted to Howard. He was absent from Bombay when I sailed. He lived some years as Director of Instruction, then resigned, in order to resume practice at the bar. Here he was rapidly making a fortune, when an accident deprived him of his life. He was travelling up the Bhore Ghaut incline on his way to Poona, accompanied by his clerk. A train of carriages broke loose from its moorings at the top of the incline, met the up-train, and smashed it. Howard was killed on the spot. His clerk fell through the bottom of the carriage unhurt.

CHAPTER XI

Departure from India—War in Italy—I am correspondent of the 'Times'—
State of the Austrian army—Verona—Till the passage of the Mincio.

I TOOK passage at Bombay for Europe in the early days of May 1859 and reached Southampton three weeks later. Some fellow-passengers had exchanged into the Marseilles steamer at Malta, whilst I chose the longer journey by Gibraltar. As chance would have it, Mackenzie, secretary to the Byculla Club, went home by the short route. By accident he met Thomas Fraser at Folkestone and told him of my return. Fraser reported my arrival to friends in London, and, when I entered the Reform Club, I found an urgent letter from the manager of the 'Times' begging me to pay him a visit.

I had scarcely time to explain the cause of my leaving India before Mowbray Morris asked me whether I was available for duty. He said that, in consequence of an outbreak of war between France and Austria, two correspondents had been sent to head-quarters in Italy; that Ebers had done very well on the French side, but that Colonel Blakeley, though well recommended to Count Gyulai, had failed on the Austrian side. The duty now offered to me should have been performed by William Russell, who had recently returned from Bengal. But he had been temporarily disabled by an accident which prevented him from riding.

Here, then, was a case almost exactly parallel to

that which presented itself on my journey to India. I had reached Bombay at the very moment of the Mutiny; I now reached London at the outbreak of hostilities which threatened to become European. Mowbray said that, if Russell's health improved, my services would still be required, since it was clear that Great Britain would hardly avoid being drawn into the vortex of war, and English armies or fleets might be set in motion to which Russell would necessarily be attached. Blakeley, being an officer in the Royal Artillery, had been introduced to the Austrian military authorities by Lord Aberdeen, and had easily been accepted as an honorary member of the Imperial staff. I was to take his place if the privilege he enjoyed could be transferred. The pay would be 80*l.* a month, with outfit and expenses. An effort would be made to procure a uniform for me by applying for a commission in a volunteer regiment. On the 6th of June I started for Vienna, where I found temporary quarters at my old haunt in the Munsch Hotel. Never, to all appearance, had any war been so popular in Central Germany as that which Austria was now waging. In Saxony and the South German States the dominant idea of the people was that France should not be allowed to subvert Austrian rule in Italy. A general belief prevailed that war in the Peninsula was but the prelude to war on the Rhine; and, as Austria had already lost the battle of Magenta, which brought the French within striking distance of the Lombard fortresses, fears might well be entertained for the security of the Rhenish Provinces. Throughout the length and breadth of the minor German States subscriptions were collected for the Austrian wounded. Supplies of comforts, cigars, and lint were sent in abundance to Italy, and nobody foresaw that these supplies would rot in magazines, fill the pockets of dis-

honest carriers, or furnish litter for horses in the frontier towns of Austrian Italy. But whilst the cause of Austria appeared to be thus popular, closer attention to the state of public feeling revealed the existence of numerous currents not entirely favourable to the Court of Vienna. The days of Austrian preponderance in Germany had not indeed come to an end. But there was a deep and silent discontent in Prussia and the North generally at the manner in which that preponderance had been exercised. Austrian statesmen were still inclined to lord it in the Diet of Frankfort; but it was pretty clear that if a Franco-German war should at any time be imminent, a struggle would take place to decide whether the armies of the Germanic Confederation should be commanded by an Austrian Archduke, or Prussia be allowed to lead her own troops, in obedience to a federal order. There was no immediate anticipation that war would break out between France and Germany, since the stake for which the French and Austrian Emperors were playing was beyond the limits of both Empires. But it was felt throughout Germany that a crisis might occur in which a collision would become inevitable, and such a crisis was really impending when, in July 1858, Louis Napoleon and Count Cavour shaped their joint policy at the secret conference of Plombières.

The gist of this policy was to secure to France the reversion of the Duchy of Savoy and the Principality of Nice, whilst Sardinia, with French help, was to carve a kingdom out of Northern Italy at the expense of Austria and the Italian Duchies. War was to be waged between France and Austria with the connivance of Russia, which had merely stipulated that Naples and Rome were to remain unmolested. It was confidently believed at Turin and in Paris that Prussia would allow her policy to be moulded at the will of

the Russian Government, that the Tsar would insist on Prussian neutrality, and Austria be left to her own resources. But events occurred which had not been foreseen. Austria considered Russia to be in the same state of exhaustion as became apparent at the close of the Crimean campaign. She thought herself sure, till very late in the year 1858, of Prussian help and connivance. So long, indeed, as the Manteuffel cabinet remained in power at Berlin, it might be assumed that nothing serious would occur to disturb the framework of the Germanic Confederation, such as it had been constituted after the Convention of Olmütz. The German people might clamour for federal reform and German unity, but all these aspirations would be kept down with a firm hand and Austria would remain paramount in the Frankfort Diet.

The disturbing elements in the calculation were twofold. Russia was not prevented by exhaustion from taking a part against Austria; Prussian policy was changed by an accident. Suddenly, if not without previous warning, the King of Prussia's health broke down. On the 6th of November, 1858, Manteuffel was superseded by the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Regent, who had taken the reins of government, quickly showed a disposition to compete with Austria for preponderance at Frankfort, and co-operate with England rather than with Russia in the guidance of European affairs.

It was not unnatural that the changes produced in the political chessboard by these events should affect the conduct of the French Emperor. He was at first displeased by the fall of the Manteuffel cabinet; but, after consideration, he came to the conclusion that nothing had occurred to deprive him of the support of Russia, that England would like to see Italy freed from Austrian occupation, that Prussia might be won by

promises of advancement at the expense of Austria, and the differences which must inevitably arise at Frankfort between the partisans of Austria and Prussia in the Confederation might enable him to push successfully his plans for an extension of French territory on the left bank of the Rhine.

These differences occurred, as many had anticipated. When the Austrians formed their plans for meeting French aggression in Italy, they intended not only to raise an army in the Peninsula capable to oppose effectually the joint forces of France and Piedmont, but to bring together a second army, sufficiently strong to invade France, if necessary, from the Rhenish Provinces. In Italy they were to be strong enough to beat two adversaries. On the Rhine their force must needs equal, if not exceed, that which Prussia might bring into line, if only for the purpose of preventing the Prince Regent from claiming equality of command. It is not too much to say that, if Austria had immediately thrown an overwhelming body of troops into Italy, she might at the outset have beaten the Allies. But, though she was very confident, she miscalculated her resources, and, far from being able to produce the anticipated result, she failed to carry out the preparations on the Rhine which were indispensable to secure her preponderance in the Confederation, at the same time that she failed to bring her military establishments in Italy to the strength required for crushing Piedmont and France.

But a short time before the crisis came the Austrian army had undergone some vital changes of organisation. Without abolishing altogether their old system of seven years' service, Austrian administrators had introduced a method of recruiting which was equivalent in practice to a regular system of two years' military service. Soldiers, nominally drafted into regiments for

a long period, were sent on permanent leave after a probation of twenty-four months. The effect was a reduction of the standing army and an equivalent saving of expense. But the benefits acquired by this means were counterbalanced by an entire sacrifice of rapidity of motion. The difficulty of getting furlough men to join their regiments became almost insuperable. Soldiers who had been dismissed to their homes were not easily recalled after an absence of three or four years, nor was it feasible to enrol them at once, since they were practically unacquainted with the weapons which had been introduced since their dismissal. It became necessary to fill up the ranks not only with reservists, but with recruits, and these were found but ill prepared to face a determined enemy like the French.

As Austria had declared war, it should have been incumbent on her to take the necessary measures for waging it. Her failure to do so was as fatal as was her lack of means to face the pecuniary sacrifices involved. The forces which she was enabled to bring together in Italy alone were found insufficient for immediate offence. The numbers of reserve men fell very short of the most moderate requirements. The closing of the gaps with recruits destroyed cohesion and produced inefficiency. Nor was it the recruit alone who leavened the army to its detriment. Very shortly before hostilities broke out the Austrian Government had, as we saw, introduced a new rifle into the army. The distribution of this weapon had been delayed; many battalions failed to receive it before the declaration of war, and when active operations began musket drill was still required to make the soldier familiar with his arms. If we add to these temporary disadvantages disaffection amongst the troops raised in Italy, Poland,

Hungary and the Croatian frontier, the picture of Austrian unfitness will be found complete.

No doubt the French, on their part, were not as ready as they might have been. Though Louis Napoleon informed Lord Palmerston in the autumn of 1858 that he had prepared sixty batteries of rifled ordnance for use in a coming war, his preparations were by no means as perfect as they might have been. As late as the 21st of April, 1859, when information reached Paris that Austria had sent an ultimatum to Piedmont, Napoleon was only ready with thirty-two batteries of rifled four-pounders, the new artillery stores and ammunition were not on the frontier, and horses had not been found for guns, ammunition, or commissariat transport.

The partial engagements of Palestro and Montebello showed that Austria was full of fight. The battle of Magenta came to an end leaving the French emperor doubtful whether he had or had not been beaten, whilst the Austrians only left the field because they were bid to do so by Count Gyulai. But the losses which had been the consequence of battle and sickness were not the less severe, though for the time they remained concealed.

It was late on the 10th of June when I arrived in the Austrian capital. On the 11th I was received by Lord Loftus, at that time British minister in Austria; and later in the day I met General Eynatten, the highest authority at the War Office. There was something in the looks of this general which suggested hesitation and indecision. He was a dandy, laced up in the waist like a woman, with highly varnished moustache and boots, recalling pretty accurately the descriptions that have been left to us of the mignons of Henry III. of France. He showed himself very inquisitive as to my politics, and pointedly enquired where I had spent

the year 1848, insinuating in this way that he suspected me of an inclination to subvert the Austrian monarchy. But I was able to tell him with perfect truth that I had not left England during 1848, and I carefully avoided confessing the partiality to the Hungarian cause which I had undoubtedly shown in 1849. General Eynatten, unable to pick a hole in my political conduct, gave me a letter of introduction to Count Grünne, the adjutant-general in immediate attendance on the Emperor at Verona.

On the 13th of June I duly took charge of a bag of despatches entrusted to me, in Lord Loftus's name, by Dillon, one of H.M.'s diplomatic secretaries; and I had the honour, subsequently, of delivering it to Mr. Edmund St. John Mildmay, British Commissioner at the head-quarters of the Austrian army, who opened it in my presence and gave me one of the capital cigars which it contained. But I must not anticipate. From early morning on the 14th of June, when I left Vienna for Grätz and Laibach, till I reached Santa Croce, near Trieste, I was the only civilian passenger in a train which was conveying soldiers and stores to the seat of war. At Nabresina, on the 15th, I chartered a post-chaise, which carried me through Palma to Casarsa. At Casarsa a train was ready which took me without further interruption to Verona.

Here were the head-quarters of His Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph; here the offices of his adjutant-general. I was received by Count Grünne with a civility that showed the consideration which a correspondent of the 'Times' enjoyed. He was a perfect specimen of a courtly soldier, perhaps accustomed to the finesses of the cabinet rather than to the rough experiences of war, haughty, but for the occasion condescending. He gave me the necessary introduction to General Vetter, Quartermaster-General

of the Emperor, by whose directions I was provided with rations for servants and horses, and a billet in the Hotel delle Due Torri.

At this moment the Austrians were slowly concentrating themselves on the line of the Mincio. The Emperor had superseded Count Gyulai, and taken the chief command in person (June 16). His troops, which had hitherto been led in one body, were now divided into two armies, one of which remained under the orders of Count Wimpffen, whilst the other was entrusted to Count Schlick. No accurate information was obtainable as to the movements of the French; but it was considered probable that they would advance in force by Mantua, and cross the Po at Borgoforte.

What the condition of the Austrians really was when I joined head-quarters was not immediately revealed to me; but I soon became aware that they only presented a bold front by an almost superhuman effort. After the battle of Magenta, the corps which remained at Count Gyulai's disposal might be reckoned at a total figure of 70,000 to 100,000 men. With this force it might have been possible to make a stand behind the Naviglio-Grande. But other counsels had prevailed; and the six corps which had been engaged on the Ticino marched away in the direction of the Po, leaving Milan to the mercy of the Allies. On the 15th of June, the day of my arrival at Verona, the army had withdrawn to quarters north of the Chiese. On the 16th it retired still further in the same direction: the 7th corps under Zobel to Lonato, the 1st corps under Clam to Esenta, the 8th under Benedek to Castiglione, the 5th under Stadion to Volta, the 3rd under Schwarzenberg to Goito, and the 2nd under Lichtenstein to Castellucchio, west of Mantua. Mensdorff's cavalry division occupied Guidizzolo. The 9th corps under Count Schaffgotsche, with part of the 10th

from Istria, part of the 6th from the Tyrol, and the whole of the 11th under Weigl from Hungary, were echeloned behind the Mincio, at Roverbella and Tormene, or in the neighbourhood of Verona. Zedwitz's cavalry stood at San Zenone. Some of these troops had lost heavily at Magenta, others had been set apart to garrison the fortresses of the Quadrilateral. Thirty thousand men were detached without necessity to face Prince Napoleon, who was expected to debouch with his corps by Mantua, though he had hardly reached Parma, the nickname of 'Touriste' having already been invented for him by the wags of the French head-quarters. The Emperor Francis Joseph, feeling that a great and successful battle could alone restore confidence to the army, had planned a movement by which the whole force concentrated on the Chiese was to take the offensive on the 20th of June from a base line running north and south from Lonato to Acquafredda. Preparations had been made on a large scale for this advance ; but they had been rendered abortive by a breakdown of arrangements for food supplies.

All that now remained feasible was to fall back behind the Mincio, secure a proper commissariat, and re-establish permanent touch with artillery and cavalry reserves.

Such advantages as might be expected from this movement were counterbalanced by proportional disadvantages : on the one hand, facilities were acquired for concentration at a point south of the Mincio ; on the other hand, the movements of the enemy remained more than ever impenetrable. Some judges thought that the transfer of the supreme command to the Emperor and the division of his forces into two armies under independent commanders needlessly taxed the powers of an insufficient staff and increased the difficulties of combined action. The losses already incurred

had seriously reduced the effective strength of regiments. On paper the two armies were calculated to contain 250,000 men with seventy batteries of artillery ; but 15,000 men had been lost in battle, 50,000 lay in hospital, battalions now hardly numbered 800 units, whilst brigades were not above 4,000 strong. Instead of seventy batteries, forty-four only could be brought into line. The Emperor had surrendered the idea of action on the Rhine, and drawn three-fourths of his entire military strength into Northern Italy, and yet at the crisis he could only dispose of 160,000 men.

I spent the 16th of June in looking at Verona. The place was full of soldiers, who sauntered about the streets and squares, and crowded the billets in every part of the town. Under the Colonnades, near the Arena, officers of all ranks sat in every available coffee-house, or sipped drinks and smoked cigars at tables set in rows on the flags of the public squares. A regiment of Lancers was encamped in the Arena, and the men might be seen cleaning their accoutrements on the stone seats of the amphitheatre. The private boxes, the pit, and stage of the Opera House gave shelter to a battalion of infantry, and every fruit and vegetable stall in the Piazza delle Erbe was surrounded by soldiers, buying or consuming fruit and vegetables. Under the gigantic umbrellas of the market-women an active business appeared to be done in salads, of which the leaves were neatly pulled and sliced and piled in heaps in earthenware bowls. The bowls were greedily bid for by men who clamoured in many languages for a dressing. The women filled their mouths with oil and vinegar, mixed the ingredients in their capacious gullets, spurted the contents over the leaves, and the salad so made was eaten with a relish by the hungry customers.

At an early hour on the 17th I drove to Villafranca,

the train service on the railway being reserved for the use of the army. Straight as an arrow the road ran along the plain, shaded but imperfectly by trees, and shrouded at intervals in clouds of dust raised by commissariat carts and military detachments. I had letters to the Mayor, who requisitioned a carriage that took me to Valeggio. At Valeggio another requisition enabled me to hire a chaise, in which I drove to Castiglione delle Stiviere, and there I eagerly inquired for the commander of the army, which was now retreating from the Chiese. But to all questions which I put as to the movements of troops I received evasive and unsatisfactory replies, and I felt that I was becoming an object of suspicion to all the people I addressed. To my great satisfaction I observed a large force of infantry entering the main street of Castiglione, and in a comparatively short space of time I was able to deliver some of the letters which accredited me as correspondent attached to the Imperial head-quarters. The soldiers, who bivouacked in the streets and squares, were bronzed by the sun, and covered with the dust of the roads along which they had been marching, but they looked healthy and remarkably cheerful. The officers, who fed voraciously in the cafés, began to unbend as they gained confidence, and I noted with interest the brotherly affection which they showed for each other and the amiable way in which they treated strangers.

Towards evening I tore myself away from the pleasant company and made my way back to Valeggio, where I found some difficulty in getting lodging for the night. On the 18th I returned to Verona, preceded by Count Gyulai, who drove to the palace after surrendering his command; and during the day I learnt that the Emperor had taken a train to Peschiera, and thence to the southward, to inspect

Zobel's 7th corps at Lonato, Clam's 1st corps at Esenta, and Benedek's 8th corps at Castiglione. Count Schlick, who left on the previous day, had taken charge of his new command at Pozzolengo.

Wandering along the balconies of the Hotel delle Due Torri I met Count Gyulai, very depressed and melancholy, in his military undress, very busy putting his papers in order, and pressing for a court-martial, which the Emperor refused to grant. His father had once been Ban of Croatia, and he had just been offered that post for himself; but the anguish caused by his reverses induced him to refuse a distinction which looked too like a disgrace, and he withdrew into private life, where he was soon entirely forgotten. He was but sixty-one years old when his military career thus miserably ended. At a very early age he had been appointed to the command of the second army under Radetzky; but, far from enjoying the popularity which that general possessed, he came to be dreaded by the common soldier for his severity, and by the officers for his strictness as a martinet. With a good repute for military gifts, he had also served with success as a diplomat, and once acted as Minister of War. Governor of Trieste in 1848, he had never seen service in the field, yet he had undoubtedly ingratiated himself with the Emperor Francis Joseph, whom he had known as a young Archduke before his accession to the throne. He was said to be a courtier, and credited with some fondness for the pleasures of the table. An anecdote which I heard from one of the persons concerned confirms this view.

At the battle of Magenta Count Clam had been left with 13,000 men and two batteries of artillery to defend the village of Magenta, with the assistance of Lichtenstein's 2nd corps. At noon he was attacked so vigorously and successfully in front and flank by the

French that he found it necessary to ask for reinforcements. His aide-de-camp, Prince Ahremberg, rode the ten miles which separated Magenta from Count Gyulai's head-quarters at Abbiategrasso in twenty minutes. His horse fell dead from exhaustion as he arrived. But the Commander-in-chief was so little impressed with a sense of the dangers which his lieutenant was incurring that he made Count Ahremberg stop for luncheon before he issued orders to the 3rd and 7th corps to converge on Magenta from Robecco and Casteletto.¹

When Count Gyulai was superseded, his clever chief of the staff, Colonel Kuhn, was replaced by Major-General Scudier, Colonel Poschacher, second under Kuhn, was promoted to the 11th corps in Austria, and Field-Marshal Stankovics, hitherto Adjutant-General, was transferred to the command of a division in Clam's 1st corps, and succeeded by Colonel Schmidburg.

At the Imperial head-quarters General Hess was in charge of the chancery for military operations, assisted by three other officers; and General Ramming was made acting chief of the General Staff, though nominally second to General Hess. At the same time important changes were made in separate commands, and Count Moltke, in his account of the campaign of 1859, justly observes that half the leaders of divisions and one-third of the Brigadiers who fought at Solferino were strangers to the troops which they commanded.

On the 19th of June I paid a second visit to Valeggio. On the 20th Prince Lichtenstein's corps evacuated Castiglione, and on the 21st the whole

¹ As to this the Prussian Staff report says :—' The charge against Count Gyulai that he allowed an hour and a half to elapse before he

issued his orders is entirely baseless' (p. 84). But if he lost an hour, and not an hour and a half, the delay was not the less important.

Austrian army was behind the Mincio, and the Emperor moved from Verona to Villafranca.

Though constantly in motion for several days, I had had ample opportunity to make acquaintance with the officers of the Emperor's staff, and those who more particularly frequented the residence of Count Schlick. Blakeley, who was now about to bid farewell to his friends, introduced me to them all as his successor. He was evidently glad to be relieved, and sick of the constraint which prevented him from communicating openly and frankly what he knew of military movements. He was an old Crimean acquaintance of mine, a clever artilleryman and inventor of a new gun, but a most curious specimen of English manhood. Full of endurance, he could ride any distance without turning a hair. But the strength which this quality presupposed was concealed under an almost feminine exterior. His voice was that of a girl, his complexion rosy, and his skin void of wrinkles. He looked a very woman in face, yet was anything but girlish or bashful. In daily contact with the general officers of Count Gyulai's staff, he knew all that occurred, and yet, as a correspondent, he had been a complete failure. Without the pen of a ready writer, but with a hearty contempt for pressmen, he shared the opinion of those of his caste who think that soldiers should be reticent as to soldiers' doings. Count Gyulai had not only preached but enforced the doctrine that secrecy must be maintained in respect of military matters. But he carried the doctrine so far that his subordinates hardly ventured to speak on the most ordinary subjects without an air of mystery. It was only in whispers that one could confide to his neighbour that dinner would be on the table at two o'clock, and that fried cutlets formed part of the bill of fare, and this interesting information was to be con-

fined to the smallest possible number of people, lest the enemy should learn when Count Gyulai intended to dine. No wonder that under such restrictions Blakeley wrote but short and uninteresting letters. As a campaigner, he was well provided in every way ; had a fine black charger who looked a beauty, a baggage horse and cart, an orderly drafted from an Austrian cuirassier regiment, and a negro servant who combined propensity to lying with a superficial varnish of civilisation acquired in Vienna. All these paraphernalia Blakeley transferred to me on the eve of his departure. It was not till some days later that I discovered that the charger was wind-galled and the orderly lazy and untrustworthy, whilst the negro had a happy knack of adding together the money which he received and that which he spent, and making me his debtor in untold amounts.

On excellent terms with Blakeley was Mildmay, British Commissioner in the Austrian camp. He had all the qualities combined of an Englishman accustomed to the ways of Courts and an officer bred in foreign service. He had been a captain in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and spoke German fluently, with the idiom of a Viennese. Always of equable temper, and known as a favourite in the household of the Duke of Cambridge, he had all the talents required for communicating to the British War Office the details of military events. We became fairly intimate, lived in the same quarters in the field and at Verona, and I owe it to his kindness and support that I became rapidly acquainted with men of important military standing on the staff, and was quickly accepted as a fit person to become the depositor of military secrets not always entrusted to correspondents.

Companion to Mildmay, and, like him, attached

to the person of the Emperor, was Major von Redern, an officer in a Prussian dragoon regiment, who mainly contributed to supplying the details out of which Moltke afterwards wrote 'The Italian Campaign of 1859.' He was of a tall, slenderly built figure, and his manner contrasted by its rather stiff seriousness with that of the more genial Austrians about him. Both Mildmay and Redern were guests at the Emperor's table whenever the head-quarters were anywhere permanently settled. I dined either at the *table d'hôte* of the 'Due Torri,' or at the taverns near the Arena, where I varied the ordinary of boiled beef, called '*Manso con salsa*,' with the more subtly prepared dishes of a Viennese cook, the '*Giardinetto*,' or plate of selected fruits, which formed a fragrant dessert, and the bottle of Val Policella, which gave a capital relish to the meal.

I made friends with Hackländer, a well-known writer specially engaged by the Austrian Government to regulate the communication to the German press of news from the seat of war, and in his company I enjoyed the converse of a select band of young and promising officers, of whom I only recollect that I met five at supper the day before the battle of Solferino, and every one of them was killed in that sanguinary engagement. But, in addition to these more fugitive acquaintances, I became known to several men of mark. Field-Marshal Nugent, though at this time more than eighty-two years old, received me with all the more kindness and amiability that he recognised in me one of his own countrymen; and his nephew, Major Nugent, helped at times to while away some of my hours of solitude. On the 19th I spent the evening with a party at Count Schlick's, where I won fifteen florins at *faro*, a game I had never played before, and have never seen played since. Next

morning I started early from Verona, having by permission bought an Austrian staff cap, driving my own baggage-cart, and accompanied by my servants with all campaigning necessities. At Villafranca we found the Emperor established, but we went on—Mildmay and I—to Valeggio, where we were billeted as members of Count Schlick's staff. Count Schlick, who had been our host the night before, and who now directed the movements of the Second Army, was a martial figure, whether he appeared in undress amongst his friends at a card-table, or rode with his glittering military suite about him. He was as tall and as gaunt as Don Quixote, and not the less efficient as a soldier because he had but one eye. In profile to the left he showed a black patch; but in profile to the right he had as sharp a sight as Cardinal Wolsey himself. He told me he had been in England and admired our regiments of infantry and cavalry guards, but he thought we were wanting in generals, and said he attributed our wants in this respect to the fact that few officers attended drill, and the real work of soldiering was done by a sergeant-major with a walking-stick. He promised us a busy and interesting time in the coming week, which would be marked by an energetic movement in advance, and he introduced me to his adjutant-general, Stankovics, who was to lead a division at the battle of Solferino.

Meanwhile, the gradual withdrawal of the troops across the Mincio had been concluded on the evening of the 27th, when the line of the river was occupied in force by four corps from Salionze on the north to Goito on the south, Valeggio and its immediate neighbourhood being held by Stadion, whose regiments were encamped partly in the town, partly in the fields about it. Beyond the river strong detachments of the 8th, 5th and 3rd corps were left at Mon-

zambano, Monticelli and Volta, and in second line to the eastward lay the 1st corps at Quaderni, the 7th at Mozzecane, the 11th at Roverbella, and the 2nd at Mantua. Besides the permanent bridge at Borghetto, pontoon bridges had been thrown over the Mincio—one at Ferri and two at Goito.

On the 22nd orders were issued for a general reconnaissance. Major Appel, an officer of experience, was chosen to perform the service. He rode at the head of two squadrons of Uhlans and Hussars, with two guns, and scoured successively the high ground between Castiglione and Lonato, and the plain southward by Medole and Guidizzolo. Appel's squadron of Kaiser Hussars stumbled on a body of Italian infantry, which killed two of his officers and several men. Small detachments of the Allies were seen at different places, and a French reconnaissance was met near Castelgoffredo; but the information obtained only confirmed that the Allies were in some strength at Castiglione, Lonato and Desenzano, with their main force on the Chiese and head-quarters at Montechiaro. It did not reveal the exact state, which was that on the 21st Niel's 4th corps had occupied Carpenedolo, and was joined there by Louis Napoleon and his Guards. Canrobert's 3rd corps reached Mezzane, MacMahon's 2nd corps Montechiaro, Baraguay d'Hilliers' 1st corps Rho, and the Piedmontese Lonato and Desenzano. On the day of the reconnaissance MacMahon held Montechiaro, whilst the Guards occupied Castiglione, and Baraguay d'Hilliers Esenta.

The intelligence brought in by Major Appel was, however, sufficiently clear to convince General Hess and the Emperor of Austria that, if the army was to take the offensive effectually, no time should be lost in carrying out a concentric movement towards the Chiese. The forward march originally planned for the

24th of June was therefore carried out on the 23rd, in order that the passage of the Mincio might not be interrupted by an advance on the part of the French. The Austrians broke ground about noon of the 23rd, and the army, which had covered twenty miles in the forenoon, found itself at nightfall on a base of seven miles, from Pozzolengo to Medole. After bivouacs were prepared, the baggage and commissariat columns toiled forward through the night, accompanied by the ammunition carts, which were spread over an immense length of roadway. Some divisions lay down to rest without food, others remained without supplies even at daybreak on the 24th; others, again, had no meal on the day of battle. But the difficulties with which the troops had to contend were small in comparison with those against which the general staff had to struggle. Nine corps and two distinct armies were in correspondence with head-quarters, and precious hours were lost in giving directions to each of them, whilst practically it was found impossible to communicate in time to army corps and divisions information which it was essential that they should receive. Had the Emperor only to issue such commands as related to the general direction of the corps, the points to be occupied and reached, the roads leading to those points, and the limits of the area reserved for each unit in its advance, all would have been well; but, instead of this, each corps had to be furnished from head-quarters with a special order of march, and the division of forces into two armies only created a confusion which at last proved mischievous and irretrievable. Nowhere was danger more apparent during the coming day than at the points of contact between the first and second armies. Had it been possible to form a reserve at the battle of Solferino, capable of a rapid concentration on the point specially threatened by the enemy, the

key of the position, which was Solferino hill, would probably not have been lost. But the only corps available for this purpose turned out to be the 7th under Zobel, and the 11th under Weigl, each of which belonged to a different army, and, as things turned out, it was found impracticable to issue orders to connect these corps for a joint action until it was too late. The Austrian staff had not anticipated a battle on the 24th. The orders distributed to armies and corps only contemplated marching, and not fighting. Nine in the morning was the hour fixed for starting. When the action degenerated into a battle, the marching orders remained in force, giving the troops a direction altogether unsuited to actual necessities. The order-book of the evening of the 23rd contained directions under which Count Schlick's army was to proceed: Benedek from Pozzolengo to Lonato; Stadion from Solferino by Castiglione delle Stiviere to Esenta, keeping touch with Benedek at Lonato; Clam to Castiglione, there to hold the town and join hands with Stadion; Zobel from Tezze and San Cassiano to Le Fontane by Castiglione; and Mensdorff's cavalry division by Camorino to Campidello, and in the direction of Montechiaro. Count Wimpffen's army: Schaffgotsche from Guidizzolo to Medole, and eventually to Carpenedolo; Schwarzenberg from Guidizzolo direct to Carpenedolo; Weigl from Castel Grimaldo, by Guidizzolo to Campidello, there to remain in reserve; Zedwitz's cavalry division to concentrate by San Vigilio and Castelfelfredo; Lichtenstein to move from Marcaria by Redondesco towards Castelfelfredo, so as to reach that point at one in the afternoon. Both armies were to move at 9 A.M., except Benedek's corps, which was to march at eight, and it was understood that all the troops were to cook and have breakfast an hour before starting. These orders were unfortunately drafted so late that

they did not reach the more distant positions till two and three o'clock in the morning. They were not distributed to the divisions and brigades till much later, long, indeed, after the troops of the Allies had been set in motion. When the Allies appeared in force in front of the Austrian bivouacs, the marching directions, which should have been superseded, were not withdrawn; they had, in fact, only just been distributed, and the first army, under Count Wimpffen, which ought to have converged upon Castiglione for the purpose of facing the enemy, remained till noon entirely bound by orders to converge on Carpenedolo.

The head-quarters of the Emperor Francis Joseph had been transferred early in the morning of the 23rd of June from Villafranca to Valeggio. The principal houses of the village were already occupied by the staff of Count Schlick, to which Mildmay, Redern, and others, including myself, had temporarily attached themselves. But preparations had been made for the reception of the Emperor in a villa near the Mincio, where I saw His Majesty about noon taking horse, and preparing to greet the 5th corps on its way to the bridge of Borghetto. Once, in May 1796, the same villa had been occupied by the great Napoleon. It lay embowered amongst trees and seemed luxuriously fitted up. I was told that Napoleon had scarcely settled down to his rest in it when he was surprised by a party of cavalry, and obliged to drop from a balcony to the ground and run for it.

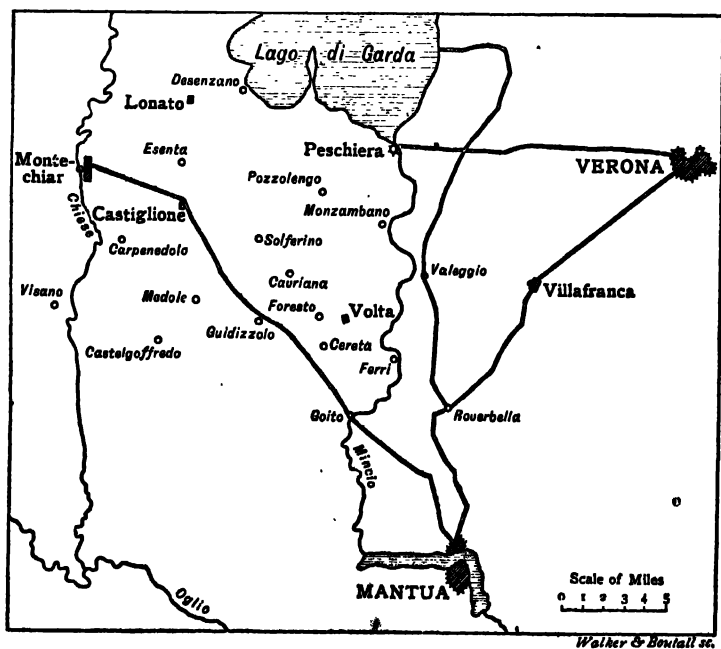
The Emperor Francis Joseph, to whom no such accident had occurred, now stood in the garden of the villa surrounded by his generals and aides-de-camp. Count Schlick and General Hess were near him; in the suite were Prince Nicholas of Nassau, Prince Hohenlohe Langenburg, General Vetter, and all the Archdukes of the Austrian house. At a given signal

the whole party mounted, and rode to a turn in the road overlooking the Mincio. I followed on foot, past the crooked streets of the old town, and up an ascent to the bank, from which I could see the columns of Stadion's corps moving towards the river. To the left, on high ground, lay the ruins of the old castle which in the time of the Viscontis commanded the approaches to Borghetto. A square keep, and numerous towers connecting the walls with each other, cut sharp and clean on the blue sky. From the high platform of a court I saw the whole extent of the plain lying between Adige and Po, the chain of Alps that fringes the lakes of Garda and Iseo, and the undulating country which conceals the lakes from view, whilst it reveals by its windings the course of the river that runs through it. I could not ascend the tower of the keep, which was gutted, but from below, the highway to Villafranca and Verona could be traced in the midst of verdure and vegetation; and the sunny haze that flooded the flat plains to the southward was only broken on the horizon by the white palaces and churches, and the low-lying fortifications of Mantua. Westward, down the course of the Mincio, the road which meandered snakelike through Valeggio fell rapidly to the river-side, where it crossed the stream on a wooden bridge. But the rickety structure was but a modern substitute for the strong arch and causeway which in earlier centuries gave passage to traffic. Here no doubt had once been a toll-house and seat of customs. A stout bridge of stone, which connected the left bank of the river with a crenelated causeway, defended by squat towers, had been blown up in bygone times and had never since been rebuilt. Beyond the ruins of the causeway and its defences I could trace, by its serpentine turns across valley and hill, the way leading to the high mound

seven miles distant crowned by the village of Volta. Westward again, but up the course of the Minçio, lay the remains of the castle of Monzambano, which commanded the right bank of the Mincio as Valeggio commanded the left bank. Midway between the openings of the hills separating Volta from Monzambano rose a solitary tower on a conical hill, marking the village of Solferino and the tower called the 'Spia d'Italia,' a coign of vantage from which the country on all sides can be seen to a great distance.

As the battalions of Stadion's corps marched past the Emperor and his staff, who watched their progress, the men, with oak leaves in their shakos, cheered lustily. The regimental bands played inspiring marches, and as I saw them off and hastened to the high ground of Valeggio castle I could easily trace the Austrian host by the clouds of dust which revealed its advance from the northern plain to the bridges of Ferri and Goito. Whilst I stood contemplating the unusual sight, I happened to look up. A high wind was carrying clouds with great velocity across the heavens; but faster even than these was the progress of a balloon which passed over my head in a north-easterly direction, apparently coming from a point unoccupied by the Austrian forces. The question which naturally suggested itself to me was, by what agency and by whose orders the balloon had been launched. Was it a signal sent up by Italians to warn the Emperor Napoleon that the Austrian army was recrossing the Mincio? Was it a balloon hoisted by Napoleon's orders, and, if so, what would be the fate of those it carried, who were pretty sure to land in the enemy's country. I have ascertained that the balloon was a French one, and that it had been directed by M. Godard. My colleague at the French headquarters assumed, as I afterwards discovered, that Godard told

his master the exact position of the Austrian masses, scientifically drawn out of sight with the intention of surprising him next morning. Godard must therefore have risen whilst the balloon was captive, and by some accident have parted from it after his descent. What he saw cannot have been of importance. The Austrian movement had but just commenced when the balloon, apparently without an aeronaut, passed over the heads of Stadion's corps. Nothing could be seen, even from a height, in the undulations of the hills intersected with plantations. Not even a dust column revealed as yet our movements west of the Mincio; and the events which occurred on the 24th clearly prove that the meeting of the French and Austrian armies, on the ground between Chiese and Mincio, was entirely unexpected.



CHAPTER XII

Battle of Solferino and its consequences—Verona after the fight—Visits to the front—Episodes—Robilant—Fleury—Jerome Napoleon—Armistice—Visit to Solferino.

LATE on the evening of the 23rd the headquarters orderly brought directions to Mildmay, Redern, and myself to be ready at half-past five in the morning. We were to meet General Vetter and the staff at the Emperor's villa, and ride to the front to witness the further advance of the army in its concentric movement upon Montechiaro. At a quarter to six the Imperial suite met at the appointed place to the number of seventy people, and when we joined it we found the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, and the archdukes, ready for action. The Emperor had not as yet risen. He meant to start later and proceed with General Hess to inspect the troops at nine o'clock. We left at six, riding up the road to the castle of Valeggio and thence down the slope to the river, which we crossed by the wooden bridge of Borghetto. Our progress along the Strada Cavallara towards Solferino was slow and leisurely. To the right and left were maize fields, bordered with mulberry and plane trees. No one except General Vetter knew the end point of our journey. Most of us guessed that we were bound to Solferino; but at a crossroad, where the Monte Breda rises in low hummocks to the left of the highway, we turned into a rough, stony path, leading in a south-westerly direction over the hills. A wilder-

ness of scrub, interspersed with patches of ill-grown maize, covered the ground. As we stumbled along this track we came upon the body of a Croat soldier, wearing the blue tights and lace boots of a Grenzer and lying with his nose to the ground at the side of a ditch. A staff surgeon, going up to the body, turned it face upwards, and as he did so the corpse sat up and opened its eyes. The Grenzer pointed with his hand to the pit of his stomach. The surgeon, by stethoscopic tapping, was able to diagnose that the patient was suffering from no sort of ailment. Sternly he kicked the man to his feet, and the Grenzer, shouldering his musket, made off as fast as his long legs could carry him, an interesting specimen of the malingerers so numerous on the day of the battle of Solferino.

Immediately after this interlude our ears were greeted by the sound of artillery. We doubled the pace, and as we came near a clump of houses we met a string of baggage and hospital waggons hastening to the rear in the direction of Valeggio. Struggling as best we could through these, we entered the eastern gate of Cavriana. Some yards of trotting brought us past the principal streets to an old castle of massive construction, upon which large stone dwellings abutted ; and through the arched entrance of one of these I could see rows of wounded men lying in a shakedown of straw. In a colonnade, as well as on the ground outside it, another batch of wounded and dying men had just been deposited, and they were receiving careful attention from a numerous staff of surgeons. An important engagement had, it was clear, begun, and whilst the Austrians were waiting upon time for their onward movement the enemy had forestalled and attacked them.

The Austrian army had, as I have said, been set in motion on the 23rd on a concentric march towards

Montechiaro on the Chiese. What each corps had accomplished by nightfall was material and important.

Benedek's 8th corps had occupied Pozzolengo. His main body lay south of the long hills of San Giacomo and Ingrana; his left on the Redone, his outposts N.W. at Ponticello.

Stadion's 5th corps held Solferino in force, with the Festetics brigade in the village; Puchner's brigade on the spurs of the Monte Carnal, the Monte Mezzano and a Cypress Walk near the Rocca; eastward, Koller's brigade stood echeloned between Solferino and Monte Croce; Gaal's brigade at the foot of the latter with two battalions detached to Madonna della Scoperta; Bil's brigade lay on the slopes in the direction of Castiglione as far west as Le Fontane, Monte Valscura, Le Grole, and Monte Fenile. Clam's 1st corps had halted in the high ground between Solferino and Cavriana and formed the main support of Stadion. Schwarzenberg's 3rd and Schaffgotsche's 9th corps bivouacked in and about Guidizzolo, the former extending his outposts to Casa Morino, the latter sending detachments to Medole, which was also occupied by Zedwitz's reserve cavalry. Mensdorff's horse stood about a mile south of Val del Termine. North of Guidizzolo, Zobel, with the 7th corps, held Volta and Foresto; Edelsheim, with squadrons of Hussars, Val del Termine. Weigl, with the 11th corps, was in rear of Zobel at Cereta.

Cavriana had been selected as a point from which the staff could observe the movements of the Austrian corps as they converged towards the Chiese. General Vetter told us as we rode up that Cavriana was the spot which he had selected for head-quarters. '*Nous coucherons à Cavriana*,' he cried, in a loud and hopeful voice. But when the archdukes observed the evident signs of a great battle they seemed unwilling to share the adjutant-general's sanguine expectations. They

knew that the commander-in-chief had not yet made his appearance: they felt that in his absence no one was entitled to issue orders for the movement of the corps or their deployment for purposes of offence.

As yet we had seen but some of the more ordinary accompaniments of a great fight. General Vetter took us to the brow of the hill on which the village of Cavriana stands, and, turning into the road towards Solferino and San Cassiano, halted and bade us dismount. We surrendered our horses to the orderlies and moved with one accord to the left, where a hill gave promise of a fair view over the field of battle, and we soon found ourselves in a body on a spur called the Roccolo, overlooking the plain of Medole westwards and the high ground between Solferino and the lake of Garda to the east and north. It was half-past seven as we reached this position, and when we halted a hussar delivered an open paper to General Vetter, who read the contents aloud, to the following effect: 'The enemy have attacked us and we are fighting along the whole line.' But without this information we could follow with our glasses the developments of the action, and we took in at a glance all the parts of the military spectacle beneath us which were not concealed by plantations or projections of ground.

The Emperor Napoleon, who thought that the main body of the Austrian army was north of the Mincio, but knew that Solferino was occupied by at least 6,000 men, had determined to hasten our retreat by a rapid advance. He gave orders for a forward movement, to begin at half-past two in the morning, and at that hour all his corps were set in motion. By his directions the King of Sardinia transferred his chief divisions from Lonato and Desenzano to the neighbourhood of Pozzolengo. General Baraguay

d'Hilliers, with the 1st corps at Esenta, sent forward three divisions towards Solferino: one, under Ladmiraunt, with four guns, taking, at 3 A.M., a direct course to Mount Carnal; two other divisions, under Forey and Bazaine, following, at four and six, by way of Castiglione; MacMahon, who had left that place at 3 A.M. with the 2nd corps, deployed his columns in the direction of Medole. At the same hour Niel's 4th corps broke ground from Carpenedolo to Medole, whilst Canrobert, with the 3rd corps, took the road at half-past two from Visani to Castelgoffredo. The guards, under Regnault de St.-Jean d'Angely, followed on the road to Castiglione at greater leisure.

The sight which met our eyes as we looked over the panorama that lay spread before us at the Roccolo, was strangely imposing. Starting from Castiglione, Baraguay d'Hilliers' divisions had driven in the Austrians at Le Fontane, Monte Valscura, and Le Grole, and established a powerful battery on Mount Fenile. The air was full of round puffs of white smoke, formed by the bursting of shells. The occasional discharge of guns from the Cypress Walk at Solferino, which we could distinctly observe with our glasses, showed that an earnest effort was being made to force the positions occupied by Festetics in Solferino, and Bils and Puchner on Monte Mezzano, Monte Carnal, and the spur in front of the Spia tower. We could perceive the French artillery directing its fire from Mount Fenile on the Cypress Walk, and, in rear of the battery, columns of infantry advancing in sections to the front. Along the slopes which led from the hill of Solferino to the plain below, puffs of smoke indicated the presence of assailants, whose progress was stopped by discharges of grape from Bils' guns. The French attack in front of San Cassiano was concealed from view by a curtain of hill and wood. Nothing of the

action between Benedek and the Sardinians by Pozzolengo was visible, nor did we know that Gaal's brigade had been driven out of the position of Madonna della Scoperta. Looking to the west I could distinctly see the fields covered with low trees, which partly concealed the roofs and steeples of villages or farms. In the plain the French, I noted, had carried Medole and Castelfoffredo, and troops of both sides might be traced moving in the open, which at some points was shrouded in dust and smoke. On the level ground by Quagliara, just outside Guidizzolo, two Austrian batteries of Lauingen's brigade were exchanging shots with a large French battery of twenty-four guns, drawn up in a curved line on the western edge of the Campo di Medole. This battery, commanded by General Auger, was evidently composed of new rifled four-pounders. Its projectiles carried further than those of the Austrians, whose artillery was suffering heavily from their cross-fire. Lauingen's cavalry were out of sight behind a wood. But I watched the Austrian guns mauled by the French fire, and observed the advance of a body of Austrian Hussars, led, as I afterwards ascertained, by Colonel Edelsheim, who, starting at a quarter to eight from Val del Termine, half way between Guidizzolo and Cavriana, with four squadrons, rode through French cavalry patrols and squads of Chasseurs d'Afrique almost due west, to Casa Morino. I lost sight of him as he proceeded, but was able to note that men and horses fell abundantly before he actually came in contact with the enemy. It afterwards appeared that he had been under the fire of Decaen's division of MacMahon's corps at Casa Morino, that with one squadron he had broken the French line of skirmishers, and opened for himself a path towards Le Grole. In a series of engagements he then beat the fourth regiment of Chasseurs of Gaudin de Vilaine's brigade of

MacMahon's corps, attacked a cavalry column of guards on the high road between Castiglione and Cavriana, and retired as he came, with a loss of eight officers, 165 privates, and 185 horses. All this, however, took hours of time to accomplish, and when Edelsheim joined the Rösgen brigade of Schwarzenberg's 3rd corps, on the road from Medole to San Cassiano, it was past one o'clock in the afternoon.

I became aware after the disappearance of Edelsheim that a great fight was going on between the Austrians, who tried to recover Medole, and the French, who strove to advance on Guidizzolo. Far to the northwest the view extended to the town and castle of Castiglione, of which the domes and towers were clearly defined against the horizon. The sun alternately shone with brilliancy, or lay hid under clouds. Small puffs of musketry, here also, were visible with a glass, yet they were lost to unassisted view in the broad expanse of the landscape. It was only when volleys of artillery followed each other in rapid succession that the smoke took a distinct shape, dissolving gradually into wreaths and general haze, broken at intervals by the white parabola of rockets. But not only smoke puffs, the forms of men, too, were lost in the vast proportions of the battlefield; and it was only when large bodies lay together that they showed a definite outline. With my glass I could distinguish thousands on each side opposing each other at all points, amidst dead bodies of men and horses and a wreck of uniforms and arms which encumbered the ground. To the naked eye it seemed as if a vast ant hill had been disturbed, and men appeared to be pigmies in a field of exceptional magnitude.

Whilst we were all absorbed in the contemplation of the action, the archdukes began to manifest their impatience at the continued absence of the Emperor. Our watches all pointed to half-past eight, and no

tidings of him had been received. Suddenly a messenger galloped up to say that His Majesty required the services of the staff at Volta. We mounted instantly, and taking a country road to the left of the more frequented highway, we cantered without interruption till we reached Volta. Here we found that the Emperor had halted for a few minutes only. In vain we inquired where he was ; nobody could tell us, and an animated discussion took place between General Vetter and his company of archdukes and aides-de-camp as to whither we should direct our course to find him. The prevalent opinion was that His Majesty must have gone across country, and that we had missed him hitherto by taking a side track. We determined to follow a bee-line to Cavriana, in order to lose the least possible time. Experience showed that we had done better to ride along a frequented path. Our horses ran with a will across fields, through hedges, and over watercourses. But the obstacles became more frequent as we proceeded. There were undulations to cross. At one time we were in a bottom, madly jumping hedges and ditches, wet and dry ; at another we were riding up a declivity. Our view was limited and obstructed by very near objects, and then we stopped because we had lost all notion of our true direction. A despairing cry of General Vetter was echoed by young Prince Schwarzenberg. Where is His Majesty ? 'Gentlemen,' said the Adjutant-General, 'we must retrace our steps and find the highroad.' Presently we discovered this desired object, and, cantering up to the Roccolo, we saw the Emperor standing in company of General Hess, and looking over the field of battle. I know of no example of a commander-in-chief remaining without his headquarters staff for so many hours. We had left Valeggio at six. We found the Emperor at ten. Between four and seven o'clock the Austrian

outposts had been driven in along the whole line, and Medole had been taken. The corps had received no orders except those prepared the day before for the marching of the troops, and, wonderful to relate, the news of the attack and capture of Medole, which occurred between three and half-past six in the morning, had not been reported, and remained unknown at the headquarters of the 9th corps till all was over. Benedek, on the right, had taken the offensive without instructions. But the rest of the army remained on the defensive waiting for further directions.

The Emperor had left Valeggio between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and reached Volta at nine. The only point in the plain which he could see with any clearness from that height was Rebecco, where smoke and dust afforded evidence of a general encounter, but the ground to the south and east, where larger masses were engaged on the Campo di Medole, was screened from view by intervening obstacles, and there was nothing to indicate the magnitude of the forces which were opposed to each other, or the losses which had already occurred. As to the powerful attack directed against the position of Solferino, no account of it had as yet been transmitted, and it was only when the Emperor reached Cavriana at half-past nine that he gained a clear insight into the intricacies of the general position. When this was done and matters had been duly discussed with General Hess and General Ramming, instructions were sent out in all directions. General Schlick, who lay at Volta, and who had already thrown forward the 1st corps under Clam from the hills by Cavriana on the road to Solferino, was ordered to defend the latter point with all possible energy. Brandenstein's division of Zobel's 7th corps was instructed to march from the extreme left at Foresto to support Clam, and the Prince

of Hessen's division of the same corps was bid to breakfast and follow Brandenstein. Benedek, after driving back the Sardinians, was to close in towards Solferino in support of Stadion. It could not be foreseen that the action of the 8th corps would take the direction of San Martino, which precluded any further intervention of Benedek in favour of the 5th corps. An aide-de-camp was despatched at nine o'clock to Count Wimpffen at Guidizzolo with a verbal message to carry out the orders of the previous day, and disengage the centre by advancing to Medole and Carpenedolo. No indication was given as to the gravity of the general engagement, no precise order was issued for immediate offence.

Whilst this important business was being transacted, I wandered away from the Roccolo in the direction of Solferino, in order, if possible, to acquire some further knowledge of the situation in this important quarter. It was difficult, from the points which I was able to reach, to form an exact idea of the movements on each side. The ground in and about Solferino was so full of abrupt turns and undulations, and so uneven in its height, that I could not plainly see the action. It is only by comparing my notes on the day of battle with those which I made three weeks later on the ground itself that I am now able to sketch the scene as it really was.

Solferino is on a height, about 360 feet above the plain. It is divided into two or three distinct parts. The communal palace and church are separate from the castle and its massive stone tower, that all but covers a terraced platform, from which there is a view sheer down into the streets of the village at a depth of sixty or seventy feet to the northward and eastward. The village itself lies half in the south-east and half in a depression or cauldron between the Rocca, Mounts

Carnal and Mezzano northward. The approaches to this formidable position are by four roads, one branching out from Castiglione eastward over the hills, the other in the same direction along the plain skirting Le Grole and Mount Fenile. From the southward a third way leads direct from San Cassiano, a fourth from the south-west by the Strada di Medole. All these tracks are rough and stony, and carried along narrow bottoms, mostly commanded on each side by rising ground covered with vines or brushwood according as the slopes face the sun or the northern heavens. The hill-road from Castiglione to Solferino passes through the vale that separates Monte Carnal from Monte Mezzano, rises to the saddle which unites both ridges, and drops down to the base of the terraced rocks upon which the town hall and church are built, turning at right angles to the southward before entering the village proper.

The Strada di Medole runs almost north to Pozzo Catena, then rises in an easterly direction to the height of the communal palace, through which it runs before plunging in zigzag windings into the village below. At both sides of the causeway the cemetery, church, and palace bar the way to any advance. The road passes into the palace through an arched stone gate, leads across several inner courts through similar archings, and then penetrates into the village by a steep and winding descent. The Rocca, southwards, also bars approach from the west; its chief feature being the Spia Tower, which overlooks the landscape on every side. The highway from San Cassiano runs due north into the village of Solferino, its almost level course being commanded by the Monte Pellegrino and outlying spurs on one side, and the slopes on which nestle the farms and cottages of Borgo Novello on the other.

From the Rocca, the communal palace, and the cemetery, there is a plunging view on one hand into the cauldron which has its outlet at Pozzo Catena, on the other into Solferino village, which is intersected in its whole length by the San Cassiano road. In a westerly direction the hills slope with a southerly trend to the plain, throwing out in the shape of a fork the spurs of Mounts Carnal and Mezzano, and the Cypress Walk. Through the vales which part these long and narrow ridges one sees the tracks converging upon Solferino, the most northerly being that in the hollow between Carnal and Mezzano, the most southerly that which skirts the Cypress Walk ; whilst in the middle between the two is the parallel track running along the bottom, between the Cypress Walk and Mezzano. The approach from the westward contrasts with that from the north and east by being gradual and accessible not only to infantry but to light guns.

As a set-off to the advantages accruing to the Austrians from the occupation of the high ground and the massive stone buildings covering it, one disadvantage was conspicuous. A turning movement undertaken by a strong force by the north and east, or by the south of the position, equally threatened the holders of the Rocca in flank and rear whenever the enemy should succeed in occupying the village at either of its entrances, for even the steep and winding ascent from the town to the hill could not be obstinately defended by men who felt that their retreat was cut off.

Solferino had been energetically and successfully maintained in the early morning against the division of Ladmirault, which advanced by the road between Mounts Carnal and Mezzano, and that of Forey, who tried to storm the ascent to the Cypress Walk under cover of the French battery on Mount Fenile. When I returned after ten o'clock I found that the French

had made no progress, but at the same time that they had not been thrown back. Ladmirault was still endeavouring to make headway along the southern slope of Carnal, whilst the saddle of that hill, as well as the vale parting it from Mezzano, was obstinately held by the Austrians, who lay ensconced in transverse ditches marking the limits of fields and vineyards under cover of guns and rocket-tubes, judiciously placed in earthen breastworks. Each ditch seemed to form a defence in itself, and Ladmirault's men had to carry them singly by storm. Their progress, with but four guns, was either null or very slow. Forey, too, was fighting hard but without success on the ground leading to the slope of the Cypress Walk, his men suffering greatly from an Austrian battery, under the cypresses, which covered them with case shot and with grape ; striking down, as I afterwards found out, my dear friend Dieu, now a brigadier, as he led his men to the front.

Leaving this point at a little past ten, and returning to the Roccolo, which was still occupied by the Emperor and the headquarters staff, I got a fresh view of the progress of the action in the open towards Medole and the ground between Medole and Guidizzolo. Far away to the southward Canrobert's 4th corps lay at Castelgoffredo. Between Medole and Casa Morino an imposing array was formed by the masses of the French, who occupied the western half of the Campo di Medole and both sides of the roads connecting Castiglione and Medole with Guidizzolo. MacMahon, with the 2nd corps, held Casa Morino, from which the Austrians had been driven back to Casa Nuova, one of his divisions (Espinasse) was in line to the north, another (Motterouge) in line to the south of the Castiglione road to Guidizzolo. The battery of twenty-four guns, which had been stationed

in the Campo under Auger of the 2nd corps, had been relieved, and a larger force of guns replaced it in a more forward position, from which the flat plain could be raked in all directions. Niel's corps (4th) almost exclusively furnished this display, which comprised two batteries of Vinoy's division, three of Soleille's reserve, to which had been added the horse artillery (twelve guns) of Partouneaux's and Desvaux's cavalry divisions. Forty-two guns had thus been brought together, drawn up in the form of a crescent, which not only covered MacMahon's front but Niel's advanced force under Luzy and Vinoy, now deployed along the ground facing a line from Rebecco and Casa Baile southward to Casa Nuova and Casa Galli in the north. Fronting these the Austrians had only Schwarzenberg's and Schaffgotsche's troops of the 3rd and 9th corps. Between Casa Morino and the ground west of the road connecting Medole with San Cassiano no French detachments were to be seen. There was no touch between MacMahon's corps and that of Niel, where the intervening ground was held by French cavalry only. It was there, as we recollect, that Edelsheim was performing his feats of horsemanship.

Facing this gap, and in the proper right-flank of MacMahon, now stood Count Mensdorff's reserve of dragoons of Schlick's second army. He had just left Val del Termine in support of his twelve guns which, unlimbered near Casa Galli, were firing at Vinoy's great battery. The balls of these guns, I could see, fell short of their aim, whilst the French projectiles came in showers, dismounting the pieces, killing the men and the horses in rear of them. To withdraw what remained of these Mensdorff ordered his dragoons ahead on the chance of finding an opportunity to charge, but mainly to divert the French fire. The

guns were with difficulty retired and unlimbered at a greater distance. But they became more ineffectual as they withdrew, and Mensdorff soon fell back towards Val del Termine to watch for a better opportunity. Whilst MacMahon and Niel thus stood concentrated behind their batteries in the plain to the number of 45,000 men, the Austrians might have taken the offensive with 68,000 of the 3rd, 9th, and Weigl's 11th corps. But the latter was in marching columns behind Guidizzolo, four miles away from the line of fight; half Schwarzenberg's corps was in reserve between Val del Termine and Casa Andreotti, and there were really not more than 33,000 Austrians in action. Zedwitz, with his division of cavalry, had disappeared for some unknown cause in the direction of Goito, leaving the first army with but a couple of squadrons instead of twenty-eight. Count Wimpffen, besides being placed at a disadvantage by the absence of horse, was evidently suffering also from the orders under which he was instructed to take Medole and Carpenedolo in his line of advance. Carpenedolo was no longer held by the enemy, whose main force had been directed by way of Castiglione to Solferino. But Count Wimpffen had marching orders; he was not told to take the offensive in the line of the enemy's chief concentration, and he was unprepared to act without instructions. Had General Zedwitz remained at his disposal, and could he have had the control of matters which were really beyond the sphere of his command, Count Wimpffen might have united the cavalry reserve divisions of the first and second army and thrown them on to the unoccupied ground between the left flank of MacMahon and the right flank of Baraguay d'Hilliers. The 7th and 11th corps, if moved in the wake of this cavalry, must have

diverted the French from Solferino. But these things were not to be.

When I again changed my position and returned to the place most favourable for looking at Solferino, it was about noon, and the French forces had evidently improved in strength and activity. The Austrian batteries on the Cypress Walk and the Rocca were firing at shorter intervals than before; and the pressure upon them had evidently increased. The fact was, as I soon ascertained, that the French corps of Guards, which at first had been led from Castiglione towards Guidizzolo, had been ordered to change its route at 11 o'clock, and by 12 had reached Le Grole. This movement had given great relief to General Baraguay, whose two divisions were fighting for the ground in advance of Solferino. As the Guards approached Le Grole, Bazaine's division of Baraguay's corps was set free to advance to the front; it had till then been in reserve, and was now led up the ground between Mount Carnal and the Cypress Hill, giving Ladmirault's division, on its left, facility to turn the northern side of Mount Carnal by San Martino, and allowing Forey, on its right, to charge at the head of Dalton's brigade upon the slope of the Cypress Hill. The Austrians, meanwhile, had withdrawn Bil's brigade, which had had fearful losses, and concentrated the regiments under Festetics and Puchner on the Rocca, the Cypress Hill, and the palace and cemetery, whilst Gaal and Koller to the right guarded the passages north of Solferino,¹ from Madonna della Scoperta to San Martino. At the same time Clam's first corps, which had been thrust forward by the north of San Cassiano, worked its way up towards the Rocca by the declivities of Mount Pellegrino.

The French, with their three divisions at this point,

¹ Koller had retaken Madonna della Scoperta from the Sardinians.

were still inferior in numbers to their opponents ; and their efforts to carry the position were fruitless. It was then that the Emperor Napoleon determined to risk his last reserve, formed the Guards in two divisions (Camou and Mellinet) behind Forey, and prepared for a final assault on Solferino.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, aware of the danger which threatened his centre from the change in the movements of the French Guards, had meanwhile issued an order, dated quarter-past 11, from the heights of Cavriana, in which Count Wimpffen, then at Guidizzolo, was informed that fresh hostile columns were edging in from Castiglione towards Solferino, and enjoining him to push on with all his forces, leaving Medole to his left, and moving along the Guidizzolo-Castiglione Road, to paralyse the efforts of the enemy in that direction. A few minutes before noon the order reached its destination at Guidizzolo ; but by that time MacMahon and Niel, with their imposing artillery, held the very ground which Count Wimpffen was ordered to cover. They had already been reinforced by part of Canrobert's corps, and had taken the offensive whilst the Austrians were changing their front ; cavalry still filled the gap between them, and Niel's corps even took Casa Nuova before his opponents could deploy. For a couple of hours an obstinate contest was waged at this point with very little result, the Austrians having been unable to recover Casa Nuova, being threatened with the loss of Rebecco, and unable to gain a step on the line marked out by the Imperial order. Not so with the French, who, between twelve and one, engaged with the corps of the Guards the whole of the Austrian line from Monte Pellegrino to San Martino. Manèque's brigade opened fire against Clam ; Camou's division attacked from Fenile and the foot of the Rocca ; and the heights of Carnal and

Mezzano were assailed by Picard's brigade, who pressed forward by the northern slopes of Carnal. The attack was well timed and made under circumstances most favourable to the French. Clam's corps was not only composed of Hungarian regiments enfeebled by political disaffection, but reduced in numbers by previous engagements. The two brigades of that corps led by Generals Reznicek and Hoditz, which held the field between Monte Pellegrino and Solferino, yielded ground at half-past twelve before Manèque's Guards, who pushed on at once by the San Cassiano Road to the southern entrance of Solferino village. Dieu's brigade at the same time stormed the Cypress Hill, whilst Dalton's brigade carried the Rocca. Here it was not disaffection or want of pluck on the Austrians' side that produced disaster. Count Stadion had too late observed that the troops about the Rocca were not only physically exhausted, but disabled by want of ammunition. He was unfortunate in ordering them to be relieved under fire, and imprudent enough to leave them without a supply of cartridges. Whilst Puchner and Festetics retired by his orders to the rear at San Pietro, their place was not taken in sufficient time by Clam's corps to allow of immediate effective action, nor was the Lilia Brandenstein division of the 7th corps near enough at San Cassiano to be available, whilst the Prince of Hessen's division of the same corps had lost its way, and only appeared on the road between Cavriana and San Cassiano at half-past one o'clock.¹

I was standing on the Cavriana Road, near San Cassiano, about this time, and saw the head of Flei-

¹ There are conflicting versions of the facts connected with the movements of the Prince of Hessen. His friends said that whilst he was in march towards Guidizzolo he

noticed heavy masses concentrated for the attack of Solferino, and he turned back in order to reach Cavriana by a less direct route.

schacker's brigade of the 7th corps march by. Presently Major von Redern, the Prussian military attaché, came up from the direction of San Cassiano. His account of the action was most discouraging. The position of Solferino, had been forced at all points. One of MacMahon's divisions (Motterouge) had moved from the Campo di Medole and joined the Guards before San Cassiano, and the impact of these French masses had been too much for Clam's corps, which nowhere offered effectual resistance. The Cypress Walk was cleared almost instantly. The guns on its slope and those in battery by the castle were limbered up and retired towards the village at the very moment when the French Chasseurs of the Guard came on along the San Cassiano Road and captured them. The cemetery was taken by Bazaine's division, which stormed over the saddle between Mount Carnal and Monte Mezzano, and drove out a whole battalion of the Wasa regiment before it had done more than fire a salvo of musketry. The Palazzo Communale fell into the hands of Ladmirault's division, which had turned the position by the north and surprised the Reischach Grenadier battalion from an unexpected quarter. None of the garrison escaped except those who dropped from the terraced platforms to the wooded ground below. The onward movement of the French out of Solferino to the north and east was only checked by the bayonets of Puchner's and Festetics' brigades, which had been withdrawn from the Rocca and rallied on the heights of San Pietro.

It was now two o'clock. Some of the Austrians of Stadion's and Clam's corps were retreating by the road to Pozzolengo and the Strada Cavallara; others were gathering in and about San Cassiano, where Brandenstein's division of the 7th corps held its ground, extending to the right on the heights and amongst the build-

ings of Casa del Monte with Fleischacker's brigade, whilst the village proper was held by General Wallon. Count Clam, who had unaccountably lost all recollection of his reserves, now sent an aide-de-camp to fetch his reserve artillery. This officer's horse had been shot under him, and when he came running in the direction of Volta, where the division lay, I heard him exclaim : 'I am off to fetch Clam's guns.'

The French were now increasing their advantages with great rapidity. Ladmirault's division occupied Solferino. San Cassiano was attacked by Manèque's Guards, supported by the Guards under Mellinet. Forey's division marched up the Strada Cavallara. Bazaine's regiments moved on Pozzolengo, pressing Clam's and Stadion's rear. Motterouge's division co-operated with Manèque in front of San Cassiano. The position of that place was such as to make it indefensible if attacked from two sides. It was carried, after a preliminary shelling, with a determined rush, which effectually overwhelmed Wallon and his brigade, driving Fleischacker back to the slopes of Monte Fontana, where he rallied behind Wussin's brigade of Zobel's 7th corps.

As, gradually, these attacks were developed, I came within the radius of musketry fire, but I was not, fortunately, prevented from retiring in the direction of the Roccolo, where I again joined the Emperor's staff. I now found that His Majesty, though he felt the precarious nature of his position, yet considered it still possible to retrieve the fortunes of the day by concentrating, in rear of Cavriana, the remnants of the defenders of San Cassiano, the Prince of Hessen's division of Zobel's corps, and Count Mensdorff's cavalry. Meanwhile some success might attend the movements in the plain, where Count Wimpffen was still fighting obstinately. Unwilling at this critical

moment to wander to any distance from my rallying point, I sauntered away from the Roccolo towards Cavriana, where many wounded and sick still lay, and there met Field-Marshal Nugent, alone, in field dress, with a black oilskin cover on his hat, patrolling the ground in front of the houses, and chiding such of the soldiers as he met slinking away from the field. He was pleased to have a chat with me, but he knew little of the movements, as he was not in command. His presence alone on the northern front of Cavriana was considered by the French, who watched him with their glasses from the high ground of Solferino, as evidence that the place was still held in force, whereas in truth it was only occupied by a weak rearguard. I heard later on, in Paris, that the Emperor Napoleon, who saw Marshal Nugent plainly from the platform of the Rocca, inquired whether it was possible that the Austrians could have any large force in Cavriana, and in consequence of the dubious replies which he received refrained from ordering an immediate attack on the place. But along the ridges between San Cassiano and the Roccolo there still remained some hot work to do, and the fire there became sharp and quick. French shells, from batteries on Mounts Forco and Alto, by San Cassiano, burst in great numbers in the air above me. Bullets went whizzing past in flights, and I hastened back to the Roccolo to find my horse and orderly. I was but just in time. The Emperor and his staff were all mounted and ready to start. Not only the French fire gave warning of the danger of a further stay, but a despatch had been just received from Count Wimpffen, dated 2 P.M. at Guidizzolo, and the contents were well calculated to hasten events. 'Twice,' wrote the commander-in-chief of the 1st corps, 'have I endeavoured to take the offensive. I exhausted my last efforts in those attempts. Unable

any longer to hold my positions, I must effect a retreat under cover of the 11th corps. I am directing the 9th corps to Goito, the 3rd corps by Cerlungo to Ferri, the 11th by Goito to Roverbella. I regret that I cannot report a better result to your Majesty.'

The first offensive movement of Count Wimpffen's corps and the loss of Casa Nuova I have already noted. The second was met with as much energy as the first, by the troops of Niel and MacMahon. When, at two o'clock, Count Wimpffen wrote the account of its failure which I have just transcribed, the French had driven back his front line and taken Rebecco. After the receipt of Count Wimpffen's report, the Emperor assumed that the movement of retreat which it foreshadowed had already begun; he therefore issued an order to Count Schlick to bring his corps also in line behind the Mincio. Then, followed by his staff, as well as by the military attachés and myself, he rode slowly away, under a rolling fire of rifles and artillery from the Roccolo. Our way lay through Cavriana, on to the Volta Road, and thence to a farmhouse south of Madonna della Pieve, where, after a pause of a few minutes, we dismounted. The Emperor, with General Hess and Count Schlick, retraced his steps in order to watch the preparations for covering the retreat by an offensive rush. The enemy was preparing an attack from San Cassiano: it became necessary to oppose his progress by a counter-movement. The Prince of Hessen, who was appointed to this duty, accomplished it with extraordinary gallantry. Observing the disposition of the French, who had massed their force in advance of San Cassiano with a view to dislodge Fleischacker's and Wussin's brigades of the 7th corps, which held the slopes of Monte Fontana, he reinforced his leading lines with a reserve of battalions of the Grueber regi-

ment, and, meeting the enemy half-way, attacked them and drove them back into the village. This was the cheering sight which met the Emperor's eyes as he stood on the crest by Madonna della Pieve. But, at this repulse, MacMahon reformed his columns, sent the whole of Motterouge's division and a brigade to the front, and supported this movement by a flank attack of the Voltigeurs of the Guard from the direction of Pagliete di Cavriana. Fleischacker, Wussin, and the rest gave way before the superior strength of the enemy, but fought the ground step by step, with help from the Prince of Hessen, till Madonna della Pieve was reached. Volleys of shot and shell now came from the neighbouring hills upon the Emperor's position, and some of the shells burst in such dangerous proximity that soldiers in the vicinity quailed before them, causing His Majesty to exclaim, 'Shame upon ye!' For himself, he would have remained to the last, but, urged to retire by his generals, he withdrew to the place where we were all standing; and this being the signal for us also to mount, the whole party withdrew southward at a foot's pace, and General Vetter, with affected cheerfulness, exclaimed, 'Ce soir nous couchons à Volta.'

As we slowly followed the road in this direction, we could see Count Mensdorff with his cavalry in the plain below, endeavouring to check by repeated charges the victorious progress of MacMahon's divisions towards the last of the Austrian positions.

Whilst this was going on, Count Wimpffen was not carrying out his movement of retreat as he had reported the intention of doing; but, with his disposable regiments massed in powerful columns, was making three energetic points—at Rebecco on his left, on Casa Nuova to his right, and on Castiglione by his centre. He had to contend with the old obstacles

which in the early part of the day he had constantly recoiled from. He fought not only with Niel's and MacMahon's corps, but with part of Canrobert's, and he actually reached Casa Nuova with a splendid rush. But there the effort ended. Much loss was incurred on both sides, but no further impression was made upon the French, whose success in the centre could not be contested. I am unable to describe this part of the battle any more than I can sketch the progress of Benedek against the Sardinians in advance of Pozzolengo. I can only say that, as the Emperor led his staff from Madonna della Pieve towards Volta, a halt was called. His Majesty put the Archdukes, General Vetter, and the suite, amongst which I was included, under the direction of a guide, with instructions to take us by the safest possible route to Valleggio, and himself rode to Volta, from whence he found his way to the banks of the Mincio.

We were unable to sleep at Volta, as General Vetter acknowledged, but we ran the gauntlet between the French advance and the Austrian rear-guard before we came to a place of safety. Even this much, however, was not accomplished without danger. The spot where the Emperor parted from us was by Corte, on the hills east of Cavriana. The guide who led us started from Corte by a bridle-path running deviously over ridges in the direction of the Strada Cavallara. Sometimes we were in a hollow, sometimes on a summit, the ground everywhere stony and uncultivated, but covered with low brushwood interspersed occasionally with a few trees. Our pace, though brisk, never exceeded a walk, as we had to follow the guide, a sturdy farmer, who marched with a walking-stick in his hand, unbound and free, but accompanied by a couple of orderlies on horseback. Presently we came to the top of a rising ground by Mount Breda,

the hill which we had skirted in the morning. Looking down from it upon the Strada Cavallara, we discovered the high road, about 600 yards off, covered by a column of French infantry in march, led by a general officer, whom I afterwards ascertained to be General Lefèvre, of Motterouge's division of MacMahon's corps. We thought for a moment that the brushwood and trees would conceal us. But we were soon observed, and bullets began to whistle past us. I asked Mildmay whether it would not be better to canter out of range than to risk being shot by going at a slow step. He replied that the position, however disagreeable it might appear to be, must be borne with equanimity, since it would ill become a body of generals and archdukes to press their pace because of a few bullets. I remember inquiring of some friends in Paris, after the campaign was over, why no attempt was made to stop us when the French on the Strada Cavallara saw us abreast of them on the heights. The answer was that General Lefèvre had ordered a gun to be brought to bear upon us, but refrained from firing because we were so much in rear and in flank of him that he thought we must be prisoners. Thanks to this hesitation, we rode past the danger without an accident, and soon found ourselves in a narrow bottom separated from the Strada Cavallara by some long and narrow crests. A short ride then brought us up to the head of an Austrian column debouching out of a road that leads from Castellaro-Lagusello to Volta. We halted. The regiments before us belonged to the Hoditz and Reznicek brigades of Clam's corps, which had retired towards Pozzolengo when driven out of San Cassiano by the French. They were led by Field-Marshal Stankovics, who told us he hoped to reach Volta the same night. We then proceeded towards Valeggio,

where we arrived just in time to witness a thunder-storm which broke over us at five o'clock, having previously burst over the battle-field half an hour sooner, and put an end to all hostile engagements.

Mildmay and I had hardly time to enter our quarters and take a rest when the sound of artillery roused us from our seats. We had had no food since breakfast, and hoped to enjoy a meal, no matter how rough it might be. But we were disappointed. I went out to ascertain what had happened, and met Major von Redern in the street, who pointed to the cooking equipage of the Emperor at that moment turning a corner and galloping off in the direction of Villafranca. '*L'ennemi est aux portes,*' he said; and though nothing came of the cannonade, we were forced, Mildmay and I, to take to the saddle, I riding his spare horse, as my own charger was exhausted. In this way we reached Villafranca about ten at night, and there, in a hostelry of modest pretensions, we got a substantial repast, shared alike by generals, lieutenants, and myself. General Ramming came in whilst we sat enjoying our supper, and we were then told that a train would be ready to take us at two in the morning to Verona. We sat and chatted, some of us dozed, whilst incidents of the great fight were related by those who had witnessed them. Our train, which was punctual, took us to Verona in due course. I bathed, breakfasted, and began writing a description of the contest of the day before. Later on, I went out to visit such members of the Emperor's staff as were likely to give me precise information, and in the course of the afternoon had finished a report which fairly enough reflected the main features of the battle of Solferino.

The difficulty which I now had to encounter was how to get the letter I had written to its destination

without delays from the Austrian military post-office. I consulted my Veronese banker as to the best means of avoiding the seizure of my correspondence, and he kindly put my letter in its red envelope into one of his mercantile covers, directed to an agent at Augsburg, who posted it immediately after its arrival. In spite of this indirect mode of despatch, my report, dated the 25th of June, reached London in six days. It was published and accompanied by a flattering leader in the 'Times' of the 2nd of July, whilst the letter of my colleague, Eber, from the French camp, only arrived on the 3rd.

The Austrians acknowledged their loss in killed and wounded during the battle of Solferino to have been 17,000 men. They calculated that of the Allies at 22,000. The real loss on both sides was :—Austrians, 12,957 killed and wounded, and 9,288 prisoners or missing ; French and Sardinians, 14,415 killed and wounded, and 2,776 prisoners and missing : which shows that the aggressive force incurs greater loss, except in prisoners, than the defensive. Some of the Austrian generals were severely visited, for mistakes and laches, by loss of rank. Count Clam Gallas, who was charged with want of energy at Solferino, and Prince Lichtenstein, who was blamed for inactivity at Mantua, were deprived of their commands. Their corps were dissolved, and their brigades either distributed into garrisons or transferred to other leaders. I recollect in after-years sitting near Count Clam at dinner in the Castle of Coburg, and admiring his soldier-like bearing, finding some likeness in him to Lord Strathnairn, chiefly in the ringlet curl of his hair and the expressiveness of his features. It is likely that the true cause of his disasters lay in the composition of his corps, which was mainly formed of Hungarians and Croats, who fought without heartiness,

and recruits who had had insufficient training. Prince Lichtenstein I remember to have seen at Verona on the 28th of June, when he was summoned to appear before the Emperor. He was a sturdy soldier, ruddy and coloured in face, but characterised by a very prominent forehead, capped by a profusion of brush-like hair, the rest of the face being concentrated into a very small space, in which eyes, nose, mouth, and chin lay in close proximity. General Zedwitz was allowed to resign on the plea of ill-health; General Lauingen was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to five years' detention in a fortress. The Prince of Hesse received the Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa. I, with some contentment, recruited my strength, so far as was possible, by a large allowance of rest, which, in a few days, carried away all soreness, stiffness, and other disagreeable effects of campaigning with a defeated army.

On the 28th of June the Austrians retired behind the Mincio. The Imperial head-quarters were withdrawn to Verona, those of Count Schlick to Villafranca, of Count Wimpffen to Roverbella. On the same day the first army occupied the northern bank of the Adige from Legnago to Albaredo; the second army fell back to the immediate vicinity of Verona, Zobel's 7th corps alone remaining on the right bank of the river at Chievo.

The Allies, if they persisted in carrying on the war, would now have to prepare for forcing the celebrated quadrilateral guarded by Legnago, Mantua, Verona, and Peschiera. I am not aware that they knew the true state of things on the Austrian side. Peschiera was no longer capable of a prolonged resistance. Besides lying low, it was open to the fire of heavy guns at distances unheard of when its walls were built. Outer forts had been planned, but had not all been

built. Verona was ill supplied with guns, ammunition and provisions. The heavy artillery, transported early in the year to Pavia and Piacenza, had not been replaced. The field forts were, many of them, dangerously incomplete, and their magazines were almost empty. The ground around them was in many places covered with substantial stone dwellings, which the engineers proceeded to clear with all despatch ; and it was piteous to witness the total destruction of farms and outhouses, the felling of orchards, and the levelling of gardens. It was said that provisions were abundant, and I had myself observed that droves of Hungarian cattle encumbered the streets in early morning hours. But this abundance was altogether imaginary and deceptive, and it soon came to be known to the Veronese that the Austrian commissariat was no better than that of other countries, and that the oxen which were driven through the city at daybreak were hustled out of it at nightfall, so that the same beasts were perpetually circulating and only represented an insufficient supply. The news, which came some months later, that General Eynatten—whose tender inquiries about my politics I have mentioned—had committed suicide was connected, rightly or wrongly, I know not which, with these malversations. That Verona was insufficiently furnished with victuals was amply proved by Field-Marshal Urban's proclamation calling on the inhabitants to complete their stores, as there was danger of blockade, and private individuals could not hope to be fed at the public expense.

Life at Verona now became monotonous, the weather intensely hot. Prickly-heat plagued me as if I had been in the Red Sea, and the only remedy that I could apply was to rise early and go late to rest, the short repose of the night being supplemented by a siesta in the afternoon. Breakfast was difficult to

obtain before six in the morning, at which time I wandered into the Piazza Bra and engaged a table at a café where I usually met Field-Marshal Zobel. We rarely failed, on these occasions, to enter into conversation on important military subjects. He was, for his rank, a young man, with a bright eye and florid complexion, and his remarks on all matters which were not absolutely secret were open and clear. His communications were full of interest when they illustrated the war, and he was particularly eloquent on the subject of the flank movement of the French army and the battle of Magenta. Count Gyulai, he thought, might have retrieved his first failure if he had concentrated the forces at his command immediately after the fight by Abbiategrasso. He held this opinion, too, I remember, in spite of Count Clam's declaration that he would willingly march as a private, but he could not possibly bring his troops again into action with any prospect of success. As to his own conduct at Solferino, which had been unfavourably criticised on the ground that he had not moved early enough from Foresto to Cavriana, it was easy for Zobel to show that the fault lay with those who were bid to transmit the Emperor's orders and failed to do so in time.

I recollect meeting, as early as the 29th of June, Count Mensdorff, who spoke with frankness of his share in the battle. The conduct of this officer whilst in command of the Horvath and Savoyen cavalry on the plain of Medole had been a constant subject of conversation since our retreat. Well known in England, where he frequently visited the Queen, Count Mensdorff might possibly not have been recognised by his Court acquaintances, so changed was his aspect since he had had his hair cropped to suit the Italian climate, and the sun of Lombardy had bronzed his skin. What I had heard of him as a leader of horse

his conversation modestly confirmed. For upwards of two hours of the forenoon he manœuvred with two batteries of artillery, watching for an opportunity to charge, which the wary enemy would not give him. Perpetually on his guard to avoid attacking a mere screen of cavalry which might open out and unmask, in succession, infantry and guns, he remained in constant motion, without falling into any snare; but he also failed to gain any decided advantage, and he incurred severe losses from the far-reaching cannon which the French brought into the field.

After leaving Count Mensdorff I paid a lengthened visit to the hospitals, which, though they only contained the wounded who had not been made prisoners by the French, were overcrowded with sufferers of every description. I cannot think without a shudder, even now, of the things which I witnessed in the chief of those establishments. Whether it was that my nerves were now unstrung, or that wounds affected my senses more in a building than in the field, I could no longer look with the same equanimity on the sufferings of disabled soldiers as I had done in the Crimea. I remember particularly one of the wards into which I **was taken**. It was full of people. On one bed lay an officer with a bullet in each side of his chest. He was breathing heavily. An attendant, at his head, whisked flies off his face with a Bavarian broom. The surgeon asked me, in a whisper, whether I had ever seen a man die: the major would be dead in five minutes. I could scarcely wait for the poor man's end. Two hospital helps were just passing out with a common soldier on a stretcher whose leg had been amputated. They were making room for a similar operation on two others. In a corner a Franciscan friar was confessing a poor fellow, who moaned as he listened to the low tones of his ghostly monitor. The air suddenly

seemed to me to grow hot and steamy, and, unable to bear the strain any longer, I rushed out of the place to relieve myself and breathe a more wholesome atmosphere.

Numerous were the hospitals temporarily established in palaces and buildings at Verona. One of these, on the Piazza Bra, was a masterpiece of the architecture of Palladio, long used by Austrian officers as a casino, and now turned into a refuge for the sick. Opposite to it stood the Roman amphitheatre. In proximity were numerous coffee-houses and restaurants; and, as I issued from the place where so many sufferers were lying, I could observe crowds of officers, either seated or about to be seated for the purpose of enjoying coffee, cigars, or lemonade. A few, very few, ladies were to be seen; but the Italians, whose life is spent in *cafés*, swelled the crowd on the broad flagways or under the colonnades. In the neighbouring business streets little was to be noted but fatigued parties of soldiers, trains of waggons, or droves of oxen. But though Verona was thus filled with a military crowd, the throng had not the colour and gaiety of the same throng in peace-time. There was no longer any variety of uniform. It was difficult to distinguish non-commissioned officers from lieutenants, captains, colonels, or generals. Even the Emperor wore the linen *Kittel*, or coat, on the collar of which the wearer's rank alone appeared. Broad yellow ribbons, hung over the shoulder, distinguished staff officers. Whilst the Piazza Bra was the resort of these, privates were mostly to be found in the Piazza delle Erbe, on the side of which stands that lovely square belfry which rears its 300 feet of brick to a height whence the whole town can be seen. Closely packed together on the well-worn flags were the stalls of vendors of vegetables, butter, bacon, fruit, and wine.

Each stall was covered with a gigantic umbrella, and the mass of these, all bleached to absolute whiteness, gave the square the appearance of a vast and colossal bed of mushrooms. Under the broad shadow of these, and in the lanes formed by the stalls, were the vendors and their customers; and round a little fountain at one extremity of the square Croats, Slavonians, Hungarians, Bohemians, and Tyrolese sat in rows, eating boiled beef and lettuces. At the windows of the high and narrow houses, under the colonnades, and in the doorways, women of every class looked inquiringly upon the moving crowd, which was duly kept in order by gendarmes, usually walking in couples, with their carbines slung and bayonets fixed. Dust-begrimed officers might be seen seated in country chaises, turning sharp corners of streets, halting to ask in broken Italian the way to the town-hall or Platz Commando. In the Piazza de' Signori crowds were pressing to read Marshal Urban's proclamation ordering the citizens to complete their supplies of provisions, and at the church-doors other crowds commented on an address in which the bishop authorised his flock to cease fasting, on account of the scarcity of fish. Impressed oxen-carts blocked the entrance to the municipality. Double sentries at palace doors indicated the presence of high military officials. Ammunition waggons, for which there seemed to be no place elsewhere, were to be seen in every available corner. In the Arena, where a modern stage had been erected, people went to hear the pieces of Manzoni played by a strolling company. But it was a low-class audience which covered the stone seats from which the Veronese of the Imperial time witnessed the fights of the gladiators. There was as yet no lack of money in the town, and as early as the 29th of June I was able to exchange for purchases the notes of a new issue of

50,000,000 florins, which were taken at a discount of only 20 per cent.

In Fort Scholl I visited about 300 French and Piedmontese prisoners, who apparently had no complaint to make of the treatment they received—amongst them an officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, who willingly admitted the great vigour of the Austrian Hussars.

The Allies, who had lost heavily at Solferino, took four days to prepare for the occupation of the country east of the Mincio. Baraguay d'Hilliers threw part of his corps across at Monzambano on the 28th of June, whilst Niel advanced Vinoy's division into the plain east of Valeggio. On the 29th the whole of Baraguay's corps was massed on the left bank of the stream from Salionze to Oliosi, and Vinoy occupied Villafranca with 2,000 men. On the 1st of July the French army stood facing Verona, behind the river Tione, and the Sardinians closed upon Peschiera, of which the siege at once began.

Early intelligence of these movements reached us, and the Austrians, finding that they were chiefly directed northwards, naturally concluded that the high ground between Pastrengo and Bussolengo might be **occupied in force for the purpose of attempting the** passage of the Adige and cutting off our communications with the Tyrol. Orders were therefore issued, on the 30th of June, to Stadion and Benedek to line the banks of the Adige above Verona, from the suburbs to the Chiusa Veneta.

On the 1st of July this movement was completed. Stadion (5th corps) established his head-quarters at San Pietro Incariano, with outposts at Ceraino; Benedek (8th) in front of Parona. Zobel (7th corps) remained at Chievo, in communication with the two other corps by the railway bridge of Parona, a pontoon

bridge a little lower down, and two pontoon bridges below Verona. Schwarzenberg's (3rd) corps was at the same time ordered to San Michele, whilst Schaffgotsche's (9th) corps held Albaredo and Weigl's (11th) San Pancrazio; the 4th corps, just fresh from the Austrian provinces, being advanced as far as Bonifacio.

French deserters gave out that Louis Napoleon had planned an attack by Pastrengo for the 4th of July. The Emperor Francis Joseph distributed his troops in such positions as would enable them to face the enemy on both sides of the river, the field works west of the stream being abundantly furnished with artillery, and the less practicable ground on the opposite side with numerous rocket batteries, the western front of Verona, from Tombetta to Chievo, being defended by a line of forts on the high ground between Chievo, San Massimo, and Santa Lucia.

On the 2nd of July we distinctly heard at Verona the boom of heavy guns from the direction of Peschiera, and news reached us of a successful sortie in which the garrison made a large number of Italian prisoners. During a drive which I took in the evening round the western defences, beginning at Chievo and ending at San Massimo and Santa Lucia, I was struck by the changes which had taken place since the head-quarters of the army had been moved into Verona. The roads, which had been crowded with troops and waggons; the villages, which could scarcely hold the numbers that flocked into them; the taverns, in which soldiers quenched their thirst with country wine—all these were, so to speak, untenanted. To all appearance the houses were empty. Walls or dwellings likely to interfere with defences had been levelled with the ground, trees had been cut down. 'Wood,' said an old soldier to me, 'will be cheap this winter.' The view

from the high plain between Chievo and Tombetta stretched in beautiful reaches to the Alps, and was as splendid as ever ; but the foreground had no charms left, except for an admirer of modern fortifications, who might prefer a flat plain across which a gun could be fired to the most sunny slope or the sweetest combination of woods and hedgerows.

On the 4th of July, the day upon which an attack of the French on the passages of the Upper Adige was expected, I drove, in company of an Austrian officer, to visit the road between Verona and Rivoli, and returned enchanted with the beauty of the scenery and the knowledge I obtained of the Austrian movements. It struck four o'clock in the morning as our carriage passed through the gate of San Giorgio and took the direction of Parona. Leaving behind us the high ground of Chievo and San Massimo, from which we were separated by the turbid waters of the Adige, and following a dusty road running between stone walls fringed with trees, we emerged into open country abreast of Quinzano, a pretty little village on one of the numerous hillocks which lie in picturesque confusion north of Verona, and form such a lovely feature in the distance for travellers approaching them from the southward. From the foot of these hillocks to the bottom of the next bend of the Adige the stony land was divided into fields by lines of mulberry-trees or pollarded planes, trained to support the fruit-laden vines which hung in festoons between them. Through the long lanes sloping down to the river we could see picquets of Austrian cavalry dismounted, the men mostly asleep on the ground. At other points the earth beaten hard and trodden down by traffic, the withered boughs of trees interlaced and bound together to form shelters, marked an abandoned bivouac. Elsewhere the never-failing cypress reared its steeple-like

and darkly coloured verdure round a summer palace. Advancing further, we trotted into Parona, and came upon the bank of the Adige, bridged at this point for the passage of the Tyrolese railway. The cream-coloured stream, edged by the square low-roofed houses and tall campanile of the village, formed a noble picture ; for, in addition to the landscape, there was what the Germans call a *Staffage* of soldiers on foot and horseback, waggons and country carts, and no lack of sturdy peasants of both sexes. Troops were in motion along the road, patrolling, as it were, the left bank of the Adige, and ready to cross at any point where the enemy might attempt to attack in force. At the head of the column was a squad of Hussars, whose faces were deeply embrowned by the sun, whilst their fair moustachios were fringed with dust. They looked a gallant lot with their yellow-braided dolmans hanging jauntily over their grey *Kittels*, their high-heeled Hessian boots just resting at the toe in a round stirrup, their heels down and armed with powerfully-rowelled spurs. Behind these came a battery of field-pieces, a train of ammunition waggons, then a group of mounted officers with dragoons as orderlies and civil servants heading a regiment of rifles (Jaegers), the band in front carrying a big drum on a cart drawn by two dogs, and instruments not a little battered by the wear and tear of campaigning ; more infantry, another battery of guns followed, and on the roadside a peasant with a cart and a cask might be seen doling out wine to the thirsty. And thirst was natural enough ; for though five o'clock had scarcely struck, and we were enjoying the cool of the morning, the men in their cloaks were already moist with perspiration, as the sun shed almost horizontal rays upon them, and their throats were parched with the dust which rose under their feet, and, drifting with a light breeze, formed a gauzy haze in the land

scape. High on the right bank of the river a large field-work showed its steep sides against the sky, and in communication with it was a bridge of boats. A little outside Parona a bend in the river occurs, and a railway bridge again spans the stream, its arches and dams impeding the view to the right, whilst to the left an extensive plain spread before us, through which the Adige ran. As the road rose the landscape expanded, and we passed through Negarve, taking in at a glance the beautiful Val Policella, famous for a delicious red wine that delighted the palates of the Veronese before the vines were destroyed by the pest of phylloxera. San Pietro, a neat little village, crowned a neighbouring height, and all around it the hills were planted with vines. To its right the valley was broad and extensive, but narrowed as it rose to a defile, beyond which a range of blue hills was seen. On the opposite bank of the Adige Bussolengo was distinctly visible. Further on, at Ospedaletto, a still closer view was obtainable of the country beyond the stream, where the heights more symmetrically trended in the direction of the river. We then got sight of Pastrengo, but neither about the houses nor in the fields did we observe a trace of the enemy. Not a sign was to be seen far or near of human traffic, not a soul on the hills, which rose higher and higher above each other from the level of the water. In front also high Alps were visible, and a tall peak seemed to stand like a giant sentinel overlooking the Lake of Garda. The nearer slopes of Mount Baldo overshadowed us more and more as we proceeded. Presently we took leave of gentle declivity, terraced hills and white dots of villas or farmhouses. Leaving on one side the beautiful summer palace of Rovereto, with its front ornamented with statues and its labyrinthine walks edged with cypresses, galloping past Sant' Ambrogio, of which the houses lay hid to

the roofs in bowers and greenery, we rattled through the narrow streets of Domegliara first and then of Valargne, along a road from which we commanded the Adige flowing in a turbid current on our left, and looked up on our right to a line of precipitous crags, rising in proportion and in height as we proceeded. Gradually the breadth of the valley became less. A gorge was before us with perpendicular sides, and through it we passed, the road and the railway covering the whole ground of the defile, which seemed to be closed at its extremity by a fort, overhung by a projecting rock capped by walls with casemated embrasures.

Beyond these narrows, obstructed alike by Nature and by Art, the valley opened out again as we came to Ceraino, and when we ascended the steep rise westward we looked down on the high plain of Rivoli, which now lay quiet and deserted beneath the summer sky, as if it were not destined in this campaign to resound with hoarse words of command, shrill blast of trumpets, or roar of artillery.

The French made no move that day, and the Austrian forces were deployed in vain.

When I got back to my quarters I found that Count Rechberg, the Austrian Minister, had arrived at Verona, that Louis Napoleon had moved to Valeggio, and that Captain Urban, the son of the Field-Marshal Commandant, had been sent with a letter to the French headquarters under a flag of truce. It soon became known that Captain Urban had been received by the French Emperor in the very rooms which the Emperor Francis Joseph had occupied on the eve of the battle of Solferino, that he had stayed to luncheon, and that Louis Napoleon had risen at the end of the repast and drunk to the health 'of the brave Austrians.' Ostensibly Captain Urban's mission was to ask for the dead body of Prince Windischgrätz, who had been killed on

the plain of Medole. But besides this mission he had another, which was to sound the French Emperor as to the chances of a peace. Curious that almost at the same moment the two monarchs, who had so lately been engaged in deadly combat, should now have burned with an equal desire to put an end to hostilities. I was unacquainted with the wording of Captain Urban's letter, but it was soon confirmed that it contained offers of peace. What I did not then know was that Louis Napoleon had already taken indirect steps to procure the same result. He had instructed Count Persigny in London to sound Lord John Russell as to his willingness to propose an armistice, to which France would, under certain conditions, adhere. The conditions were: a confederation of Italian States to be created by the cession of Lombardy and Parma to Sardinia, the erection of Venetia with Modena into an independent principality under an Austrian archduke, Tuscany under the Duchess of Parma, and a viceroyalty of the Legations, the whole question of guarantees for the realisation of this scheme to be settled by a congress of the European Powers. When Lord Russell received these overtures he submitted them to the Queen and Cabinet, who disapproved of them, and forwarded them without any expression of opinion to the Austrian Minister in London. It is said that Lord Palmerston was not quite of the same opinion as his colleagues, and that he promised Count Persigny to give the French scheme a moral support. At all events Louis Napoleon was encouraged to try whether the Emperor Francis Joseph would not accept an armistice without the intervention of a third power, and the result, we shall see, was a success.

In the evening after my return from the Chiusa Veneta, I attended the funeral of General Burdina, who had died at Verona of the wounds which he had

received at Magenta, and I was very much struck with some details of the ceremony which were altogether new to me. The hearse was preceded by an infantry private carrying a tall silver cross. It was followed by a man in black medieval armour on horseback, who was intended to symbolize grief.

Next day (the 5th) at an early hour the Emperor went out to meet a battalion of volunteers which had arrived from Vienna, and I witnessed the inspection. But there was naturally no enthusiasm. Everything pointed to a speedy conclusion of hostilities, and we all knew that the preparations which I had watched the day before on the road to the Chiusa Veneta had been abandoned.

In the evening, before sunset, Colonel Robilant, aide-de-camp to the King of Sardinia, came in with a flag of truce. The news of his arrival soon spread, and rumours of an armistice rapidly gained credit. Yet the general impression amongst Austrians was not that we were longing for peace, but that France and Piedmont were desirous of an accommodation; and wild stories were told of a plague which had broken out in the camps of the Allies, who were suffering in consequence from utter prostration. The fact was, as everyone is now aware, that the French were desirous that the war should come to a close, that quarrels had broken out between the Allies, and that Louis Napoleon foresaw that the Italian demands on Austria might involve a breach between him and the Germanic Confederation, which he was not prepared to challenge after the serious losses which he had incurred. On the 6th, at ten in the evening, General Fleury, the first equerry of Louis Napoleon, came to Verona at his master's bidding, and was received at the palace near the Castel Vecchio. He was the bearer of a letter in which Louis Napoleon informed the Emperor

Francis Joseph that he had received information from Paris that one of the great Powers would propose a suspension of arms between the belligerents. He wished to know whether this had been done; for, if so, he would give orders to the French fleet before Venice to pause in its operations in order to prevent further bloodshed.

General Fleury is described as having observed signs of very great surprise on the part of the Emperor on perusing this note. It certainly led to an immediate meeting with Count Rechberg and a conference which lasted till two o'clock in the morning. I was told that General Fleury was greatly disappointed at the refusal of his offer to sign an armistice for five months.

The answer which the Emperor Francis Joseph sent on the 7th was to the effect that he had as yet had no news of an armistice proposed by any third power, but that he shared too earnestly Louis Napoleon's wish to avoid further bloodshed to object to a direct negotiation for the sake of a suspension of hostilities. In view of this he would suggest that commissaries should meet at Villafranca to settle the conditions and duration of an armistice.

In reply to this note Louis Napoleon sent another on the same day by his personal aide-de-camp, the Duke de Cadore, with thanks for kind intentions and notice that Marshal Vaillant and General Martinprey for France, and General Rocca for the King of Sardinia, would proceed next morning, at 6 A.M., to Villafranca to discuss the conditions of an armistice. The Emperor would consider himself fortunate, he said, if this suspension of arms should prevent further bloodshed, as he had learnt to respect the courage and energy of the Austrian army.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th, Baron Hess, Count Mensdorff and other officers of the

Imperial Staff, escorted by a squadron of Lancers, left Verona for Villafranca, whilst from Valeggio Marshal Vaillant and his companions proceeded with a similar escort. The Marshals met between the cavalry outposts of the two armies, and an armistice of five weeks was signed, which was timed to expire on the 15th of August. At noon General Hess returned to Verona, and Count Rechberg hastened to telegraph the news to all the Courts of Europe. I endeavoured to send a curt message home by the same channel, but the authorities refused to forward it; and an order to my friend Vilmet, on the Stock Exchange in London, to buy Lombard-Venetian railway shares was the successful stratagem by which I informed my friends that the war was practically over.

The world was thus once more startled by the intelligence that a French Emperor, having won a great battle, had been willing to accept a suspension of arms and consent to abandon the siege of a fortress after ten days of open trenches.

So anxious was Louis Napoleon now for peace that he wrote a letter to the Emperor of Austria on the night of the 8th, and sent it by Prince Murat early on the morning of the 9th to its destination. It stated:

‘As I was the first to entertain the idea of an armistice, and your Majesty the first to make a proposal in that direction, I was in hopes that this step would be the prelude to a direct understanding between us by which an end would be put to the war, which, if prolonged, might lead to much further bloodshed. I therefore honestly assure your Majesty that, in so far as you see the possibility of our coming to an agreement on the basis of a final settlement, a meeting between us at Villafranca might be of the utmost importance for the peace of the world. Should your Majesty, however, have doubts as to this possibility, it would,

I think, be best that we should not meet, because it would be most painful for me to make war upon your Majesty after I had learnt to know and value you personally.'

It is said that the attitude of the English and Russian cabinets, the failure of the Windischgrätz mission in favour of an understanding between Austria and Prussia at Berlin, but above all the refusal of the Prince Regent of Prussia to accept the sole command of the Federal troops under a resolution of the Bund at Frankfort, which became known at this time, induced the Emperor Francis Joseph to listen more eagerly to the French overtures than he might otherwise have done. At all events he wrote on the 9th to Louis Napoleon accepting his offer, and sent the letter by Prince Alexander of Hessen, who was the confidant of his policy, and to whom he begged that Louis Napoleon would speak with absolute openness.

The French Emperor, in conversation with the Prince at Valeggio, at once offered the conditions which had been communicated to the English Government, viz.: surrender of Lombardy to Piedmont, independence of the Venetian State under an Austrian Archduke, a Congress to settle the Italian question. The Emperor dwelt upon the danger which Austria would incur if she prolonged the war. He spoke of the disaffection of the Slavs and Hungarians, the certainty that Prussia would become the inheritor of Austrian influence in Germany; and he concluded that he wished for peace because it was necessary for the equilibrium of Europe, and the prevention of further revolutionary movements. Finally, he said that he had previously informed the cabinets of London and St. Petersburg of the tenour of his proposals, which were now again brought forward, and which they had shown themselves disposed to support, adding that the Prus-

sian Government had declared that if Austria refused them, Prussia would withdraw all her moral and material support.

Having duly repeated to the Emperor Francis Joseph what Louis Napoleon had said, the Prince of Hessen wrote back from Verona to Valeggio to say that he had not taken upon himself to communicate the French terms to his master, who would certainly, as he knew, reject them; but that modified terms might perhaps lead to an understanding. Louis Napoleon replied that he was ready to offer better conditions, and upon that a meeting of the Sovereigns was agreed to. On the 10th of July, by preconcerted arrangement, the Austrian Emperor left Verona for Villafranca, followed by an imposing suite. I was not of the party, but I heard that it started at eight in the morning for Dossobuono by rail, and there took horse, escorted by the Gendarmes of the Guard and 400 Uhlans. Louis Napoleon, who occupied the Villa Gaudini-Morelli, in which the Emperor Francis Joseph had previously resided in Villafranca, came out to meet his fellow-monarch, and both, alighting, met and shook hands; then, remounting and followed by their two suites commingled, Gendarmes and Uhlans riding pell-mell with Cent-gardes and Guides, they re-entered Villafranca, where they halted. An Austrian Gendarme and a French Guide were posted at the door through which the monarchs entered, and a painful interval of waiting was spent by the rival suites in a tedious effort at mutual civility. The only really busy man was a French painter, my old school comrade, Yvon, I believe, taking the favourable opportunity for sketching Austrian officers from life.

During the half-hour which the Emperors spent together it is apparent that an understanding was come to; but the terms were subjected to lengthened

discussion. According to a version of which the authenticity has not been contested, Louis Napoleon presented a square piece of paper to his antagonist, on which the conditions I have already transcribed were set forth. But instead of representing them as his own, he said: 'This is the way in which you are being treated by your quondam allies.' And then, in spite of earlier assurances, he went on to urge that Lombardy, with Mantua and Peschiera, must be ceded. But, on the refusal of the Emperor to listen to such terms, he went on to say, 'Lombardy is already lost to Austria: it was, after all, but a burden. I do not mean to say that Austria cannot be compensated in some way or other for the loss. Such a compensation might be had by a partition of Turkey, as well as by an increase to Austrian influence in Germany; and France would be pleased to favour such an accession of power. For myself, I want nothing in Turkey; but certainly, if other powers gain territory, France must enlarge her possessions, and this she can only do on her frontiers. In Germany changes are inevitable, and it is clear that these changes will be to Austria's advantage, if Austria is in accord with France; but if not, and an arrangement is not feasible, then would France be obliged to come to an understanding with Prussia.'

Though the two sovereigns could not then and there agree to an arrangement, Louis Napoleon marked the acceptable conditions on his paper with a pencil, the Emperor of Austria promised to give a final reply as soon as possible, and so they parted. When they came out the Uhlan escort was duly inspected, and nothing, I was told, could have been more striking than the contrast which at this moment the two rulers presented: Francis Joseph, tall, erect, and spare in girth, with a small nose, blue eyes, and

a pale moustache, gracefully dressed in a light blue uniform with a forage cap ; Louis Napoleon, as general-in-chief, in a blue coat with aiguillettes, a gold-braided standing collar, and a red *kepi*, short and heavy in shape, fat in face, large-nosed, his mouth disappearing under a broad, overhanging moustache, and his peculiar slouching gait giving him a most ungainly air. After an inspection of the French escort the Emperors remounted. Francis Joseph accompanied Louis Napoleon for a short stretch on his way home, and, after the obligatory hand-shake, rode back towards Verona, where he arrived at noon. The whole town was in expectation of a return visit, and it was thought probable that Louis Napoleon would appear without being accompanied by his cousin Jerome, who had staked his all on the prospect of an Italian principality to the detriment of the Austrian archdukes. To the surprise of everyone, instead of the Emperor, Prince Napoleon made his appearance, galloped into the town in a postchaise and four, and turned into the courtyard of the Imperial palace. The day was the 11th of July. The sun was just setting. The Emperor, the archdukes, the staff and military attachés, Mildmay and Redern, were just finishing their afternoon meal, and His Majesty was lazily twirling his moustache, when a shrill tinkle of bells announced the arrival of a carriage. The officer of the day went in haste to ascertain the newcomer's name, and had hardly time to announce Prince Jerome when the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena, who were sitting near their cousin, and the Archdukes, who were close by, all rose in consternation, and, leaving behind them their caps and swords, which lay in the antechamber, made a rapid exit by a back staircase. The Emperor, putting aside his napkin, received his guest in a neighbouring drawing-room.

But the interview was so protracted as to try severely the patience of the Archdukes, who were unable to leave till they had got their headgear and swords. A shell bursting in the Imperial palace could scarcely have caused so much confusion. It is almost needless to say that the royal and imperial princes who thus showed their unwillingness to meet the son-in-law of the King of Sardinia were not aware that Prince Napoleon was the bearer of the Convention of the 11th of July, which Louis Napoleon had given him full powers to negotiate, and the Emperor Francis Joseph, with a few modifications, now accepted. It was laid down in this instrument that the two sovereigns were to promote the formation of an Italian Confederation under the presidency of the Pope. The Emperor of Austria ceded Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, without including Peschiera or Mantua. Venice was to form part of the Italian Confederation, but remain an Austrian possession. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena were to recover their duchies and publish an amnesty. The two Emperors engaged themselves to recommend to the Pope some necessary reforms in the government of the Papal States. A general amnesty was to be proclaimed.

The Archdukes would probably not have surrendered their enmity to the cousin of Louis Napoleon even if they had known that he was the bearer of this draft convention. They knew that peace had practically been agreed upon before the Prince arrived. They also knew that it had been obtained by the surrender of all claims to territory south and west of Mincio and Po. True, it had been stipulated that the Grand Dukes of Tuscany and Modena were to be reinstated; but they were also aware that this proviso was subject to the consent of the

population to accept a restoration, which there was every reason to think would not be obtained. Experience, in fact, showed that the worst fears of the Archdukes were justified. They all left Verona for Vienna at midnight of the 12th of July, and the train which took them also carried Prince Metternich and Count Rechberg.

I was informed, on authority which seemed unimpeachable, that the Emperor Francis Joseph had been forced to sign preliminaries because Russia and Prussia, backed by England, had threatened him with a hostile intervention. There was really nothing to warrant such an assertion, and yet there is no doubt that the Austrian Emperor had been told to expect it, and had really been deceived by it. We just saw that when Count Persigny asked Lord John Russell to suggest the propriety of an armistice to the Austrian Government he merely transmitted the proposal to Count Apponyi, without a word to indicate whether he approved or disapproved the measure. He was the more courteous in following this course because the French demands included the surrender of Lombardy and some of the Duchies to Sardinia, and the erection of Venetia into an independent state, under the conditions I have already mentioned. Notwithstanding this entirely passive action on our part, Louis Napoleon wrote to the Emperor Francis Joseph, as we have seen, to say that the proposals he was making were those which the cabinets of London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg had declared their readiness to support. It was of little avail that the representatives of Great Britain and Prussia formally and immediately denied the truth of Louis Napoleon's statements. They were, apparently, believed by the Emperor of Austria, and he signed the preliminaries, fully convinced that he had been abandoned by Prussia. Yet, after all, even

supposing that Prussia should really have acted in the manner described, the situation would not have been much the worse. Austria had entered upon the Italian war with overweening confidence, disdaining to listen to the calls of Prussia or liberal Germany for a fair share in Federal administration. After she had been beaten she condescended to offer Prussia the supreme command of the Federal army, which the Prince Regent now thought much too large for one general to command effectively. At that very moment the Prussian forces had been called out, the Prince Regent had practically assumed his share of the duty which Austria affected to concede, and Prussian troops were in movement for the purpose, if necessary, of a concentration on the Rhine. Count Rechberg did not break off negotiations with Prussia, but the terms he was ready to concede were not acceptable, because he probably concluded that an Austro-Prussian alliance could now only lead to an adjustment of the Federal Constitution, in which Austria would stand to lose the fruits of her traditional policy. With the alternative before him of ceding Lombardy or sharing with Prussia the presidency of the Germanic Confederation, he finally preferred the former. He kept the Venetian provinces, left the Milanese to the Italians, and clung stubbornly to the German supremacy, which, seven years later, was to founder, after the great battle of Königsgrätz.

On the 14th of July the Emperor of Austria left Verona for Vienna, without waiting for a visit from Louis Napoleon, who, for his part, declared to all those who were near enough to hear him, and particularly to Prince Metternich, that he thought he had been very moderate in his demands, especially in waiving all claim to Lombardo-Venetia. He even went so far as to say 'that he had always felt afraid of an inter-

view with the Emperor Francis Joseph, because he knew that he would be sensibly affected by it.¹ The meeting had taken place, and his forebodings had been realized.' I do not know whether this affectation of concession, attributed to mere personal influence, gratified the Emperor Francis Joseph; but it was thought in high places in England that His Majesty had done very well in making a peace which had left him as strong as ever in Germany, and, practically, stronger than before in North Italy.

Hostilities having come to an end, and Italy being acknowledged mistress of the land between Arno and Po, I had the curiosity to visit the battlefield of Solferino, and, having got G. P. R. James, the novelist—now British consul at Venice—and Armitage, an officer in command of a British gunboat, to join me, I started on the morning of the 16th in a chaise drawn by two powerful horses. We met no French troops till we came upon an outpost of Zouaves and Turcos, on the road leading into Valeggio. The sentry was an Arab, and he said, sententiously, 'Piémontais?' On my reply in the negative he motioned to us to pass on. It was clear that the Allies were now no longer on good terms. Valeggio was crowded with French troops of every kind. General Niel's quarters were in the summer palace from which I had started on the morning of the battle. The Piedmontese flag waved from every house, and even from the battlements of the castle tower, inaccessible as it seemed to be to ordinary climbers. The stream was bridged by numerous pontoons, and soldiers were bathing or angling lazily. The roads were, if possible, worse and more dusty than ever. But we got on rapidly, reached Volta, where we lunched, and then drove along the crests to Cavriana. Here and there on the way a little hill

¹ 'Qu'elle me subjugueraît.'

indicated the resting-place of a dead man. At Cavriana no signs of the recent engagement: the Sardinian colours and arms were to be seen everywhere; local politicians squabbled in the cafés; the halls and colonnades, which I had seen full of wounded men, were empty; one of the hospitals was now a cordwainer's shop. From the Roccòlo, where the view was clearer than it had been on the day of battle, I looked down upon the plain of Medole and the mound of Solferino, which were both as peaceful and solitary as if no fight had ever been fought there. The distances looked greater than I remembered them. Down a series of gentle slopes we drove to San Cassiano, and thence northward to Solferino, the approaches to which I have already sufficiently described. When I ascended the steep and winding road from the village to the platform of the Spia, and looked alternately at the precipices on one side and the gentle inclines leading to the plain on the other, I wondered at the pluck of the Austrians in defending the latter, and the pluck of the French in climbing the former. At about two-thirds of the ascent I came to a point where I could discover at once the whole landscape to the northward and eastward, including the Lake of Garda and the Alps behind it, the green mounds and white walls of Peschiera, and the square towers of countless feudal castles bowered in woods or surrounded by modern habitations. What struck me most was the range north and west of the Spia, the long spit on which the communal palace stands, the high crest overlooking a deep depression very like an ancient crater, in the bottom of which there were farmhouses and groups of trees. To the westward I could follow the northern road which leads by Carnal to Castiglione, and then I strolled down the Cypress Hill and marked the places where the Austrian guns had been un-

limbered and Stadion's men defended the approach against Dieu's brigade. Here the ground was still covered with remnants of cartridges; the cypress-trees were riddled with bullets: a cannon-ball had gone through one trunk, two other balls had carried off the upper branches, which lay withering on the ground.

The buildings on the spit were filled with Austrian shakos, and these were the only evidence of the fight which had laid low the many heroes whose remains rested under little mounds in all directions. It is characteristic of the inclination of people to collect mementos that I looked in vain for even a fragment of a shell. With difficulty I gleaned five bullets on the Cypress Hill. The damages caused by gun-fire and the works of engineers had already been repaired. One hole remained in the dome of the church on the spit. In the village no sign of a deadly encounter. At San Cassiano the streets were peaceful and quiet, the traces of warfare all obliterated. Driving home we took our way through Pozzolengo to Monzambano. Darkness was coming on, when we were stopped by a sentry on the road, who refused to allow us to proceed. I told him we were English; he thought we were Italians. But I spoke French to him in such persuasive tones that he at last relented, and we got away. From Monzambano to Oliosi and Somma Campagna we were not interrupted. It was late by the time we reached Verona. I had gained sufficient information to be convinced that the Italians had lost all confidence in Louis Napoleon, whose idea of an Italian Confederation they derided. One patriot asked me was Italy to be governed by a Diet like that of Frankfort, where princes were maintained on the throne by means of Federal bayonets.

I need hardly add that my time in Lombardy,

and particularly in Verona, was not exclusively given up to literary correspondence. I made numerous sketches, and left no corner unvisited in which remains of old painting were visible. No one, I am convinced—Cavalcaselle excepted—studied more closely than I did the relics of Giotto, Donatello, and the Bellini, or the masterpieces of Mantegna, and the school of Padua. But then my occupations came to an end, and the turmoil of war having ceased, I sold my horses and traps, and packed my portmanteau, and, after a few excursions, I took the train which carried me across the Alps. Early in August I was able to inform my father that I had returned to London.

CHAPTER XIII

In London—Visit to Bearwood—Lord Sherbrooke and Bob Lowe—
Tour to Paris—I offer my services to the English Government—
Bernal Osborne—The Italian War described in the 'Edinburgh
Review'—I am sent on a Mission to Germany—Experiences there.

THE 'Times' proprietors were pleased to approve of my exertions during the Italian war. Mowbray Morris as manager, John Delane as editor, were both complimentary; and, at the houses of both, I was asked to meet leading men in literature and politics. I have unfortunately forgotten the details of these symposia. I only recollect that I met Eber at one of them, and as we had been before Sebastopol together and *vis à vis* in Lombardy, it was pleasant for both of us to recall our earlier experiences, and compare them with those which we had had in Italy. There was a notion amongst our friends that some fun might be got out of us if we were brought together, and set up against each other as champions of the prowess of the Austrians and French. We were therefore invited to Bearwood, the seat of Mr. Walter, chief proprietor of the 'Times,' on the 5th of August, and 'Bob Lowe,' as he was then called, and other prominent men in Parliament were asked to meet us. Eber was the first to get wind of the conspiracy, which, he told me, had been hatched at our expense. We resolved to defeat this attempt to make us play for a bespoken gallery by a preconcerted arrangement. Eber was to back my anecdotes,

I to confirm his; and thus, instead of making sport for the guests of Bearwood, we afforded them the more placid pleasure of witnessing the gambols of an united happy family, each member of which praised and flattered the other without stint.

Mr. Walter was a princely host, and I was no stranger to many of the people I met at his country seat. Robert Lowe had kept terms with me at the Inner Temple, and we had had many an argument as we sat after dinner and discussed the fiery Temple port. But the man I now met was different in many respects from the man I had argued with in 1850. If I recollect things aright, Mr. Lowe, in the earlier days, was looked up to by us youngsters as a person of mature age and ripe experience. But we generally demurred to his Carlylian advocacy of paternal despotism, and of many conservative hobbies. Now he appeared to me as an influential member of the Liberal Party, and I felt humiliated to think that I had taken as genuine the wisdom which was apparently only put forth to rouse our juvenile enthusiasm and crush our Liberal ideas. It never entered into my head to think that he had been a Tory once and had since learnt to be a Radical. But I have seen similar changes in more illustrious men, and am now prepared to believe that 'Bob Lowe's' convictions kept pace with the growth of his experience, his progress having been the converse of mine. Since, in my case, liberalism became tinged with not a little conservatism, according as that for which I strove in my youth came gradually to be realised and ceased to be a subject for popular agitations. 'Bob Lowe' and I, however, got on very well at Bearwood. He showed such remarkable judgment in criticising the admirable pictures, of which Mr. Walter's collection was full, that I felt respect for him if on that account alone, and besides, I fear

I was unduly flattered, because he certainly gave me to understand that he considered me an authority in matters of art. It is curious that so much taste for pictures should have been acquired by a man who was an albino by complexion and practically blind from nearsightedness.

When my visit to Bearwood came to an end, I had leisure to think of the future. I did not like to leave London lest something should turn up, and yet my health was so precarious that I longed for a cure in fresh mountain air. Mowbray Morris, I had almost forgotten to state, had suggested that Eber and I should condense our war correspondence into a volume which would give a connected narrative of the French-Austrian campaign in Italy, and Mr. Routledge, to whom the matter was referred, seemed not unwilling to take the venture; but Eber could not be brought to the point, and the book remained unwritten.

Things were in this state when, about the close of the second week in August, Fielder, the proctor, an excellent friend of mine and member of the Reform Club, asked me down to Cowes for the Regatta week, and gave me a berth on board his yacht. I went down to the Isle of Wight with Chaplin, also a member of the Club, and we both spent a couple of pleasant days on the water, enjoying capital racing and splendid weather. One evening, after dinner, we were about to retire to dress for the Regatta ball, when Fielder suggested that we should go for a cruise. He had heard that a grand reception would be given to the French army entering Paris on its return from Lombardy, and he proposed that we should cross the Channel to Havre, thence proceed to the capital, and see what there was to be seen. To me the plan appeared a delightful one, as I would meet my father, whom I had not seen since my journey to Italy,

Instead, therefore, of dressing for a dance, we lolled on the sofas till the yacht got under weigh, and did not retire to our cots till the coast receded from our view. When we got up, a little after sunrise, we lay becalmed a few miles from the Isle of Wight; but, with the sun, there rose a light breeze that took us quickly over and enabled us to sight the cliffs of Ste Adresse by four o'clock in the afternoon. At this moment the wind had died away. We were making but little way in a contrary tide, and Chaplin proposed to Fielder to bathe. In a few minutes both were over the side, swimming like ducks and enjoying themselves vastly, when, in a moment, a ripple came, the yacht bent to the breeze, and the captain, with a chuckle, said, 'Now you'll see what a race they'll have for the ship.' For a quarter of an hour or more they swam as if for their lives, and the captain would not shorten sail; but then, as suddenly as it rose, the wind fell, the swimmers gained upon us, and they scrambled on board, all but dead beat. I never saw a man bear his distress as Fielder did on this occasion. He said not a word, and remained as cool as if nothing had happened; but, had I been the captain, I should have felt that it would go hard with me if ever I gave my master reason to complain.

We landed at six, took the night train, and reached Paris in the morning. I paid my father a long visit. We witnessed the entrance of the French army, cheered by an immense concourse of people, who showed a decided preference for the ordinary line soldiers over their rivals the Guards. And we were present, by great favour, in the manager's box at the opera when the public was admitted to the whole house without payment. I do not know which was the biggest crowd, that which gathered to enjoy the privilege of seeing the play or that which met to cry

'*Vive la ligne!*' I saw a mob of men surrounding a municipal guard on horseback lift horse and man from the ground, and jump over the sprawling bodies to a place of vantage, from whence they got into the run for seats with undoubted advantage.

A week thus spent in Paris raised my spirits, if it did not materially improve my health. Late on the 24th of August I returned to London by the mail, leaving Chaplin and Fielder to face a mild typhoon, which caught the yacht in the Channel as they sailed homeward. I found letters at the club from Mowbray Morris, and when I visited him next day he was kind enough to say that my name was down in his books for the first vacancy on the 'Times,' and that meanwhile he wished me to take an engagement as a gallery reporter at five guineas a week. Thanking him cordially for his offer, which I refused, I returned to my lodgings more than ever convinced that I would be forced to go back to India.

It was at this juncture that an opening presented itself of which I was slow at first to appreciate the value. Bernal Osborne, who had never relaxed in his friendly efforts in my interest since I had helped him to win the Middlesex election, took me by the button-hole one evening at the club (August 23), and asked what my prospects were. I candidly confessed my fears that I should not be able to hold out in London; upon which he said, in words which I well remember, 'Now, don't be foolish, and don't put your light under a bushel. Sit down at once and write to offer your services to Lord Palmerston.' I replied that I thought the proposal an admirable bit of banter; but added, more seriously, that he must recollect I was unacquainted with his Lordship, who probably had never seen the very dim light which I was charged with keeping under a bushel. Bernal then left me, with an

assurance that his advice was sound and that I ought to follow it. I was so convinced of the contrary that I did not give a second thought to the matter, and a letter which I received immediately after this from Mr. Reeve, asking me to write him an account of the Italian campaign for the 'Edinburgh Review,' helped to make me quite forget it. I was living at this time at a lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, in daily companionship with Gonne, a sprightly young cavalry officer whom I had known in India, and who was preparing to pass a staff examination. I talked over my notes of the Italian campaign with him, gathered together the sheets of my correspondence, consulted the volumes of Rüstow and de Cesena on the war, and wrote with little interruption the article which Mr. Reeve required. I had hardly begun it when Bernal Osborne again stopped me in the hall of the Reform Club, and inquired what the result of my correspondence with the Government had been. His anger was great when he learnt that I had not made the application he suggested. He earnestly begged me to follow his advice, and said that if I liked I might write to Lord John Russell instead of Lord Palmerston. On my refusing again to entertain any such proposition, he said, 'Well, you are a much greater fool than I took you for. Do as I bid you'; and as he spoke he laid hold of my arm, forced me to sit down at a writing-table, and all but dictated a letter to Lord John Russell, beginning with a statement of who I was, whose son I was, and what I had done in life, concluding with a request to be employed in any capacity that his Lordship might think fit. Having despatched this letter, very much to Bernal Osborne's satisfaction, I went home to my lodgings, wondering at the impudence with which I had offered my services

to a minister who could know but very little of me. The day on which I wrote was the 26th of August.

Weeks now slipped past. I worked steadily in the meanwhile for the 'Edinburgh Review,' and when I again met Bernal in the club, and he asked had I heard from the Foreign Office, I replied in the negative, adding that I never expected to hear from Lord John Russell at all. Bernal laughed, again called me a fool, and said that applications such as mine always elicited a reply, and if my offer had not been entertained an answer would have reached me long ago. Another week, however, passed and nothing came, but on the evening of the 16th of September, whilst I was partaking of a house dinner at the club, with the Government Whip, Lord Marcus Hill, next me, a waiter came in with a big despatch, which I begged permission to open, and there I found the acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter. Lord John Russell informed me, through Mr. Hammond, that he was willing to employ me for a time in visiting different parts of Germany under instructions which I would receive from H.M. mission at Berlin, and I was to report to him direct. My allowance would be at the usual rate of thirty shillings a day, plus the expenses of travelling; and, if these arrangements met my views, I was to proceed to Berlin as soon as possible and report myself to Mr. W. Lowther, H.M. Chargé d'Affaires in the absence of Lord Blomfield.

I need hardly say that I was overjoyed at this piece of good fortune, though I was ignorant, as, indeed, I still remain ignorant, of the causes which led to it. I wrote to acknowledge the receipt of the Foreign Office letter, announced my departure within four days; and, having wound up my affairs, finished my article, and taken leave of my friends, found

myself by the 20th of September on the road to Berlin, where I arrived in company of Drewry, the Queen's Messenger, on the morning of the 22nd.

The services which I rendered during this mission were long kept secret. They were never officially recorded, and my correspondence with Lord John Russell was necessarily confidential. But I am relieved from the fear of committing an indiscretion by the publication in 1880 of Sir Theodore Martin's fifth volume of the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' and the appearance in 1887 of the 'Reminiscences of Ernest II., Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha.' In both these works there are copious references to my labours during the period of my stay in Germany in the autumn and winter of 1859-60. Sir Theodore Martin not only divulges the fact that I was sent to report on the state of things in Germany, but he refers to several despatches of mine, which he courteously describes as 'valuable,' adding that they were communicated to Prince Albert by Lord John Russell. Lord John in the spring of 1860 had been placed under the necessity of initiating a new policy in respect of Austria, Germany, and France. He asked the Prince Consort to read my reports, and furnish him with some clue to the measures which England should advocate in regard to Germany. The Prince replied—it is flattering to me to copy the words—'That I evidently took the means of informing myself, which English diplomatists despised'; adding that 'he was inclined to believe in the general correctness of what I said, and was able to corroborate my accounts from Bavaria and Baden.' But not only did Sir Theodore quote from the correspondence between the Prince and the Minister, he also gave extracts from my reports, which he sometimes incorporated into his narrative. Prince Albert himself referred with approval to my despatches, the quotations from which are not

always acknowledged in Sir Theodore's footnotes.¹ Some years later the Duke of Coburg alluded to my action at this period in the third volume of his reminiscences ; and though his memory betrayed him as to the exact part which he attributed to himself or assigned to me in these matters, he remembered very clearly that we had discussed German affairs together with exhaustive minuteness ; and it is pleasant to me to learn from his pages that my communications were of material importance in shaping the policy of Her Majesty's Government.²

It was not, however, in consequence of any assistance or introduction, which I might have had from the Foreign Office, or from any English statesman or diplomatist, that I became acquainted with the Duke of Coburg or any of the interesting persons to whom I had access during my stay in Germany. It was entirely by my own exertion and by a fortunate concatenation of circumstances that I got into the way of obtaining information useful to Her Majesty's Ministers. When I first met William Lowther at Berlin and received communication from him of the instructions which he was directed to give me, I was amazed alike by the magnitude of the field which I was asked to explore, and the number of things which I was requested to master. I inquired whether, under circumstances of such complexity, I might reckon on the support of the Legation, and obtain letters of introduction to men of mark in Germany. Lowther replied that if Her Majesty's Government had thought it possible to obtain the information they required through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, they would not have sent me upon my

¹ Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. v., 1880, pp. 15, 16, 62, 66, 67.

² *Aus meinem Leben, von Ernst II., Herzog von Coburg*, p. 11.

H.R.H. is only wrong in supposing that I wrote a report at his request and read it to him, and that this report was sent home.

errand, and I was to understand that the Legation could give me no assistance whatever. Under these circumstances I told H.M. Chargé d'Affaires that I must take twenty-four hours to consider whether I should be able to accept the commission so kindly entrusted to me, and I retired, somewhat crestfallen, to the Hôtel de Russie, where I had taken a lodging near my friend Drewry. My position was clearly one of great difficulty. I was asked to report on a series of most important questions in a country which I had not visited for years, and in which I had no social footing whatever. Could I conscientiously accept to correspond with Lord John Russell on the ground of that only which could be gathered from newspapers and casual informants? I was taken out of this cruel suspense by recollecting that there was certainly one person in Germany whom I knew and with whom I had had friendly relations in England. Josias von Bunsen, I remembered, had retired from the post of Minister for Prussia at our Court to a villa at Heidelberg, and it might be that by paying him a visit I would obtain information and introductions sufficient to warrant me in not abandoning my mission. I had no sooner come to this resolution than my spirits revived. I called on Mr. Lowther and told him that I had resolved to carry out the instructions he had communicated to me, and would start for Heidelberg next morning. He laughed incredulously when he heard of my resolution, and asked what I could hope to find at a southern university that might not be got at Berlin. But I kept my counsel, left the Hôtel de Russie early on the morning of the 24th, and next day in the forenoon found myself in comfortable quarters at the Prinz Karl Hotel in Heidelberg. Passing through Frankfort on my way, I had met Daniel Maclise and Mr. Heron of Manchester. At Heidelberg I found Mr. Cogan and Mr. Campbell Johnston, the first a

well-known Liberal and candidate for office, the second equally well known for his relations with the Foreign Office. It seemed as if inquiring people in England were already on the alert and desirous of ascertaining what turn German affairs would take. My father had written to me from Paris 'that Europe would linger in torpor and become retrograde until Germany took the initiative of a policy. All other countries, he said, would lead Europe in a wrong direction. Germany alone could save Europe. But would Germany have the pluck? No faith could be put in governments or diplomacy alone. A great popular movement, without insurrections, the mind of Germany awakened and galvanised into new life under a leader whom she could trust, would give the required impulse, and if Prussia were ready to take that part a new era would begin.' I soon found that the prospects of a new era were clouded, but I came to the conclusion, also, that they were not hopeless.

Having discovered the villa to which the Chevalier de Bunsen had retired, I called there, and was received with great kindness and hospitality. The Chevalier had a pleasant recollection of my relations with him in London. I confided to him that I had come to Germany to study the state of the country and its parties, the chances of a national union, the conflicting claims of Austria and Prussia to the leadership of the German Confederation, the elements of support which each of them might expect to find in the different States, and the probability that Prussia, by reforming her military constitution, would be able to raise her army to such a serviceable condition as would secure to her the status of a first-rate power.

Bunsen soon convinced himself that I was not prosecuting these inquiries as an independent adventurer, and as I had informed him that I was not

acting as a newspaper correspondent, he arrived at the conclusion that I was deputed by the English Government to make these inquiries, and he expressed his delight at being able to second my efforts. He said that he had just returned from Baden-Baden, where he had spent some weeks with the Prince Regent of Prussia. He told me he was fully informed of the measures which were to be taken to assert Prussia's claim to supremacy in Germany ; he knew the broad features of the military reforms which were contemplated by Prince William ; and he promised to facilitate my efforts to obtain trustworthy information on all these points by giving me letters to the Prussian Envoy, Von Usedom, at Frankfort, and other influential people in different parts of the country. Having done this, he proceeded to give me sketches of the state of public opinion in Germany on the subject of a national union. He dwelt on the difficulties which the Prince Regent would encounter in the attempt to carry his military reforms and cover the expenses which they would involve, and he hinted, not obscurely, at the antagonism between Austria and Prussia, which tended to create strong currents of divergent opinion in different parts of Germany, according as political or dynastic interests reacted upon princes, parliaments and people. Of the opposition which Prussia would have to meet in the Federal Diet whenever she should attempt to carry measures distasteful to Austria and her allies he spoke with some anxiety, and he dwelt at the same time on the precarious nature of the relations even of the Prussian State with its legislature, and the doubtful issue of the struggle that must needs take place if the aspirations of the German people should not be reconcileable with the ideas and action of the governing powers.

I spent a couple of days listening to the wisdom

of this most capable and experienced statesman. He begged me not to trust entirely to him in forming my views, and even recommended a visit to Gervinus, who lived in a villa near him ; but he warned me that he thought little of the sagacity of one whom he considered rather in the light of a political visionary. As I had met Gervinus in London, where he once lived in exile, and even dined with him at my father's table, I paid him a visit. But I did not find in him the abundant information and the grasp of facts which distinguished Bunsen, and I was amused to discover that, whilst he was considered a visionary by his neighbour, he despised Bunsen as a doctrinaire. There were many men, however, who, like Gervinus, did not believe that there was a peaceful way out of the differences which divided peoples and governments in Germany, and I began to perceive that it would be absolutely necessary that I should travel the length and breadth of the country before I could hope to obtain a clear insight into the chances on each side.

I left Heidelberg primed with information, of which I laid in a fresh store after seeing the Prussian Envoy at Frankfort. But I was too much a stranger to that diplomatist to win his confidence at once, and it was not till I had had several occasions of conversing with him that he unbent, and made me at last a partaker of that knowledge which he had such a kind and genial way of conveying.

I cannot, of course, say anything of the reports which I sent home, but I have reason to think that what I wrote was not considered uninteresting. The time was one in which stirring events were in preparation, and these again were but the natural consequence of earlier incidents, to which some allusion has already been made. There were three distinct currents to which attention must needs be drawn : the Austrian,

which carried with it all the elements of German nationality, inside and outside of the Empire; the Prussian, including only such of the German countries as lay beyond the sphere of Austrian administration; the Middle German, which strove to neutralise the two others and exercise a motive power exclusively its own. The first was properly Gross-Deutsch (Great German), the second Klein-Deutsch (Little German), the third Mittel-Staat (the Medium State), or Trias. Overlaying these were minor currents which required exploring and buoying, but which it was not difficult to explore.

We saw that ten days before Austria sent an ultimatum to Piedmont she ordered Archduke Albert, one of her best generals and most influential princes, to proceed to Berlin and negotiate an alliance with the Prussian Government. He was instructed to propose the concentration of a German Federal army of 250,000 men on the Rhine under the joint command of the Emperor of Austria and the Prince Regent. The Regent's advisers had expected more. They thought Prussia might have been asked to furnish generals for the command of a Federal army on the Rhine, which should include the contingents of the minor States as well as those of Austria herself, and it seemed natural to them that this should be so, as Austria was concentrating the masses of her troops in Lombardy. Archduke Albert, when sounded upon this point, refused to engage his Government upon it, and the result was Austria's sudden resolve to declare war without allies. Germany was so much excited at the prospect that the Prince Regent felt the necessity of placing the Prussian army on a war footing and ordering all fortresses to be armed.¹ The Cabinet of Berlin

¹ The *Kriegsbereitschaft* order was signed by the Prince Regent on the 20th of April.

thought that the time had also come when Prussia might claim to assume the direction of German affairs ; and when Austria, on the 2nd of May, announced to the Frankfort Diet that a state of war had been entered upon, and moved that the Confederation do support her with all the Federal forces, the Prussian plenipotentiary declared that no such step could be taken without the previous consent of Prussia. What might have come of these divergences if the Emperor Francis Joseph had had even one victory to his account I cannot pretend to say ; but, as battle after battle was fought and lost, the action of Austria in the Diet became weaker, and that of the Southern States in alliance with her more vacillating.

At this juncture the Prince Regent determined to invite the Cabinet of Vienna to accept the armed mediation of Prussia. He sent General von Willisen in the middle of May to Vienna, offering in the event of Louis Napoleon's advancing with an army towards the Rhine, or even in the event of the French driving Count Gyulai behind the Tessin, to declare war against France. The sole conditions attached to this action were that Austria should leave the supreme command in Germany to be controlled by the Prince Regent, accept Prussian mediation at once, refrain from arming Germany or calling out German Federal contingents, and abstain from provoking a declaration of war on the part of the Germanic Confederation. To these proposals Count Rechberg, in reply, not only responded by leaving it to Prussia to decide when and how war was to be proclaimed, but by conceding the supreme command in Germany ; but he also insisted that Prussia should guarantee the integrity of the Austrian possessions in Italy. It was in vain that General Willisen pointed out that, having been sent on a mission of mediation, he could not give a guarantee

which destroyed every chance of mediating :¹ Count Rechberg was not to be moved. At one moment he seems to have been on the eve of success. Prince William was on the verge of accepting the Austrian condition. He was only procrastinating to secure the success of a loan of eight millions sterling which his former ministers had just floated. But whilst matters were in this state the battle of Magenta was fought, and, all chance of effective assistance from Austrian contingents on the Rhine being lost, the Prince Regent found that if he now declared himself, he would have on his shoulders the whole burden of war in Germany. Thinking then that his own army was incapable of bearing the brunt alone, he held prudently back. Yet, feeling or believing that he might not be able to assert the supremacy of Prussia without a war, and desirous of preparing for it, he called out his troops (June 14), pressed the organisation of all the forces he could muster with the view to the formation of a Federal army of the Rhine and an army of the Main, and invited the chiefs of corps of the Federal contingents to a meeting at Berlin, for the purpose of concerting military measures.² Parallel action was taken at the same time in the Frankfort Diet. But again Austria assumed the offensive, fought the battle of Solferino and lost it, and then matters took a fresh turn. Austria, instead of opposing or adjourning the plans of Prussia, now urged them strongly at Frankfort. She even moved that the supreme command of the Federal forces should be entrusted to Prussia, which, as I have before observed, Prussia would not accept. But at the same time the Emperor Francis Joseph sent Prince

¹ Mediation really meant an armed mediation of Prussia, for the purpose of a settlement on the basis of the status of the treaties

of 1815. Had Austria accepted, France would certainly not have done so.

² 22nd of June.

Windischgrätz to Berlin to come to an understanding with the Prince Regent, basing his demands on the assurances which Prussia had repeatedly made, that she could not contemplate without concern the prospect of a dismemberment or exhaustion of the Austrian Empire. Prince Windischgrätz was instructed to propose a close alliance, an active participation of Prussia in the war, maintenance of the Austrian domination in Italy, confirmation of the family compacts which secured Italian principalities to Austrian archdukes, and a summons to Piedmont to withdraw within her old borders and repeal her constitution. The Prince Regent might have been willing to concede some of these demands; but he was not convinced that the forces of which Prussia and Austria could now dispose would suffice for an offensive war with France. Besides, he could not see his way to dictate to the King of Sardinia on constitutional questions. It would have been a step on very tender ground for Prussia to stir in a question which was already a cause of agitation in Germany. The German States were all more or less in a ferment on that very point. The German people, hostile to France because they thought Louis Napoleon threatened their existence, were *pro tanto* in favour of action in support of Austria; but they would not have fought for a return to the old systems of government which Austria usually advocated. Prince Windischgrätz withdrew without the alliance and support which he expected, and the Emperor Francis Joseph made peace, because he felt that the prosecution of the war might not only involve the loss of Italy, but also that of Germany. He knew that he had a struggle before him to meet and overcome the opposition which he expected from the action of Prussia. But he was not without hopes of success. Practically there was no reason why he should despair. In the

eyes of a great majority of Germans, Prussia had not acted with the energy which she ought to have manifested. If Austria was coming out of the war exhausted, she might be able in time to recruit. Her position as against France was good. She had the sympathy of all those who dreaded French ascendancy, whilst Prussia, on the contrary, had been vacillating, and was now isolated and without allies, having lost ground with the people as well as in the Federal Diet, where Austria would again reign supreme. The whole fabric of the Germanic continent was in fact shaken. Austria, Prussia, and the Confederation seemed alike helpless: Austria because she had lost her game, Prussia because she had missed her mark, the Confederation because its framework had been loosened. The Prince Regent was in despair, the German people divided. No one at home or abroad knew what the final outcome might be. But Austria was still bent on asserting herself. She accused Prussia directly of being the cause of all the evils that befell her, resumed her direction of Federal affairs, withdrew the resolutions in which she had advocated the grant of supreme military command to the Prince Regent, and carried all the measures required to disperse the Federal contingents that had been called out with so much trouble and expense. Prussia, slowly and despairingly, stopped her troops on their march, led them back into garrison and 'demobilised.' The time had come in earnest when the claims of the two great States to direct the policy of Germany were to become a capital question. An interchange of angry recrimination in pamphlets and books was followed by a feverish taking of sides on the part of the German governments; and no doubt can be entertained that, with few exceptions, cabinets and princes were rather in favour of Austria than friendly to her rival. Peoples, however,

and parties took sides also, and here it was apparent that Prussia had a following which might become important, if the principles evolved were such as the Prussian Government and Prince Regent could countenance and support. The first symptom of an agitation for a peaceful reform of the Confederation was a meeting of 'patriots,' at Eisenach on the 14th of August, in which resolutions were carried in favour of constituting a national party, and giving it a voice through the action of a powerful central committee. The men who attended this meeting were comparatively unknown. Their leaders have since made a name, and Benningsen, Mathy, Gustav Freytag, Schulze-Delitsch, if not Rochau and Metz, will live in the pages of history. The purpose for which these men came together was to create an united Germany, with forces to face the outer world, and free institutions to put these forces on a respectable footing. They formed themselves into an association under the name of the National Party, with the avowed aim of creating a German Federation under Prussian lead; they appointed a committee, organised a system of membership, and summoned their friends to a conference at Frankfort. In many towns of North and South Germany local meetings were held to second the efforts of the National-Verein, as it was now called; and Austria, and the smaller States in her wake, looked on in astonishment at the sudden development of an agitation which they were powerless to smother. The Duke of Coburg accepted the flattering position of protector to the new association, and allowed it to spread without hindrance. The smaller States took steps to put it down as illegal, threatening all who joined it with pains and penalties. Yet, in spite of all, it grew. Then Austria, indignant that a German reigning prince should countenance what she considered a subversive agitation, addressed a note to

the Cabinet of Berlin, disapproving of opinions which, coming from a sovereign, must appear especially reprehensible, and asked whether Prussia would continue to tolerate agitation and intrigues which had no other aim than that of overturning the time-honoured institutions of the Germanic Confederation. To this oburgation the Prussian minister Schleinitz replied that the Prince Regent had never ceased to feel the utmost confidence in the Duke of Coburg, who never had had any intention to encroach on the rights of German princes, and had only expressed a laudable feeling of sympathy for a reform of the Federal Diet. In no distant future questions leading to this desirable consummation would probably be decided, and Prussia would at the proper time do her duty to herself and to Germany.

Behind these brave words, unhappily, no very visible action was to be traced. The Duke of Coburg had suggested that a great commission should be appointed to draft a plan of reform. The Prince Regent asked on what basis the commission should proceed, being himself entirely unable to imagine anything of the kind—anything, at least, to which Austria would consent. On his own responsibility he said he would take measures to show the Elector of Hesse and the King of Hanover how their States should be governed consistently with constitutional rights, and for Prussia he would advocate a complete remodelling of the army, not only because the system, which had been found to work in 1814, had become antiquated, but because, being no longer in harmony with the time, either as regards numbers, or recruiting and armament, it yielded a force unfit to face an enemy such as France had shown herself to be in Italy.

I cannot help thinking that the Prince Regent was fortunate in having abstained from warlike action in

the summer of 1859. If, instead of exercising caution, he had accepted the offer of Archduke Albert or Prince Windischgrätz, or even, at one moment, given way to his own sanguine expectations, he would have taken the field with troops, of which more than half were no better trained than those which lost the battle of Jena in 1806. Since 1814, when the reforms of Scharnhorst had been modelled for a population of ten millions of souls, no change had been made in the system of recruiting in Prussia. The number of soldiers levied annually had been fixed, by order of the French Emperor, at 40,537, and remained at that figure after the population rose to 28,000,000. Four men per thousand had been found sufficient to yield an annual supply of troops in 1814. Now the same number was levied at the rate of two men per thousand. If we except ten battalions of rifles, whose term of active service was four years, the 40,000 men who were called up annually spent three years in the standing army, two years in reserve, and fourteen years in the landwehr. The landwehr was divided into two parts : the 1st Aufgebot, liable in case of war to be drafted into line for any service ; the 2nd Aufgebot, liable only to serve in fortresses. In 1859 the annual levy only extended to twenty-six per cent. of the adult male population of Prussia. When the Prince Regent called out the army there were seventy-four per cent. of adult males of that year untouched by the conscription, to which might be added the unused units of twenty previous years. At the same time that these masses were left without liability to be called out, the reserve of 80,000 men was summoned, together with about 100 battalions of landwehrmen, more than half of whom were married and had families. Nothing so unfair to those actually enrolled could have been imagined ; but nothing could be more unfair, on the other hand, than that

fathers of families should be torn from their wives and children when more than an equal number of younger men without family ties were left unemployed.

This, however, was not all. The Scharnhorst system secured a proper nucleus of trained officers for the annual levy of 40,000 men, that is, for the effective of 120,000 trained soldiers serving three years. It left the efficiency of the landwehr, whether infantry or cavalry, to men of no military training whatever. What would have been the result of sending an army so constituted to meet, after forty-five years of peace, the warlike troops of France? They would, perhaps, have fought as Blücher's men fought, with pluck and good fortune, but the chances were very much against success; and, in truth, when the army was set in motion evils of every kind became apparent. The landwehr was not easily brought together, and, when it assembled, the men were undisciplined, the officers incapable, and the artillery antiquated. But, unready as Prussia assuredly was under these circumstances, she was much nearer being ready than any of the minor States. Bavaria, when ordered to raise her contingent, discovered that she had no uniforms for the men, and no supply of officers to lead the companies; her commissariat was disorganised. Hesse-Darmstadt encumbered the roads with all kinds of material unnecessary in war, such as convoys of firewood. Saxony and Würtemberg were, comparatively speaking, in a fair condition for calling out their troops, but smaller States were altogether helpless. The federal military organisation was gone. There were no traces to be found of any system. Orders for moving troops were issued without dates, and orders for victualling were not issued at all. From Waldeck and Lippe contingents were sent to reinforce the garrison of Luxemburg, but when they arrived in sight of the place the commander, who had no notice

of their coming, treated them as enemies. They halted and bivouacked without provisions, or even kettles to cook provisions, had they been forthcoming. They were marching home when directions from Berlin came to supply their wants. As for the fortresses which the Prince Regent had ordered to be armed, few of them had guns, none of them provisions, and it was said that Ulm and Rastadt were in ruins.

No wonder that the Prince Regent should have thought that the first of his duties, after peace was declared, should be to remedy the defects with which he had become familiar when war was imminent. He drafted a scheme for the reform of the Prussian army, preparatory to advocating a reform of the Federal military constitution, and he entrusted the working out of the details to General von Roon and General von Bonin, his conviction being that, whatever might be the reception which Prussians or Germans were prepared to give to his plans, it was his duty to urge them both for the safety of his people and crown, and the attainment of the commanding position to which he considered himself entitled in the Confederation.

According to this scheme the Prussian army was to be organised afresh on the basis of population. Instead of taking 26 per cent. of the adult males summoned to appear before the recruiting officers, the State was to select $54\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., so that 63,000 men should form the annual contingent. The system of three years' active service was maintained; that of service in the reserve was extended from two to five years. After seven years the soldier was to fall back into the landwehr for five years more, and then be free. The 2nd Aufgebot was to be abolished.

As regards cavalry, the old habit of bringing line and landwehr into one army was to be given up, and enlistments were to be taken for four years active and

four years in reserve. The artillery was to be increased, the old guns exchanged for steel breech-loaders. The practical outcome was calculated to be an increase of officers from 7,000 to 8,500, of privates from 125,000 to 177,000, with a peace establishment of 534 men per battalion, and a war footing of 1,002 men.

Into the details of expenditure I need not go. The change undoubtedly involved a heavy increase of military outlay, and this was the point of all others upon which Parliament would probably lay most stress. But there was another point of hardly less moment, which was how far it might be advisable to sanction a measure which, by substituting a large standing army for the old landwehr, might tempt the monarch or his government either to coerce people at home or needlessly threaten peoples abroad.

To an Englishman it might have appeared that the first of these alternatives was that which it was most proper to guard against. There were people in Germany who had these convictions ; but they were a minority in advance of the body of the nation, in which loyalty and reverence for constituted authority were deep-rooted qualities. The question really came to be whether the expenditure which the reform involved would be sanctioned, and it was upon this that, as early as the autumn of 1859, opinions became divided. The Prince Regent, for his part, affirmed that Germany, so far as it favoured a confederation under the lead of Prussia, must needs accept the charges which such a lead implied. It was vain, he said, to call upon Prussia to take command if the Prussian people refused to give her the means without which she could not act. So long as Prussia possessed no real power she would never be respected. Any policy of action presupposed dangers, which a reconstituted army alone could conquer. The duty of the Liberal party was to favour

and help to pass the measures required for putting the Prussian forces on a better footing. The Liberal party admitted the cogency of the Prince Regent's argument and expressed their readiness to support his views. But the conditions they were inclined to impose were not such as he could easily accept: they involved changes in administration and political demands in which the Conservatives could not acquiesce.

In the midst of squabbles, therefore, the great object of the re-arming of the nation was pursued by the Government and advocated by a large section of the community. But for a time it made scant progress, because many disapproved of the manner of it, whilst many more feared the expansion of the power which it was sure to create. Ultimately the Liberals were defeated; their opponents with a high hand brushed aside all opposition, but by their mode of action prepared the inevitable end, which was the assertion of Prussian supremacy by war. It is characteristic of the Prussians, nay, of the German nation, that though they disapproved of many of the steps which led to this consummation, and even went so far as to record their votes against it, they bowed to the will of those who acted without their consent, and gave indemnity afterwards for what they had been unable to prevent.

One of the first things which I received permission to look into, after my return to Berlin in the early days of October, was the state of the Prussian arsenals. I was allowed to visit Spandau, where everything but the foundry was shown to me in which the new rifled steel breech-loaders were cast. General von Willisen, whose acquaintance I had made, was enthusiastic about the range and accuracy of the new gun, which sent a six-pound shot straight to a centre at a distance of 3,000 yards. My experience of war in the Crimea, and especially at the bombardment of Kinburn, in-

terested the General greatly, and I delighted him by the communication of a sketch of the second spit fort at Kinburn, where openings were simulated in the recess of sham embrasures, whilst the guns were fired at the apex on each side. Equally interesting to him were my accounts of the battle of Solferino, which led to the translation into German, by Dr. Frese, of my article in the 'Edinburgh Review.' A greedy public took two consecutive editions of the article in a fortnight.

But of more interest to me than guns or fortifications was General Willisen's conversation on the subject of the political and military future of Germany and Prussia. In words which now sound like prophecy, he declared that Prussia would never rest till she had got together a million of soldiers, who would face an enemy at once in the east and west, in any war. He expressed unbounded confidence in the resolution of the Prince Regent to unite all Prussians, in the belief that a powerful army was a condition precedent to the expansion of Prussian influence, and that an honest advocacy of all truly constitutional measures in Germany would enable him to act in harmony with the wishes and aspirations of those who had founded the National Society. Nor did he despair of witnessing an union which would give satisfaction to the hopes of the German people in all the states of the empire, in spite of the divergences apparent to all conversant with the feeling of the public in different sections of the country. In the North, he thought, dread of France would bring all sides to advocate an increase to the army and an extension of Prussian influence. Great meetings had been held at Hamburg and Danzig to promote these objects. In Central Germany, where an artificial effort was being made to neutralise the contrary forces of Prussia and Austria by the

creation of a third or middle party, destined to hold the balance even between the two great political rivals, the liberalism of Prussia would in the end prevail over Austria and the 'Trias.' In the South the warm current of liberalism would run in favour of a strong Prussia, in spite of the efforts of those who strove to introduce into the German union all the German provinces of Austria.

It was a question for me now to decide where I should begin my inquiry as to the local feeling in different parts of the Empire, and being so far north already as Berlin, I thought the Eastern provinces should be visited first, the Central States next, the South last. I accordingly left Berlin on the 9th of October, and after a long day's journey found myself late at night in a comfortable inn in the picturesque city of Danzig. I shall not attempt to sketch the beauties of the city, which is so well known for the quaint loveliness of its houses and streets, and the splendid architecture of its fourteenth-century town hall and cathedral. I was as much struck by the simple political creed of the people, in so far as Prussian supremacy in Germany was concerned, as by the fine specimens of Flemish art which I was able to study in its religious edifices. I still possess the drawings of the altarpiece of the Marienkirche, in which Memling has painted the Last Judgment and the portraits of a male and female donor, which are the greatest examples of his skill in the delineation of the human features. Amongst the inhabitants, who were mostly merchants dealing in the spirits, corn, and timber which floated down the Vistula from the interior of Russia, and who shipped those articles to England and other countries over sea, I recognised the worthy successors of the traders of the Hanse Towns, who held such a place in the

northern world in the fourteenth century. Amongst the patricians and landowners of the neighbourhood I recognised the spirit of the old feudal families which had seen Danzig in the hands of the German knights and their Polish antagonists. Nothing could be more marked than the difference between the liberalism of the first and the narrow conservatism of the second. But on the question of German expansion and a Prussian lead of the Germanic Confederation both were agreed. Both were advocates of a strong military Prussian constitution, for they remembered that less than a year before my visit there was almost a panic in the north of the Baltic, in Lübeck, Danzig, Elbing, and Königsberg, because fears were entertained of a coming war with France, in which the coasts would be harried, the towns fined, and trade destroyed, for the simple reason that Prussia had not a fleet in a condition to cope with the French one; and it was well known that the Prince Regent had endeavoured to obtain from Great Britain a declaration of the neutrality of the Baltic, which we were not willing to concede. I have asked myself many times since, indeed, whether the dislike, which no doubt now exists to a large extent, amongst Germans for everything English is not to be traced in part to our advocacy of Danish policy in Schleswig-Holstein, and our aversion to guarantee the neutrality of the Baltic in the days of which I am now writing. In 1859 there was still a feeling at Danzig and other ports that England was Prussia's natural ally, and that Russia was properly in the position of third in the union. The merchants and squires of the German Eastern provinces had no fear and no mistrust of the Tsar. He was their neighbour, his subjects were those with whom they traded. They thought that he was weak from the effects of the Crimean War; unable, even

were he willing, to countenance any aggression, but of weight in the political balance if joined to England and Germany. And they favoured a combination which would realise the union of Germany under Prussian lead, and an alliance that might secure Germany from French attacks.

Having returned from Danzig to Berlin, where I spent but twenty-four hours, I began the journey which was to make me acquainted with Saxon feeling in the matter of constitutional changes in Federal Germany. My father had given me letters for Mr. Ward, at that time Consul-General for Saxony. I had an introduction to Charles Murray, our envoy at the Saxon Court. I reached Leipzig on the 16th, and Dresden on the 22nd of October.

At Leipzig, which, practically, lies on the Prussian border, and looks to Berlin as the great trading centre of the North, it was easy to observe the tendency to advocate a scheme for the constitution of a powerful German empire under the lead of Prussia, in preference to the wide confederation, permeated with foreign elements, which was represented by Austria. There was a touching want of sympathy, indeed, between the two countries on the question of days of fast and prayer. The Saxons, in this respect, did not want conformity. Many of them preferred to migrate into Prussia in order to avoid fasting on their day of prayer. The Prussians always wandered into Saxony on their day of fast, and, as to that, it was thought unadvisable to favour too close an union. But, politically, there was another feeling. No city had been more enthusiastic than Leipzig in the cause of Austria at the outbreak of the Italian War. Since the defeats of Magenta and Solferino enthusiasm had cooled down. France was still considered a dangerous enemy, and Italy a French *préfecture*. But

could Austria defend Saxony? The negative answer to this question naturally favoured the unionistic movement, which had many partisans, whose number was daily increasing. Little given to exaggerated loyalty to their Roman Catholic line of kings, the Leipzigers had no objection to the supremacy of the very Protestant Prince Regent. They objected as much to Austrian principles of government and antiquated bits of machinery which Austria maintained at Frankfort, as they did to the third German party called the Trias, which was an invention of Mr. von Beust, the all-powerful minister at Dresden. To the simple mind of the average Saxon it seemed better to take sides with one of the great powers, Austria or Prussia, than risk being crushed between them. Prussia and Russia had just made an ostentatious show of alliance at Breslau, where the Tsar had met the Prince Regent; and, as if to give more force to the interview and accentuate its consequences, the Tsar had refused to meet the Emperor Francis Joseph at Myslowitz. The political future of Austria looked all the more gloomy for this slight; and people began to think less and less of her prospects in proportion as they thought more of those of her rival. Everyone believed that Prussia would be able in time to carry out her purpose of reforming her army. Nobody thought that Austria, for a long time to come, would be able to raise a respectable force; and politicians laughed at Mr. von Beust's attempt to promote a reform of the federal military administration so long as Prussia did not take the scheme in hand at Frankfort.

At Dresden the Court, the administration, and the army made no concealment of their attachment to Austria; yet there was open talk of the combination under which Saxony, Würtemberg and Baden were to

keep the balance between Austria and Prussia in the confederation. It was only in whispers that the partisans of union confessed their feelings, and this was natural enough, since the Court opposed it, and the National Verein, of which the seat lay at Coburg, was not considered legal.

What interested me at Dresden more than German politics was art. One evening after my arrival I went to hear a symphony by Beethoven. I sat next to a grey-haired gentleman, who entered into conversation with me. Between the pieces we talked of music, and then of painting; and presently we came to exchange views on old masters, of whom so many are admirably represented in the Dresden Museum. We both had peculiar views about the works of Van Eyck and Van der Weyden, and as we exchanged opinions my neighbour cried out, 'Your name must certainly be Crowe'; upon which I retorted, 'And your name must surely be Hotho.' Hotho was keeper of the Print Room at the Berlin Museum, and author of a history of painting in the Netherlands, as well as of a treatise on the school of Hubert van Eyck. 'I have read your book,' he exclaimed; 'I have been through every line of yours,' I said. Before parting we determined to meet next day, and he volunteered to show me the drawings in the Dresden Cabinet, which were under the charge of Mr. Gruner. We were punctual as to time, and I was introduced to Gruner, who took out for us some rich collections of small Dutch etchers and draughtsmen, and Rembrandts, and a beautiful silver point of John van Eyck, with the head of an aged man on one side, and two figures of women in Flemish dress on the other. Hotho declared that the aged man was identical with Jodocus Vydts in the altarpiece of Van Eyck at Berlin. I demurred, saying that the picture for which the drawing was made was in the

Belvedere at Vienna. I then proposed that he should stand by whilst I made a copy of the drawing, and, after acknowledging its correctness, give me a rendezvous before the picture at Berlin. We met a few days later in Berlin, and he not only acknowledged his mistake, but expressed his regret that he had not learnt to wield the pencil so as to control his judgment by means of sketches, which proved so valuable as means of identification. But, before he left, Hotho accompanied me to the Dresden Gallery, where I made the acquaintance of kind old Mr. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and we compared our views on the subject of pictures assigned to Van Eyck and Van der Weyden.

I tore myself away with difficulty from Dresden, where I enjoyed the unstinted hospitality of Charles Murray. At his table I had an amusing adventure with some English officers, who had just returned from a visit to the battle-field of Solferino. They were evidently highly pleased with their journey, and full of knowledge as to the movements on both sides. When I ventured to correct some of their impressions they looked at me with disdain, and evidently felt inclined to resent the impertinence of a civilian trying to throw doubt on the judgment of soldiers; but Mr. Murray, who had egged them on at first, thought fit to say he was afraid I must be adjudged the better authority, seeing I had been present at the fight, and we parted very good friends.

CHAPTER XIV

Continuation of experiences in Germany—Hotho, Waagen, Morier, Stockmar, Usedom, Heinrich von Sybel—Visit to Coburg, Frankfort, Munich—Coburg again—The Duke of Coburg—Stuttgart, Hanover, Hamburg, Lübeck—Life at Berlin—Home by Carlsruhe—Am appointed Consul-General.

I CAME back to Berlin in time to witness a curious agitation, caused by the ceremony of laying the first stone of a monument to Schiller. The execution of this work had been entrusted to Reinhold Begas, and Schiller, who embodied at this time the idea of an united Germany, had been finely idealised in the sculptor's model. But Schiller's birthday was to be celebrated on the 10th of November, and the government feared that a procession to the Gendarmen Markt might lead to a political demonstration. They forbade the ceremony, fixed the laying of the first stone of the monument for an earlier date, and thus offered to Germany a lamentable display of timidity and indecision.

Having met Dr. Hotho at the Museum, I was introduced to Dr. Waagen, its director, who asked me to tea and regaled me with a sight of a collection of old engravings. I was struck with the aspect of this venerable authority in the domain of art. His face was beyond measure plain. He was near-sighted to such a degree that he could not judge of a picture unless he almost touched it with his nose, and yet he had a wide repute as an art critic, had written many works on painting, and quite recently completed his well-known volumes on the Art Treasures of Great

Britain. I had observed that some physical defect must often have prevented Dr. Waagen from seeing things as other people saw them. The Catalogue of the Berlin Museum registered inscriptions on exhibited pictures without accuracy, and frequently attributed wrong names to panels and canvasses. But Dr. Waagen was, nevertheless, acknowledged as an authority, and he probably deserved that epithet, not because his organs of vision were good, but because he possessed great general erudition, was indefatigable in his application, and widely experienced in travel.

Repeated visits to Berlin and frequent attendance in the Chancery of the British Legation had not only increased my acquaintance with our diplomatic staff; it brought me in contact with Lord Blomfield. I was received by that nobleman with rare kindness and attention, and his amiability was naturally reflected in his subordinates, Percy Mitford and William Jocelyn. But I was very slow, on the other hand, in winning the good graces of the second secretary, Robert Morier, who felt unaccountably jealous of the good fortune which had fallen to my share by Lord John Russell's appointment. When I called on Morier at his lodgings, after his return from leave, and reminded him that we had met in 1850 at the house of Chevalier de Bunsen, and that I had some recollection of serving his interests in a journalistic way, he received me so badly that I felt, as the French say, *comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles*. He said I was his enemy, and that no one was in a better situation to write the reports which I had been asked to furnish than himself. I had robbed him of that honour, and he could not be my friend. I stared with amazement as he fired up and grew red in the face with an indignation which I could not understand. But seeing how earnest he was I exerted all my powers to bring him to reason. I asked him to

compare his position to mine ; pointed out how within ten years he had risen to the rank of second secretary of legation, whilst I, who was his senior, was altogether unattached ; and I concluded by suggesting that it would be better for us both if, accepting things as they were, he should give me support and countenance, and rely upon me to make such a grateful return as should be in my power. Being of a frank and generous disposition, though irascible, Morier accepted this view of things, and even went so far as to enter, then and there, into what he called a league of mutual help, promising to influence his friends to give me what information I required, and making me promise to remember that I was to push him when occasion offered. Then he asked me to lunch with him and meet young Stockmar, secretary to the Crown Princess of Prussia, son of Christian Stockmar, the tried friend and confidant of Prince Albert and King Leopold of Belgium, who proved to be a very fine chip of the old and clever adviser of so many royalties. A few days after this, on the 9th of November, I found myself at Frankfort in close confabulation with Usedom, the Prussian envoy, to whom Morier had written that we were friends. The whole town was in commotion at the prospect of celebrating the centenary of Schiller. The municipality had made preparations on an extensive scale to do honour to the poet's memory, and though the city officials had refused to countenance the National Verein, which, in consequence, had been transferred to Coburg, the people took a joyful part in the celebration, which seemed to foreshadow the coming of that union which Schiller had advocated. By a curious chance, the promoters of the procession, which was to consist of ornamented cars appropriate for the occasion, and decorated in harmony with the triumphal arches under which they were to be driven, found

themselves at the last moment without the necessary supply of horses. They asked the Prussian commander General von Alvensleben to lend them some. With truly Prussian stiffness he declared his inability to accede to this request, under the plea that he had no orders. The promoters were more fortunate with General von Schmerling, the Austrian commander, who instantly lent them all the horses they desired. It is difficult to estimate how much harm was done to the Prussian cause in Germany by the remarkable instances of tactlessness which occurred at Berlin and Frankfort in connection with Schiller and the National movement, which Prussia had so much at heart. Frankfort was the place where, under the influence of Austria in the confederation, all efforts to teach the small States to govern their territories constitutionally were wrecked. Whenever Prussia favoured the enforcement of a constitution in Hesse-Cassel, where the Elector laughed at the resolutions of his parliament and governed despotically, Austria interposed. If Hanover moved that the National Union should be put down by a Federal decree, Austria agreed. But the majority of Germans in the neighbourhood were not the less partisans of a German union, and they hoped that the democratic spirit which animated the Southern States might some day overcome Prussian stiffness and frigidity.

At Munich, to which I now found my way, I discovered what, to me, seemed a most extraordinary state of things—a German king with a really liberal government, and a Roman Catholic university with a majority of Protestant professors. To the art-loving Ludwig I., who had transformed his capital into an imitation of old Athens and governed with cabinets appointed by opera dancers, had succeeded the more liberal, if not more astute, Maximilian II., who had

brought about that universalist revolution of which I just spoke. Amongst the celebrities whom he had selected was the historian Heinrich von Sybel, to whom I had good letters of introduction, and whose accounts of the action of court, cabinet and people were extremely interesting. The court was ultramontane, in harmony with the feeling of the provinces of Upper and Lower Bavaria, which were inclined to throw in their lot with the German Austrians. The government had not been long in office, owed their existence to a liberal current amongst the democracy of Franconia and the Palatinate, and favoured constitutional progress in federal matters, such as the adjustment of the differences between the Elector of Hesse and his parliament, and the settlement in a German sense of the affairs of the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies. But the support of Prussian supremacy which this policy appeared to imply was only temporary and conditional; for Bavaria was really concerned to realize the idea of an independent South Germany, overlapping the border, and stretching to the limits of the German tongue in the dominions of its neighbours. At the very time of my visit invitations had been issued to Baden, Würtemberg, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Altenburg and Meiningen, to send delegates to Würzburg to deliberate on common action at Frankfort. The delegates discussed such matters as the Hessian constitution and the proposals of Prussia for its reform, or German policy in respect of Italian-French complications and the Congress, which still seemed to loom in the distance, and appeared destined to lead to a remodelling of the map of Europe. The failure of these efforts to agree to any course of policy only showed how little the governments were in accord as to the means of reorganising the 'fatherland,' and it was amusing to hear that Hanover had refused the invita-

tion to Würzburg because she was afraid to provoke a breach with Prussia, which she affected to believe might lead to the occupation of her territories. It was not, however, till after my return to Berlin, on the 24th of November, that I heard of these results. Meanwhile, at Munich as at Dresden, I did not fail to divide my leisure between the study of politics and the more entrancing pursuit of art. I was an assiduous visitor to the Pinakothek, of which I already knew all the masterpieces, and I completed my impressions by a copious collection of outlines and notes.

At Berlin the military question held all parties and persons in suspense. There were differences of opinion between the generals von Roon and von Bonin as to a three years' presence or an eighteen months' presence in the ranks of the army. The public and Parliament were full of anxiety as to expenditure, and Bonin thought a reduction of time as desirable as an increase of regimental officers was unnecessary and costly. The Prince Regent, however, favoured Roon. Bonin resigned, and, on the 5th of December, was gazetted commander of the 8th corps at Coblenz, whilst Roon was appointed Minister of War.

In conversation with friends I had learnt much of these divergences and of the bickerings which accompanied them ; but I also heard much about the Southern States which I had recently visited, and I got vague hints of dangerous currents and eddies in the great stream of the German movement which portended no good to the union.

I thought it desirable, under these circumstances, to take active measures to inform myself amongst the chiefs of the German union, and accordingly started again to the south, reaching Gotha on the 4th and Coburg on the 5th of December.

My purpose in visiting Gotha was to see Karl

Samwer, whom I had known in London in 1850 as the agent of the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies. He had since taken service with the Duke of Coburg, and when I inquired for him I was informed that he had gone to Coburg. I followed him there. He was a privy councillor, knew my father, and was well acquainted with Usedom, the Stockmars, and Robert Morien. He soon perceived that I sympathized with the movement of which the Duke was protector. He introduced me to his colleague Francke and the minister von Seebach, and arranged a meeting for me with His Royal Highness. Samwer had already played a part in the politics of Germany, which was not the less important because it was noiseless and unostentatious. He had more the look of a Dane than of a German. His German had the Danish twang, but he was heart and soul a friend of the family of Augustenburg, whose fortunes he followed with unremitting energy till his death. He was by profession a lawyer, and indulged very often in the pitiless logic which is characteristic of lawyers; but he was a diplomat besides, well versed in all the arts of the chanceries and trained to deal with intricate questions of State more thoroughly than any man I have ever met. His wife, as clever as himself and gifted with a knowledge of politics seldom given to women, was his worthy companion and helpmate, and for both I came to have a very great respect and affection. Francke, too, was a Dane who had always served in the Duchies, a friend of Beseler and also devoted to the Schleswig-Holstein cause. It was told of him that, being in the library of the club at Copenhagen, where he was disliked for his German proclivities, and being engaged in a loud altercation there, one of his enemies induced the secretary to interrupt him and say that silence was the rule in the club reading-room. Francke turned

round and said, 'Then, please, sir, hold your tongue.' Minister von Seebach was a fine specimen of the German aristocrat : a man of advanced years, but so youthful in the polish of his manners and so fond of the amenities of Court drawing-rooms, that he gave one the impression of being young. He would go up to any beauty resting with her partner from a dance and claim her hand for an extra turn with the grace and gallantry of a man of twenty.

The Duke of Coburg, to whom I was introduced at an evening reception to which no one was invited but the ladies and officers of the Court, Karl Samwer, and myself, struck me as one of the handsomest men of his time, with the exception, perhaps, of his brother, Prince Albert, who was handsomer and taller. His jet-black hair was trained to form a little curve on his forehead. It was not less lustrous and dark than the eye, which was full of fire and expression. The voice was masculine and sonorous, and there was an almost Southern energy and readiness in the gesture which accompanied the voice. But the frame, if muscular, was short ; the hand and foot well-shaped, but large. Something expressive of enormous power might be traced to the projecting under-jaw, which was a very marked peculiarity of the face. The Duke introduced me to the Duchess, whose fair face and complexion and light hair and eyes offered a vivid contrast to those of her husband. What we talked of during tea-time I do not recollect. Both the Duke and the Duchess were travelled people. I had been much through the world, and the conversation did not flag. Politics were not broached. These were reserved for an interview which I had next morning, and which lasted an hour.

The Duke had been pleased to hear that Lord Wodehouse, and not Lord Palmerston, had been selected

to represent Great Britain at the forthcoming Congress. He thought Lord Palmerston was too French. But he had not a good word for any English Minister, hinted that we did not understand German affairs, and considered it peculiarly unfortunate that we had not given Prussia any countenance.* He wondered whether Great Britain would remain neutral if Louis Napoleon should attempt to endow France with a new province at the expense of Germany, and expressed his conviction that we would not stir, but let things go without protest. But, he continued, even a man on the spot could not master the complex questions which now affected Germany without the best opportunities and the closest application; and he asked me to remain with him for a time, and said he would give me rooms in the Palace and keep me informed.

Very grateful for this distinction, and highly honoured by the offer, I still refused it, saying that I was bound to visit Stuttgart and other places in South Germany, because I was not satisfied that I had heard the true causes of disagreement between the Southern States and the States of the Centre and North, and I wished to take some soundings in those parts. Far from dissuading me, he favoured the idea, but invited me to visit him on my way back, which I promised to do. I had, in fact, gathered from the conversation of friends that it was uncertain whether some of the Southern States should be considered staunch and favourable to the purest interests of Germany. On the face of things it seemed as if some Governments were not only wavering between allegiance to Austria or allegiance to Prussia, but thinking how to support the bastard combination called the 'Trias' by an appeal to France. The question was what effect such a leaning might have. Would it point to a revival of the confederation of the Rhine compassed by secret means,

and without consultation with the mass of the people who were determined to be German at any price?

I went to Stuttgart on the 10th of December. But, unhappily, found there few of the persons to whom I was recommended. I was fortunate, however, in a long and interesting conversation with Wolfgang Menzel, the historian, and, remembering just in time that the popular novelist Hackländer, whom I had met at Verona, was in these parts, I paid him a visit. I knew he was a genuine representative of the Austrian party in Würtemberg, but in this sense he was all the more interesting to me. It was seven in the evening when I rang at his door. The card which I sent in did not remind him at once of my personality, and he bid his servant say I should call next day. But, whilst the message was being delivered he came out of his room, recognised me, and taking me into his study, said I was just in time for a little supper party. Never did I spend a more agreeable evening. There were fifteen guests, many of them musical composers, at their head Meyerbeer and Kücken, and one or two members of the Court besides. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than to meet the king of modern opera. He only knew me as a journalist. He was full of kindness, asked me to join him in his box at the opera on the following night, and delighted me with his experiences. As for Kücken, he was the sprightliest, pleasantest, gayest songster I ever met; overflowing with spirits as well became the singer of the many ballads which he had composed for the delectation of his countrymen.

Wolfgang Menzel told me that the noblesse and gentry of Würtemberg, who were Roman Catholics and friendly to Austria in 1815, were now quite as inclined to an Austrian alliance as they had ever been. But the middle classes had seceded since the defeats of Magenta and Solferino, and were inclined to favour

the German movement in proportion as Austria remained enfeebled. It was not surprising, therefore, that the aristocratic party in Würtemberg, which had favoured the conclusion of a concordat with the Pope, should also have secret leanings towards a revival of the Rhenish confederation, which might substitute for the feeble support of Austria against liberalism and Protestantism, the stronger backing obtainable from France. Better than a Prussia conniving at the liberalism of the citizen and poorer classes, would be a French empire which should favour the independent development of South Germany, and act as a bar to a Prussian supremacy incompatible with the very existence of the South German States. It would be a question for Prussia to consider how she could parry this movement; whether by an amicable understanding with Austria, or by other means.

I went back to Coburg by way of Frankfort, and again had long conversations with the Prussian envoy at that place. The German press, and particularly Hanoverian newspapers, had already got hold of the question, which was supposed to engage the special attention of South Germany; they pointed out daily that the agitation of Prussia on the one hand, and that of the National Verein on the other, were slowly driving the Southern States into a new Confederation of the Rhine. But the mere discussion of these matters in so open a fashion had the effect of increasing the influence of Prussia in public opinion, and it forced the partisans of France into the tortuous ways of secrecy.

• On the 15th of December I was again at Coburg under the hospitable roof of the Duke, who kept me for nearly a week in a perpetual round of pleasures. I had learnt to judge of H.R.H. as a soldier and a politician, I now got to know him as a musical composer, followed the rehearsals of Meyerbeer's

'Dinorah,' in which the chief female part was ably taken by Mlle. Frassini, and made that lady's acquaintance, and that of Prince Ernest of Würtemberg, whom she afterwards married. I went out shooting, too, and acquired experience in the art of killing hares racing at headlong speed over snow fields in temperatures varying between twenty and twenty-five degrees below freezing-point, Fahrenheit.

But the Duke of Coburg was not only a good sportsman, an excellent musician, and an eager partisan amidst the conflicting policies of the small German States, he was the very soul of the liberalism of those days throughout Germany. When Gustav Freytag in 1853 was threatened with prosecution because he had published news unpalatable to the Police President, von Hinckeldey, at Berlin, the Duke rescued him from the clutches of the Prussian police by giving him a small sinecure in the ducal household. Sämwer and Francke were both political exiles to whom he had given refuge and rank as Privy Councillors. Otto von Holtzendorff, afterwards my father-in-law; Schwarz, the liberal pastor of the Protestants of Gotha; Karl Mathy, who had been expelled from the Grand Duchy of Baden, in which he afterwards became Prime Minister, were all men of liberal principles, who lived in Gotha and enjoyed the patronage and confidence of the Duke.

Benningsen, Metz, Schulze-Delitsch, founders of the National Verein—to whom I was introduced by the Duke—were all men of mark in opposition in their own country. Benningsen especially was notoriously obnoxious to the Hanoverian Government; he had been the leader of the opposition in the Hanoverian Parliament since 1857, had been made President of the National Verein, which Count Platen—the Prime Minister of George V.—was bent on pulling down

by every means in his power. He was a year older than myself, and was already widely known for the fire of his eloquence and the cold irony of his argument. A man with an impassive face, slashed across by a student's sabre, whose every word was weighty, who wielded the difficult German tongue with an eloquence and fluency unrivalled. No wonder that a prince so gifted as the Duke of Coburg, and so liberal in his political feeling, should have won the applause of the German National Party.

When I got back to Berlin on the 19th of December I found an invitation from Lord Blomfield to dine with him, and equally to my surprise and gratification a long letter from friend Cavalcaselle. Though I have not had occasion to allude to him in describing my adventures since I left India, Cavalcaselle had not for a day been out of my thoughts. I had written to him repeatedly without ever receiving a reply, and had almost come to the conclusion that we should never meet again, when, early in October, I resolved to make an extraordinary effort and addressed letters of the same tenor to Florence, Venice, Legnago, Rome, Naples, and as many other places as I could think of. One of the duplicates enclosed to his brother at Legnago reached Cavalcaselle, who wrote from Naples acknowledging its receipt. He described his travels in Italy, how Mr. Murray had given him an allowance for a time. How he had been unable to complete his studies on account of the accidents to which he had been subjected, and how he was bound for Sicily, where he proposed to visit Palermo and Messina; he had been arrested at Naples and kept a close prisoner on a hulk in the harbour, with a sentry over him, till such time as he was released and sent back to Rome. He had since returned to Naples, where he was now no longer molested; and, although his wardrobe was that with

which he had left England in 1857, and was now reduced to one summer suit, he had every prospect of weathering the winter and continuing the studies which would certainly enable us, at no very distant date, to lay hand in earnest to the history of Italian painting. I cheered my old friend in his undertaking and sent him what help I could in addition.

My father, too, had written to tell me what he knew of the dissensions which distracted the councils of the nation in London. Lord Wodehouse, he said, had been selected to represent England at the congress, because it would have been impolitic to send the Prime Minister or Lord John Russell to a meeting from which such small results might be expected. Besides, if Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were selected, either of them might possibly be induced to act independently of a cabinet determined to discuss and control the policy which would probably settle European alliances for a long time to come. Lord Wodehouse would have the advantage natural to a diplomatist who had been at St. Petersburg, and served as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, without being burdened with the consequences of old differences and quarrels. He would be equally welcome to Her Majesty and to such members of the Cabinet as Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Gladstone, who were quite as ready to dissent from Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell as these two were to disagree with each other. It would no doubt be a capital thing if this selection should result in a true and bold national policy. But it might possibly end in nothing at all, should all parties refuse to pull together or the congress be abandoned altogether. With the certainty of such disagreements as were constantly breaking out amongst the members of the Government, it seemed clear that no foreign power need expect to get from England any but evasive replies

to any demands that they might make, although it would probably not be difficult to get up a national English feeling to support honest and patriotic German views of unity and nationality.

At the dinner to which Lord Blomfield asked me on the 21st of December, I met the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Schleinitz, the foreign envoys, Budberg, Chotek, Moustiers, Nothomb, Schimmelpfenning, and Bray; and, of the legation, Morier and Jocelyn. I sat between Budberg and Schimmelpfenning and was much amused by observing Budberg's puzzled face at meeting an utter stranger who seemed to have no diplomatic rank, yet who knew all that was going on, and had been half over the world. I saw him after dinner questioning Lord Blomfield as to my personality, and wished I could have heard what his Lordship said in reply.

It was whilst taking part in the conversations of this evening that I learnt that Prussia had come to an understanding with Russia to favour the restoration of the Austrian princes in Italy, yet at the same time to abstain from all active intervention.

During the Christmas and New Year's holidays, which I spent at Berlin, I had some lonely days, which contrasted with those I have just described. Nothing could be more interesting or inspiring than the festivity at which I met all the diplomatists accredited to Prussia and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Prince Regent at the table of Lord Blomfield. Nothing, on the other hand, so dispiriting as, four days later, to dine by myself, and spend Christmas at an inn. But far worse than the solitude on this occasion was the sickness which supervened. Dr. Frerichs, a celebrated professor at the University of Berlin, well known for his accurate diagnose of liver complaints, whom I consulted, stretched me on a table and, between tapping

and stethoscoping, gave expression to his opinions in short sentences thus: Tap, 'You have been in India'; tap, tap, 'You have had tumour of the liver'; tap, tap, 'I can fix the point where the scar lies'; tap, tap, tap, 'Your liver is fatty and has no secretions. I must remedy that'; and then he gave me calves' gall pills which restored me to health in a comparatively short space of time. But, in spite of sickness, I kept at work, and, when otherwise unoccupied, spent my spare hours in preparing a new edition of the 'Flemish Painters.'

To my father I expressed the grateful sensations which I felt at having been able to weather an attack of Indian disease far away from India, where it would possibly have proved fatal. As I wrote, I said, the clock was striking nine; in an hour I should go out and spend the rest of the evening in companionship with friends. At Berlin, it was not till ten o'clock at night that real enjoyment and the pleasures of intimate society began. Then the *attaché* forgot his red tape, the Prussian minister or secretary forgot that he had an uniform and a stiff collar. Letters, art, the classics, and politics became subjects of conversation; and men, who during the daytime only had leisure for a bow, unbent, physically and morally. Sallies of wit, sarcasm, humour, solid debate on abstruse points of constitutional law, or the comparative merits of ancient and modern art, diversified the time, and everyone forgot the dull cares of the day, and strove not to think of the equally dull cares that must inevitably recur on the morrow. I found, I said, in two or three men the most intense delight at these late, and to the outer world unknown, meetings. Morier, a versatile and enchanting companion; Usedom, the best and ablest minister in Prussia; Abeken, a saturnine, ill-shaped Quasimodo, but full of brains, and the real 'devil' to minister Schleinitz. With these men I spent the

pleasantest of hours, particularly enjoying commune with the two first. I could not help wishing for Prussia's own sake that she had more Usedom, for there was more stuff in him than I had ever found combined in two single individuals of less gifts. There was not a subject upon which he could not talk and bring out a startling fact, a humorous sally or a kindly sentiment. His hate was that of an ardent patriot. His confidence once gained was complete and never withdrawn, except for good and sufficient cause. And this was the man, with a large soul, who was bound to fight daily with the antiquated weapons, called protocols, and cross the beggarly intrigues of petty courts or the cunning dodges of Austrian and Russian diplomatists at Frankfort. Morier was destined to be the greatest of our envoys, being already as far above the rank he now filled at Berlin as he was superior to his colleagues by his classical attainments, the crystal clearness and vivid flash of his thought and conversation, and his charming manner to those he liked. His scorn was withering, especially when he got hold of small men intellectually, who shrank beneath his sarcasm and contempt.

Sometimes, when one of us was out of sorts, as Morier frequently was from gout and I from liver, meetings would take place at the sick man's lodging in the day time, and these were often as pleasant, if shorter than those which occurred at night. One of them, at Morier's, gave me occasion to admire the extraordinary presence of mind and memory of Usedom. He was chatting to our host in the presence of Jocelyn and Mitford, when the Marquis de Virieu, one of the secretaries of the French legation, came in—a gentleman of the old French type, bred in the ultramontane school. He had hardly been a minute in the room when, *à propos* of a ghost story with which Mrs. von Usedom's name

had been connected, he told Usedom that all Berlin was busy with this *histoire de revenant*, in which his wife had played a part. Usedom, somewhat against his grain, explained the origin of the story, and then by way of changing the subject asked De Virieu what he thought of a new pamphlet called 'Le Pape et le Congrès,' and raised the question whether Cardinal Antonelli, who then directed Foreign Affairs at Rome, was really going to the congress at Paris or not. De Virieu, who probably knew that the pamphlet was commonly attributed to Louis Napoleon, and did not like the turn which the conversation was taking, remained prudently silent. But Usedom, full of malice, and looking at him, said: 'If Antonelli goes to Paris his French will create quite a *furor*. Only think: when I was paying him a visit one day at Rome, he showed me a calculating-machine by Babbage. On expressing my surprise that cares of State should allow him to give attention to such small matters he said sententiously: "*Eh, j'ai étoudié un pou*" (peu). Then turning the conversation upon the then recent accession of Louis Napoleon to the Imperial throne, he exclaimed: "Il n'y a pas à en douter, Louis Napoléon est l'élou (l'écu) de ses millions." ' De Virieu upon this could contain himself no longer, but taking up his hat precipitately retreated.

Usedom about this time was full of the details of the re-organisation of the army, which had been finally drafted in order to be laid before Parliament. He took me home one evening and offered to coach me in this difficult subject; and having taken off his coat and furnished me with paper and pencils, began marching up and down the room; delivering himself with equal clearness and rapidity of the facts at his command. I was honest enough to tell him that I had some knowledge of stenography, and asked whether

I might be allowed to make use of my notes without stint. He replied that anything I could take down I could use, and then he started afresh, and at a more rapid pace than before. As he paused after two hours' talk and asked me had I had enough, I replied in the affirmative, went home to my inn at midnight, took a cup of strong coffee, and worked my notes into a report which was finished by four o'clock on the afternoon of the following day.

But whilst the military reorganisation of Prussia was thus absorbing attention at Berlin, that of the Confederation was being discussed at Frankfort, where the States lately represented at the Würzburg Conference promoted a scheme of reforms under which a generalissimo was to be appointed permanently and at once. It seemed as if the purpose of the Central German governments was to secure the supreme military command in the Bund for a Bavarian prince. To their great discomfiture and disgust, Austria gave but a lukewarm support to the scheme as a whole, and only on condition that there should be no generalissimo, but a double command under an Austrian and Prussian chief. It thus became clear that the attempt of the Trias to work the antagonism of Austria and Prussia to its own advantage might after all only end in a reconciliation of the conflicting claims of the two great powers.

Having now spent a longer time than usual in the capital, I thought it desirable to visit Hanover, where the opposition to German unity was kept up not only by king and court, but by a double parliament, mindful of nothing but purely Hanoverian dynastic interests. I took letters with me to General Brandis, a man holding a great position in the household of the King of Hanover, to Count Platen, one of the ablest partisans of the Guelphic line, at that time President of the

Hanoverian Cabinet, and to Petre, our Chargé d'Affaires, to whom, and to his wife, who was the idol of Hanoverian society, I owe much gratitude for kind treatment and hospitality.

I reached Hanover about the 25th or 26th of January, and lost no time in calling on General Brandis, to whom Jocelyn had written that I had been in the Crimea, and in Italy during the campaign which had just come to a close. This information induced the General to mention my name to the King, who bid him call upon me and arrange an audience. I knew that the King was blind, but that he was fond of conversation and full of information. I therefore looked forward to the interview as something exceptionally strange and interesting. About an hour after Brandis had been with me, and after he had left with the intention of fixing the time for my coming, I received a note saying that His Majesty would see me next morning, and begging me to be ready and in uniform when Brandis would come for me and serve as my introducer. I wrote back in haste to say that there was one condition in the arrangements proposed to which I must perforce demur: I was not entitled to wear an uniform, and therefore had no such thing by me. General Brandis returned much disturbed, saying that surely I must have something in the shape of an uniform, a court dress, or a Lord-Lieutenant's coat. But when I repeated that I was not possessed of anything of the kind he left me, and presently I got a line from him saying that His Majesty was very sorry, but, under the circumstances, 'he would prefer not to see me.' I am afraid to describe the feelings with which I received this communication, which acquainted me with the fact that a king who was utterly blind could not see unless the person he wished to honour was in uniform. I afterwards saw His Majesty under the

venerable trees of the park, sauntering along in company of his daughter and suite. His face was turned towards heaven, and he made up for blindness by an extraordinary volubility of speech. The curious stories which I heard of his habits and private life it is needless to repeat. I was told that his usual substitute for sight was touch, and that when in conversation with ladies he could always tell whether they were richly dressed or not by feeling the stuff of their skirts. Having previously ascertained the colour from his attendants, he would burst out with a compliment as to the sheen of this blue or of that pink.

The jealousy with which the King of Hanover looked upon everything Prussian is well known. His whole policy was shaped in consequence. His government, having a majority in the Senate and Second Chamber, indulged in safe opposition to Mr. von Benningsen, who led a Liberal minority with great force and authority, without ever being able to carry any measures of Liberal reform. But, not the less, there was a National German party even in Hanover, and it was morally so powerful that Count Platen did not venture to exercise strong acts of authority such as Benningsen's prosecution would have been, although an arrest and confinement might have been justified by the letter of the statutes which forbade the formation of associations without government approval. But if Benningsen was not prosecuted, he was treated with all the severity consistent with prudence. His enemies—and they were numerous—were the State officials and the landed gentry, who caused him to be deprived of his place as a judge, who applauded the repeal of the Hanoverian constitution of 1855 by the Federal Diet, and resented the attempt recently made by Prussia to favour constitutional government in Hesse-Cassel. They were the men who refused to vote money for

the defences of the German coasts because the scheme for those defences would have involved a special arrangement with Prussia and a vote in favour of a Prussian resolution at Frankfort. They were the men who, strong in the approval of the King, would never have consented to any federal arrangement by which Hanoverian troops could possibly be led by Prussia. It is well known how this feeling on the part of king, government and chambers led to a declaration of war between Hanover and Prussia in 1866, and a memorable battle in which, though the Prussians were beaten, the King of Hanover lost his throne.

I had the misfortune to be confined for several days to my room at Hanover by inflammation of the eyes; but on the 13th of February I was able to leave on a visit to Hamburg and Lübeck, where I had leisure to study the relation of the Free Cities of the North to the rest of Germany. Hamburg and Lübeck, as well as Bremen, were at this time free ports, had constitutions of their own, and did not belong to the commercial union of which Prussia was the head. They were the solitary cities in which travellers were not subject to customs on arrival, but underwent the ordeal of search on departure. They belonged to the confederation, but had such a reverence for their own institutions that they looked with suspicion on any movement calculated to curtail their privileges. Rich because of their free-trade intercourse with the outer world, they spent relatively large sums on administration, which they might have saved if they had been incorporated. Hamburg, indeed, even went so far as to keep legations at Berlin and in London. But the burdens which lay thus heavily on the citizens were compensated by the absence of all charges for soldiers or military defence, and I found at Hamburg a great desire for economy and a great dread of soldiers a

sincere desire that the German fatherland should protect the Elbe from foreign invasion in the event of war, without inflicting any special burdens on the city for the maintenance of armed forces. At Lübeck there was less life, political or trading, than at Hamburg. There was not the traffic which the mighty stream of the Elbe carried. But the town was most interesting architecturally, and held what to me was a treasure—the great *retable*, preserved with jealous care in a closed chapel of the cathedral, accessible only to visitors after a series of applications to various conflicting authorities. The cathedral itself was a curiosity, because the spire was capped with a pointed steeple, curved eccentrically by age. At a distance the effect was that of a Phrygian cap, jauntily set on one side. Closer on, one felt inclined to inquire whether it were not about to fall. Under the shade of the steeple lay the body of the church and the Greveraden chapel, which contained the ‘Crucifixion’ and other subjects—a vast agglomeration of panels painted by Memling and his assistants. The chapel was like one of those strong boxes which are only opened by the application of three different keys. There were three locks to it, and the key of each lock was in the hands of a different individual; and I had to take a carriage and pay a visit to each of these persons and arrange a meeting in which they could all combine to apply their keys at the same moment, and open all the latches to display the treasure. But when I got inside the trouble was well repaid, and I should even here begin to describe the beauties of the altar-piece and its painted doors, but that I have already done so in another place.

It was at Lübeck that I met my old friend Paton, who had given up literature to enter the consular service. I recollect his taking me round the town hall

and shipper's house, and waking up his French colleague, in order that we might all three have supper in a quaint but excellent old tavern, where wines of fabulous age were kept and served out.

On the 18th of February I was again in Berlin, and found letters there which were of influence on my future. Having heard indirectly that there was some intention on the part of Her Majesty's Government to appoint me to a consul-generalship at Leipzig in room of Mr. Ward, then about to be transferred to Hamburg, I wrote to Bernal Osborne to ask for his interest and advice. I had also written to my father to press him to use his influence with Lord Russell in the same direction. Bernal wrote to tell me frankly that his interest now pointed in a direction diametrically opposed to mine ; in fact, I gathered that he was pushing for the consulship in favour of another, especially as in reply to my question, ' Should I ask Lord John directly for the post ? ' he said he would give me no advice. My father hesitated also to move till Leipzig had actually become vacant. Meanwhile I had received orders to come home, and been instructed in doing so to visit certain places in South Germany. I therefore concluded that my best policy would be to let things take their course, and trust to the effect which my services might have produced. If all else failed, I could again fall back on the ' Times,' which, as I learnt from friends, was now looking for a correspondent to send to China.

During my absence the law of military organisation had been presented to the Prussian Chambers on the 9th of February, and had been received with marked disapproval. The Liberals had expressed their willingness to vote a million and a quarter sterling for an increase to the army, but objected to the scheme of reorganisation, which, they affected to think, would lead to a violent interference with the Constitution. They

pointed out how thoroughly hostile to liberal ideas were the presidents of provinces, and the provincial Landräthe under them, how high-handed they were in wielding authority, how heedless of Government orders when they considered themselves secure of royal approval, and they asked what guarantee they were to have against encroachments under a military system calculated to strengthen, in an alarming degree, the prerogatives of the Crown. They doubted whether the acceptance of the burdens, which the army reorganisation involved, would lead to a more active and a better foreign policy than that which had hitherto been followed. The Conservatives, on the other hand, were full of desire to put down the Liberals, if necessary by force, and as the conflict became more and more acute, there were rumours of a possible change of Cabinet. The substitution of Count Bernstorff, at that time Prussian Minister in London, or Bismarck, Prussian Minister in St. Petersburg, to Baron Schleinitz, or a complete remodelling of Government in a more Liberal sense. But beside all this, many persons were alarmed at the agreement which, as we just saw, had been come to at Vienna in the matter of the federal military command. Baron Schleinitz was not only accused of an undue leaning to Austria, but of favouring the State, which had always endeavoured to keep Prussia in subjection in matters connected with the Confederation, and, strange to say, this alarm was not only felt by the Liberals, who dreaded the introduction into Germany of Austrian modes of despotic government, but by Conservatives, who could not conceal their dislike of the high-handed way in which the Austrian envoy presided over the Federal Council at Frankfort. Few Liberals could entertain any hope that a change of Cabinet would lead to the selection of more liberal men than Baron Schleinitz. But the Conservatives concen-

trated their hopes upon Bismarck, with all the more persistence because they knew that he was, above all things, anti-Austrian, and they did not think it any disadvantage that he should possess those qualities of a racehorse which are combined in a tendency to bolt.

Till now the Prince Regent had preferred his relative, the Prince of Hohenzollern, to all others as Minister. But Bismarck was the favourite of the squires, who delighted to hear how, as Prussian envoy, he had bearded Baron Kübeck in the Frankfort Diet. With that peculiar vanity of superior command which is displayed in the assumption of privileges withheld from other mortals, Kübeck was fond of showing his contempt for his colleagues by lighting a cigar on taking the chair of the presidency. When Bismarck appeared for the first time in the assembly he remarked that Kübeck smoked whilst all the other envoys looked on. He observed that no one dared to imitate the free and easy ways of the President. To annihilate this tradition was his immediate resolution. To the surprise of his colleagues, he pulled out a cigar and asked Kübeck for a light. In other ways he showed his determination to place Prussia at Frankfort on a footing as nearly as possible equal to that of Austria. In fact, he then hated Austria and everything Austrian. He has himself related how he coquetted with Louis Napoleon, towards the close of 1856, when the French Emperor opened to him a scheme for making French influence dominant in the Mediterranean and eliminating the British flag in those seas by forming an alliance with neutral navies against Great Britain and making Italy his ally and vassal. Prussia was to help by uniting her fleet to the French and allowing a French declaration of war to be made against Austria without protest. Louis Napoleon is

described as having been particularly thankful that Bismarck did not communicate these dangerous effusions to his sovereign. But if he did not go so far as to do this, he acquired the reputation of being much too French and much too anti-Austrian to be kept at Frankfort after the war of 1859 broke out. He was transferred to St. Petersburg, and there had leisure to become acquainted with the combination of which Prince Gortschakoff was the promoter, under which the affairs of the world were to be regulated by a Franco-Russian and anti-German alliance. According to Prince Gortschakoff's ideas it seemed feasible to reorganise Poland as a maritime State and extend Russian territory to the lower course of the Vistula, if France could be compensated by permission to acquire Belgium and the Rhine. It was said, I know not with what truth, that Bismarck then conceived the possibility of combining the policies of France and Russia with that of Prussia, so that, in return for cessions to both, Prussia should be allowed to annex a certain number of the smaller German States, in order to round off the Prussian monarchy. It is said, further, that after the peace of Villafranca Bismarck went to Paris and had interviews with Count Walewski, which caused the latter to inquire at Berlin whether the Prussian Government was a party to these communications; and, in consequence of this, Baron Schleinitz ordered Bismarck to return to his post. Be this as it may, Bismarck, who was the friend of the squires and an ardent Conservative, was looked up to by the Prussian Junkers in the beginning of 1860 as the proper chief of a Government which was to put down ultra-Liberal fancies and firmly establish in power the party whose motto was, 'For God, for King and Fatherland.' It is almost needless to add that the idea of aggrandising Prussia at the

expense of the smaller German States, if it was ever seriously entertained by Bismarck, was not one which the Prince Regent would for a moment have countenanced; and when, a couple of years later, Bismarck actually led the onslaught upon liberalism which produced the celebrated conflict, in the course of which the Lower Chamber was mediatised by the Senate, and the estimates refused by the former were passed by the latter, he did so with the intention of applying the new forces which Prussia had acquired to the purpose of putting down Austrian supremacy in Germany by arms.

I left Berlin for the south of Germany in the last days of February, and stopped at Gotha on my way, being equally desirous of consulting my friends and obtaining from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg a statement of his views on the subject of South German politics.

In the well-known volumes in which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has given an account of his political action in the early part of 1860, he says¹ that he had numerous conversations with a very trusty friend accredited as British Consul-General to one of the German States, whom he induced to draft a report on the state of South Germany, describing the alarm and irritation into which German patriots were thrown by the false policy of the South German Cabinets. Though my name does not appear, it is revealed in an index which refers to the passage I have quoted.

About the same time, Prince Albert touched on the subject of South German politics in a letter to Lord John Russell, in which, after describing the weakness of Prussia on the one hand and that of Austria on the other, he alluded to anti-national agitations in Bavaria and Baden, and spoke of a scheme propounded by the

¹ *Aus Meinem Leben*, vol. iii. p. 11.

Duke of Coburg, under which Austria was to be saved by Prussia at the price of her progressing in a liberal and just line of policy towards her own States. In a footnote, Mr. Theodore Martin explained that this was a reference to a passage in one of my letters, in which I reported a conversation which had recently taken place between me and the Duke of Coburg.¹ It is almost needless to observe that I was not at this time a consul-general. But, I am bound to add, that it is a mistake to affirm that I wrote at the suggestion of the Duke of Coburg on the political situation in South Germany. H.R.H., when I met him at Gotha, was under the impression that Baron Schleinitz, during his negotiations about the federal military command at Vienna, had gone much further than a mere exchange of views on a single question warranted. He was convinced that serious overtures of a wide and general scope had been made, and he told me not only that the rumour of such an understanding between the two great powers had created a most unfavourable impression in Berlin, but that it had produced at Vienna a feeling of overweening confidence, which displayed itself in so lofty and untractable an attitude, that Baron Schleinitz had no sooner taken the dangerous step than he found himself obliged to retract it. There was nothing for it now, H.R.H. affirmed, but to urge upon the Prince Regent the dismissal of the present Prussian Cabinet and the appointment of a new one in which the Prince of Hohenzollern should not only be Prime Minister but also Foreign Secretary. Under no other arrangements could the accession of Count Bernstorff or Bismarck to power be effectually barred. It was not unlikely that the attempt which had been made at Vienna, had been the result of some intrigue originating with the more

¹ *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. v. p. 66.

Conservative members of the Government to modify Prussian policy in an anti-Liberal sense. The true course to pursue in discussing an alliance with Austria, was not 'to abound in the sense' of present Austrian institutions, but to guarantee the German dominions of the Austrian Emperor, on condition that he should give a Constitution to the Hungarians, grant concessions to Protestants, and make popular representation the basis of future government in all parts of the empire.

As for Prussian home policy, nothing could usefully be done until the military reorganisation was complete. It would be necessary in order to carry this measure, to place an energetic man at the head of the department of foreign affairs, because without a strong-handed man in that post, no progress could be made at home and no means could be found to rescue the country from the fatal outcome of a contest in which Conservative obstinacy would be pitted against ultra-Liberal demands.

It is now matter of history that the Duke of Coburg, shortly after this, proceeded to Berlin, proposed to the Prince Regent to dismiss Baron Schleinitz and appoint the Prince of Hohenzollern Minister of Foreign Affairs, that he tried to negotiate the terms of an agreement under which the Liberals should vote the army reorganisation in return for certain concessions. But that finally the combination was wrecked by the Prince Regent's refusal to pardon the exiles of 1848.

As regards the state of South German opinion, I have a distinct recollection that H.R.H. had formed very decided opinions about it; and I found his views amply confirmed as I travelled further south. But it was not consistent with my purpose then to deal with that question, and I certainly did not do so. Nor

was it till I left Gotha for Würzburg and Munich that I got a clear insight into the complicated maze of South German politics.

I cannot, however, take leave of Gotha and the Duke of Coburg without alluding to an incident which had great influence on my future life. Being in daily communication with Karl Samwer I was introduced to some of his more intimate friends, amongst whom I must distinguish Otto von Holtzendorff and his wife. Frau von Holtzendorff was the brightest and most accomplished woman it had ever been my fortune to meet. She was the happy mother of a large family, and had two daughters of a first marriage, the youngest of whom was wedded a few years later to the celebrated Professor Gerhardt, now at the University of Berlin, and the eldest became the dear companion of my life. Holtzendorff had been selected by the Duke of Coburg in the days of political reaction at Berlin to fill the office of Ober Staatsanwalt, or, as we should call it, Attorney-General for the Duchy. He was a lawyer of excellent practice and repute, and he successfully introduced into the Duchies the system of trial by jury in criminal cases. On the day of my first visit he was particularly busy, and observed that it was a curious and interesting fact that he should have had a call from an Englishman who had been a journalist at the very moment when he had been instructed to prosecute a German newspaper guilty of copying a leading article of the 'Times' on the relations of Austria and Prussia. I smiled as I heard this statement, and taking leave, confided to Samwer that the article in question was one which I had myself inspired. Holtzendorff, as I afterwards ascertained, succeeded in his prosecution and was able to boast, in after days, that he had indirectly convicted his own son-in-law. For, as I have already said, he became

my father-in-law, and it was from his house that, early in 1861, I 'was married to his stepdaughter Fräulein Asta von Barby.

When I reached Munich on the 6th of March, I found a general impression prevailing that no hope could be entertained that Austria would ever retrieve her position so as, in case of need, to defend South Germany from foreign aggression. What the alternative would be if France should attempt to annex any part of the Rhine country no one could tell. Would Prussia undertake what Austria notoriously could not effect? And, if Prussia should be too weak, having been unable to reorganise her army, could she be trusted with the supremacy in Germany? Patriots asked themselves what would happen when a crisis came; and would it not be well to propitiate France beforehand? The wildest rumours were afloat concerning the disposition of the Prince Regent to countenance the cession to France of German territories on the French border. Prussia was twitted with not having the will, had she even the power, to defend the Rhine country. In the Palatinate, German national enthusiasm had cooled down, and though it would have been too much to say that a French party existed, it seemed clear that a French empire would be accepted as suzerain, for want of something better. In other parts of Bavaria, it was thought, something akin to the old Confederation of the Rhine might be found acceptable, anything being preferable to the state of doubt and confusion which existed, and the scheme of a Trias having been shown to possess no sufficient basis or inherent strength. It was even said at Munich that King Maximilian had become more French than Austrian after a visit to Paris, but that he had shown some hesitation after hints had been thrown out that a Confederation of the Rhine must be

purchased by the cession to France of the fortress of Landau, the 'Jewel of the Bavarian Crown.' Still, it might be that hesitation would give way before a standing menace of French invasion. Even the Roman Catholics of the old Bavarian provinces, clerical and lay, who disliked the king's partiality for a Protestant university, professed to be unable to gauge the future with any degree of certainty. They had been the first to give up Austria after Solferino, the first to give currency to the idea of reviving the Confederation of the Rhine, and now they were only kept in suspense because unable to stomach the doctrines of the French Emperor, who wrote pamphlets about the Pope and the congress, and seemed willing to pose as a foe to the Papacy. Bavarian ministers, meanwhile, had but one cry—Anathema on Prussia—yet they had no confidence in Austria, and great fear of France. The money voted by the Chambers as a war supply for one year had been more than exhausted in the last mobilisation, yet there was more than ever a demand for soldiers. More soldiers meant calling Parliament together, and if the Chambers met German unity might triumph over French or Austrian leanings.

My last station before leaving Germany was Carlsruhe, where I had long and interesting conferences with Baron Roggenbach, destined at no distant time to become chief minister of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Roggenbach looked with displeasure alike on the Ultramontane policy of the Roman Catholics of Baden, and the efforts of Baden Conservatives to serve under the banner of the Trias invented for the benefit of Bavaria and Saxony. He soon made me acquainted with the politics of Mr. von Meysenbug, under whose auspices a concordat had been drafted, in which the supremacy of the clergy

in ecclesiastical affairs, its right to acquire landed property in mortmain, its claim to try laymen before ecclesiastical courts, and its pretension to the exclusive teaching of youth at universities and schools, were all conceded, and the power of enforcing the concordat without parliamentary sanction was claimed. Unfortunately for Mr. von Meysenbug, a very compact opposition was formed out of several elements to protest both against the concordat and the theory under which it was to be enforced. People who recollected the history of the early part of the century, and the encroachments of the ecclesiastical states which had their seats at Mayence and Würzburg, remembered also that the Confederation of the Rhine had been welcomed as a relief from the tyranny of the priest electors, and inquired whether it were not better to revive the Rheinbund than the ecclesiastical government which the Rheinbund destroyed. Liberals and Protestants who disliked Ultramontane pretensions, and persons who still clung to the idea of an united Germany, were agreed that the concordat should not pass. But the hopes of the National Unionists and their friends were centred in the party at the head of which Baron Roggenbach had placed himself—a party which openly advocated the supremacy of Prussia in the confederation, agitated in favour of the constitutional questions which Prussia supported at Frankfort; and favoured arrangements by which Baden and Prussia should secure to each other mutual advantages. On the one hand, Baden was to ask the Prince Regent to acknowledge her exclusive right to regulate home affairs without any intervention; on the other, Prussia was to be allowed full scope to deal with the foreign relations of Baden in the confederation. I left Carlsruhe when the question of the concordat and Prussian ascendancy

were still in dispute. It was on the 12th of March that I turned my face definitely homeward.

On the 20th of March I wrote to my father to say that I had just had an interview with Lord John Russell at Chesham Place, whose reception of me had been exceedingly cordial. Lord John told me that, without trusting his own judgment, he had sent all my despatches to the Prince Consort, who had condescended to answer that they were the work of a man admirably informed on German affairs. He then entered into a discussion of the questions at issue in the German States, and, turning from public to private affairs, proceeded to ask me whether I was acquainted with Mr. Ward. On my affirmative reply, he said, 'I have determined to promote Mr. Ward to succeed Mr. Hodges as Consul-General at Hamburg, and as I think you eminently fitted to take Mr. Ward's place, I shall appoint you Her Majesty's Consul-General at Leipzig so soon as Mr. Hodges' departure from Hamburg allows of Mr. Ward's moving to that place.'

In this way the ambition which I had long felt and even confided to Thackeray—to be employed in the public service of England—was, in part at least, realised.

I shall have at a future time to relate how my life in the Consular and Diplomatic Service has been spent. But for the present I must pause, as I cannot feel that I am free to speak openly of many things which could not be passed over in silence if I were to write conscientiously of what I have seen and done since 1860.

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